

LEISURE HOURS AMUSEMENTS.

BEING A
Select Collection

OF
One Hundred and Fifty of the most
Humorous and Diverting STORIES,
WHICH
Are dispersed in the Writings of the
Best ENGLISH AUTHORS.



L O N D O N:
Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe* in
Pater-noster Row. 1744.

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47



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THE PREFACE.

AS nothing of this Sort has appeared to the Publick, I hope the Collection I here present, will meet with a favourable Reception. I have taken all the Pains I could in making a proper Choice; I have admitted none that are indecent, and I hope not many that are dull. If they prove an agreeable Amusement for Leisure Hours, they will answer the End I proposed in collecting them. But lest any should make an injudicious use of them, by retailing them out indiscriminately in all Companies, it may not be improper to prefix before them some excellent Hints and Cautions, with regard to Story-telling, selected from the Tatler, and the Guardian.

I have often thought (says the venerable Nestor Ironside, in the 42d Number of the Guardian) 'that a Story-teller is born, as well

as a Poet. It is, I think, certain, that some
 Men have such a peculiar Cast of Mind, that
 they see things in another Light, than Men
 of a grave Disposition. Men of a lively
 Imagination, and a mirthful Temper, will
 represent things to their Hearers in the same
 Manner as they themselves were affected with
 them; and whereas serious Spirits might per-
 haps have been disgusted at the Sight of some
 odd Occurrences in Life; yet the same Oc-
 currences shall please them in a well-told Story,
 where the disagreeable Parts of the Images are
 concealed, and those only which are pleasing
 exhibited to the Fancy. Story-telling is there-
 fore not an Art, but what we call a Knack;
 it doth not so much subsist upon Wit, as upon
 Humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect
 without proper Gesticulations of the Body, which
 naturally attend such merry Emotions of the
 Mind. I know very well, that a certain
 Gravity of Countenance sets some Stories off
 to Advantage, where the Hearer is to be sur-
 prised in the End; but this is by no means a
 general Rule; for it is frequently convenient
 to aid and assist by cheerful Looks, and whim-
 sical Agitations. I will go yet farther, and
 affirm, that the Success of a Story very often
 depends upon the Make of the Body, and For-
 mation of the Features of him who relates it.
 —Thus, I remember, Tom Lizard told a
 Story of some Persons, which our Family knows
 very

' very well, with so much Humour and Life, that
 ' caused a great deal of Mirth at the Tea-table.
 ' His Brother Will, a Templer, was highly
 ' delighted with it, and the next Day, being
 ' with some of his Inns-of-Court-Acquaintance,
 ' resolved (whether out of the Benevolence or the
 ' Pride of his Heart, I will not determine) to
 ' entertain them with what he calls a pleasant
 ' Humour enough. I was in great Pain for
 ' him when I heard him begin, and was
 ' not at all surprized to find the Company very
 ' little mov'd by it. Will blush'd, looked round
 ' the Room, and with a forced Laugh, Faith,
 ' Gentlemen, said he, I don't know what
 ' makes you look so grave; it was an admi-
 ' rable Story when I heard it.

' Those who are thus adorn'd with the Gifts
 ' of Nature, are apt to shew their Parts with
 ' too much Ostentation: I would therefore ad-
 ' vise all the Professors of this Art never to tell
 ' Stories, but as they seem to grow out of the
 ' Subject-matter of the Conversation, or as they
 ' serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that
 ' are very common, are generally irksome; but
 ' may aptly be introduced, provided they be
 ' only hinted at, and mentioned by way of Allu-
 ' sion. Those that are altogether new, should
 ' never be ushered in without a short and perti-
 ' nent Character of the chief Persons con-
 ' cerned; because, by that means, you make the
 ' Company acquainted with them; and it is

a certain Rule, that slight and trivial Accounts
 of those who are familiar to us, administer
 more Mirth, than the brightest Points of Wit
 in unknown Characters. A little Circum-
 stance in the Complexion or Dress of the Man
 you are talking of, sets his Image before the
 Hearer, if it be chose aptly for the Story.—Thus
 Tom Lizard, after having made his Sisters
 merry with an Account of a formal old Man's
 Way of complimenting, own'd very frankly,
 that his Story would not have been worth
 one Farthing, if he had made the Hat of him
 whom he represented one Inch narrower. Be-
 sides the marking distinct Characters, and se-
 lecting pertinent Circumstances, it is like-
 wise necessary to leave off in time, and end
 smartly. To that there is a kind of Drama
 in the forming of a Story; and the Manner of
 conducting and pointing it, is the same as in
 an Epigram. It is a miserable Thing, after
 one has raised the Expectations of the Compa-
 ny by humorous Characters, and a pretty Con-
 ceit, to pursue the Matter too far. There is no
 retreating; and how poor is it for a Story-teller
 to end his Relation by saying, That's all!
 As the chusing of pertinent Circumstan-
 ces is the Life of a Story, and that wherein
 Humour principally consists; so the Collectors of
 impertinent Particulars are the very Bane
 and Opiates of Conversation. But of all Evils
 in Story-telling, the Humour of telling Tales
 one

' one after another in great Numbers, is the
 ' least supportable. I look upon a tedious Talker
 ' (says Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff in the 163d Tatler)
 ' or what is generally known by the Name of a
 ' Story-teller, to be much more insufferable than
 ' even a prolix Writer. I remember a Saying
 ' of two antient Authors, who had very diffe-
 ' rent Beauties in their Style, that if you took
 ' a Word from one of them, you only spoiled his
 ' Eloquence; but if you took a Word from the
 ' other you spoiled his Sense. I would earnestly de-
 ' sire these Gentlemen to consider, that no Point
 ' of Wit or Mirth at the End of a Story, can at-
 ' tone for the half Hour that has been lost before
 ' they came at it. I would likewise lay it home
 ' to their serious Consideration, whether they
 ' think that every Man in the Company has not
 ' a Right to speak as well as themselves? And
 ' whether they do not think they are invading a-
 ' nother Man's Property, when they engross the
 ' Time which should be divided equally among
 ' the Company, to their own private use?


' But what makes this Evil much greater in
 ' Conversation is, that these humdrum Compani-
 ' ons seldom endeavour to wind up their Narra-
 ' tions into a Point of Mirth or Instruction,
 ' which might make Amends for the Tediousness
 ' of them, but think they have a Right to tell
 ' any thing that happen'd within their Memory.
 ' They look upon Matter of Fact to be a suffi-
 ' cient Foundation for a Story; and give us a
 ' long

• long Account of things, not because they are
 • entertaining or surprising, but because they are
 • true.
 (10) • As the telling of Stories is a great help and
 • Life to Conversation, I think they should al-
 • ways be encouraged, if they are pertinent
 • and innocent, in Opposition to those gloomy
 • Mortals, who disdain every thing but matter
 • of Fact. Those great Fellows are my Aver-
 • sion, who sift every thing with the utmost Ni-
 • cety, and find the Malignity of a Lie in a
 • Piece of Humour pushed a little beyond exact
 • Truth. I likewise have a poor Opinion of those
 • who have got a Trick of keeping a steady
 • Countenance, that cock their Hats, and look
 • glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask,
 • Well! and what then? Men of Wit and
 • Parts should treat one another with Benevo-
 • lence; and I will lay it down as a Maxim,
 • That if you seem to have a good Opinion
 • of another Man's Wit, he will allow you to
 • have Judgment.





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LEISURE HOURS AMUSEMENTS.

I.

The Story of the MAIDEN TOWER.



HERE liv'd (say *Turkish* Chronicles) at *Chrysiopolis*, a very rich and noble Earl; extremely favour'd by the *Grecian* Emperor, with whom he often used to ride abroad a Hunting, and continue absent sometimes twelve or fourteen Days together. The Countess, an exceeding pious and good natured Lady, being dead, and leaving one sole Daughter, of the greatest Beauty, Wit, and other Excellencies which adorn a Female Mind and Person; she was used to mourn her Father's Absence in a solitary Sorrow, still forsaking Company and Pleasure, to retire alone to sing or read, amidst the shady Groves and pleasant Meadows, which afforded sweet Retirements, not far distant from her Father's Palace.

Her celebrated Beauties had alarmed the Youth of Court and Country : Every Father wish'd his Son this Maid's Possessor; and the Sons of every Parent, mad with Passion, lost their Sense of other Pleasures, and, enchanted by her Graces, flock'd in Numbers to solicit her Affections. But the aged Earl, entirely doating on his Daughter's Conversation, never listened to their largest Offers, bent, if possible, to keep her single, that he might, as long as he should live, enjoy her Company. Fortune, on a certain time, the Father being absent, led a young and amorous Gentleman to take a pensive Walk along the Banks of a delightful Current, near the Bottom of a Wood belonging to this Earl, and not six hundred Paces from his House; whence just before his lovely Daughter had walk'd out, and was by him surprized while leaning pensively beneath the Shelter of a spacious Oak, and reading softly with fix'd Attention. Never was Joy more unexpected and transporting, than that which seized the starting Youth at this surprizing Accident; for he had long been one of those, who languish'd for her Favour; but, till now, had never gain'd the smallest Opportunity to let her know how much he lov'd her; having been, among the rest, denied Admission by her Father's Obstinacy. Love, I think, is seldom wanting on such Occasions to inspire his Subjects with rhetorical Assurance; so that, prompted by the Dictates of his ruling Passion, he address'd the Lady with a Modesty so graceful, yet becoming Resolution, that she had no sooner cast her Eyes upon his Person, but a sudden Inclination, and as sudden Fright together, seiz'd the other Regions of her Virgin Bosom. Various Arguments with mutual Satisfaction pass'd away the Time in sympathetic Pleasures, and such powerful Charms did each discover in the other's Person, that, from that Time forward, they agreed to meet in the adjoining Grove, at the same Hour every Evening, not having Opportunity elsewhere to do it, lest the Lady's Father should discover the Intrigue, and hinder them from prosecuting their resolv'd Affection. I need not tell the *English* Ladies, that the Rules of Virtue, and her Female Modesty, oblig'd
the

the Daughter of the absent Earl to seem more backward than her eager Lover, in the amorous Settlement of their intended Meetings ; but where Occasions are so seldom found, it is a needless Nicety to stand too long on lingering Ceremonies ; so, in short, upon Assurance of her Lover's honourable Meaning, (and indeed her Quality had plac'd her far above distrusting his Pretensions,) she permitted him to hope he might at last be happy in her Possession ; and for many Weeks met undiscovered in the secret Grove, and tasted all those innocent Delights which Lovers may enjoy, without the smallest Tincture of a criminal Conversation.

But oh ! how soon decay the brightest Scenes of splendid Fortune ! It was not long this amorous Couple held their Bliss unbroken and serene ; for the Earl, long since returned, had oft observ'd his Daughter absent in the Evenings, and would frequently reflect, with not a little Wonder, that she always chose one certain Hour to leave the House, and always refused whatever Company proposed attending her. His natural Jealousy requir'd no Fuel to encrease its Fire, but, supplied with this, burnt out with double Fury ; so that he resolv'd to watch which Way his Daughter took, and make it his Endeavour to discover what he doubted. Little did she think her Father was so near, and not mistrusting him, who at that Distance she mistook to be the Person he appear'd, went boldly forward to the Place appointed, where she met the Object of her Love ; and sitting down upon a Bank as usual, tenderly reclin'd her Head upon his Bosom, and began to say a thousand soft endearing Things, believing they were then as private as before ; till in a manner stupified with eager Passion, both neglected every Object but each other's Person, not perceiving the suspicious Father, who had gone a little round, below the Brow of an impending Hill, and now stalk'd forward undiscovered, till he came so near behind the Lovers, busied in their Courtship, that he overheard, with Ease, each little Word that pass'd between them. Kisses, and a thousand other amorous Actions, urg'd the raptur'd Couple to repeat, with loud and solemn Protestations,

old Assurances of Love and Marriage ; insomuch that the surprized and angry Earl, transported by his Rage to hear his Daughter give away herself to one, to whom he had before denied her, and for certain Family Disputes extreamly hated, drew a Sword, which he had privately conveyed within his Dress, and running violently at the starting Nobleman, who drew in his Defence, was kill'd upon the Spot, before the Lady (almost dead with Fear) recovered from the Fright his Sword had put her in. But none can surely guess the Storms of Grief and Astonishment which overwhelm'd her Breast with a tempestuous Hurricane, to hear the Shepherd's dying Voice so plainly speak her Father's Accent. In short, upon approach she knew him, notwithstanding his Disguise ; and while the Lover, half distracted at the fatal Accident, prepar'd to speak his Wonder and her Comfort, she ran with Violence about the Fields, forgetting Love and all its Consequences but this last unhappy one, which she proclaim'd aloud to every Servant of her Father's House, to which she flew with Shrieks and Horror. The Servants ran and seiz'd the Nobleman, who stood confounded like a speechless Statue, looking eagerly on the Body of the murdered Earl, nor aiming to defend himself from being taken. News was carried to the Emperor of every Circumstance of this unhappy Accident ; who, considering wisely all Particulars, gave the Gentleman a present Pardon ; but, to prevent them from conversing with each other for ever after, ordered the young Lady, with two Aunts and all the Family, to be confin'd in a high Tower built in an Island, call'd *Stony Island*, giving Command to all who guarded it, that they should never suffer her to get away, nor give Admission unto any Person, such excepted, as were authorized to claim it by his Royal Passport.

A while the Lady mourn'd so deeply for her Father's Death, and the desponding Lover for the Action he had done, that neither thought upon the Hardship of their cruel Separation : But when fleeting Time presented to their Minds the Sharpness of their Fate in that severe Decree,

Decree, they both forsook all Hopes of Comfort. She, in Prison, grew quite weary of an hated Life; and he, at large, became abandoned to encreasing Sorrows; melancholy, silent, and a Prisoner to Grief, amidst the Traacts of disregarded Liberty.

Twelve tedious Months were now roll'd over, and the discontented Lover still continued every Day to visit the remembered Scenes of former Bliss and present Misery. He would often walk disconsolately up and down the Banks of that delightful River, which was used to murmur out a melancholy Harmony to sooth their Minds, oppressed by Fear of ill Success in their commenc'd Affection, and reflecting on the various Words and Actions which had pass'd between them, would now and then let fall a mournful Tear, to think on their Misfortunes. At last, despairing ever more to see his dear-contracted Mistress, he began to wish a Period to Life, which only serv'd to lengthen out his Misery; and as he walk'd one Day, perceived a Rock, wherein he had heard talk of some dark Cave, so dismally forbidding, that no Man had ever yet been found, who durst attempt to enter it. Disdain of Danger from a Weariness of living, urg'd him on to seek the Place with a Resolution to go in, regardless of the Consequence. He found at last the gloomy Entrance of the horrid Place, which open'd downwards with a very steep and dangerous Slope; and never waiting for a second Thought, went boldly in, and crept along the ragged Side; a narrow Channel from the neighbouring River, running through a Passage 'twixt the Rocks, directly in the Middle, for about an hundred Yards. He made shift to crawl along with wond'rous Difficulty down a very deep and slippery Descent, but there perceived the Water, which, 'till then, had ran confin'd to proper Bounds, encreased in Breadth to such a vast Degree, that there was left no more dry Ground to stand upon. However, as desiring Death, he was resolv'd to tempt it, and continued his Advances through the Water, sometimes scarce above his Knees, then almost to his Neck; here running ten or twenty yards indifferently smooth, then falling many Foot, and roaring round his Head like

some *Egyptian Cataract*. Sometimes he fell, half drown'd with the Fury of the impetuous Torrent ; and sometimes walk'd through the rushing Streams, which almost tripped him from his Feet with their amazing Swiftneſs. Still he crept as near as poſſible to ſome one Side, and held upon the Edges of the Rocks he met with, till reflecting on the Strangeneſs of the Place he walk'd in, and how much it was impoſſible to re-aſcend thoſe watery Paſſages he had already paſſed, he was reſolv'd to live as long as he was able, and to obſerve by Touch and Ear, what farther Wonders the Deſcent might lead him to ; for it was ſo void of the leaſt Glimple of comfortable Light, that he had then no Uſe of Eyes, for none could pierce one Inch of the ſurrounding Darkneſs. He came at laſt ſo far, that he perceived a ſenſible Decrease in Breadth, for he could ſtretch his Arms with Eaſe, and touch both Sides : But on the contrary, the Depth increaſed exceedingly ; and by the Water's double roaring, and beating back as from ſome Wall, he found the Cavity no farther capable of giving room to continued Progreſs. Yet, conſidering there muſt be ſome Paſſage of Emiſſion, and little caring whither it might lead, he dipp'd his Head and Body under Water, and with much ado ſhot ſwiftly with the Eddy through a ſhort and narrow Neck, and found himſelf immediately enlarg'd, but covered over with a Flood of Waters, which he took to be the Sea ; and finding Breath grow ſhort upon him, he made uſe of ſtrong and artful Strokes which he had learn'd by ſwimming when a Boy ; by theſe Means thinking he ſhould ſoon be freed, and gain the Surface, or expire amidſt the Waves ; both which Events he form'd a ſwift Idea of, expecting either with a like Indifference. But he was much ſurpriz'd, when almoſt before he gueſs'd it, he perceived his Head above the Water, and as ſoon as he could ſee, beheld himſelf within a Well or Ciftern, almoſt level with the Brim. He ſwam a while from Side to Side, at laſt obſerv'd a Channel, into which the Ciftern diſengag'd her riſing Waters. There he ſoon got out, extreamly weaken'd by his ſubterraneous Journey, and the firſt Object he diſcovered, when he look'd

look'd about, was his former Mistress walking in a Garden, with a sorrowful and pensive Countenance. The unexpected Shock was much alike to both. But the Lady, affrighted at the odd Appearance of a dropping Man, who look'd like some Inhabitant of an inferior World, began at first to shriek and fly ; but when he faintly call'd her by her Name, she knew the Voice, mistook him for a Ghost, and fainted to the Earth, unable to support the Weight of so surprizing a Discovery. But, to conclude, the Guards came upon the shrieking Lady, and immediately laid hold on the adventurous Visitor ; but when the Emperor was told the Story, he commanded both the Lover and his Mistress to be brought before him, and considering the Particulars of this amazing Accident, immediately reversed his former Sentence, had them married in his Royal Presence, grac'd them ever after with particular Favours, and, in memory thereof, commanded that the Castle should be called *The MAIDEN TOWER* : Which commemorative Name it bears at this Day.



II

The remarkable Story of a Father's extraordinary Care and Contrivance to reclaim an extravagant and prodigal Son.

THIS old Gentleman had a fair Seat about ten Leagues from the City of *Paris*, which had belong'd to his Family the Space of five hundred Years. His yearly Revenue was very considerable ; and having only one Son, he gave him the Liberty of managing half his Estate, when he came to the Age of one and twenty.

This young Spark being of a high Spirit, was so far from harbouring any Thoughts of Frugality, that he could hardly brook the Necessity of living within the Compass of his Allowance. He addicted himself to

Gaming, Drinking, and other lewd Courses, which in a short time consum'd his Means, and reduc'd him to great Streights.

About the same time his Father died, and left him the Remainder of his Estate, giving him all the Instructions that are usual in such Cases ; and among the rest of his sage Counsels, he charg'd him, if it should be his Misfortune to become a Bankrupt again, so as to be forc'd to sell his Estate, that he would at least not part with that House, which had been so long in the Possession of their Family : Especially, he conjur'd him to reserve one particular Chamber for himself as long as he liv'd, which was the same where he lay a dying ; " For this, said he, " will be a Sanctuary for you, when you have " no other Place of Refuge in the World."

After the old Man's Decease, his Son fell to his former Course of Life ; and, to make short of it, in a few Years spent all his Patrimony, even that very House itself, which he was forc'd to sell at last at an Under-price, to supply his present Necessities. However, he obey'd his Father's last Injunction, and in the Sale of the House made Articles for the perpetual Claim and Use of that Chamber to himself.

It was not long before he had consum'd the Money which he had receiv'd for the House ; so that now his last Support was gone. He try'd to borrow of some of his Friends and Acquaintance ; and in Charity, they supplied him at first with small Sums : But when he often press'd them, they grew weary of him, and denied to part with any more.

He pass'd away some time in this dejected Condition, when at length he cast his Eyes on an old Trunk which stood in a Corner of the Chamber, and which he had scarce ever regarded before. An odd Curiosity prompted him to rise and look into this Trunk, perhaps not so much in hopes of finding any Relief there, as to divert himself, and pass away the tedious Minutes. " And " yet it is natural for People in great Calamities and Mis-
" fortunes, to flatter themselves with the Imagination of
" unexpected Reliefs, and to catch at every the least
" Glimpse

“ Glimpse or Shadow, that seems to presage any Good.” Be it how it will, he fell to rifling the Trunk, but found nothing there, save a Parcel of old Rags and Papers, with other Remnants and Fragments of Silk, Linen and Velvet, the Reliques and Spoils of his Father’s Wardrobe. This was no Booty for him : However, he ceas’d not his Scrutiny, till he had quite empty’d the Trunk ; when, to his no small Astonishment, he found these Words on the Bottom ; “ Ah, Prodigal ! hast thou “ spent all, and sold thy House ? now go and hang thy “ self. There is a Rope ready provided for thee in the “ Beam of the Chamber.

The young Gentleman looking to the Ceiling, and seeing a Halter hang there, being fasten’d to an Iron Ring, was struck with such a Damp, that concluding it was the Will of Fate that he should fulfill the Words he found on the Bottom of the Trunk, he immediately took a Chair or Stool, and placing it under the Rope, got up and rais’d himself upon it, that he might the better reach the design’d Instrument of his Death.

He stood not long musing, for Life appear’d now unsupportable to him ; wherefore putting the Halter about his Neck, in the Height of Despair he kick’d the Stool away : When, behold ! instead of hanging there, he fell to the Ground, the weighty Swing of his Body having pull’d out a Piece of square Timber from the Beam, being that Part to which the Ring was fasten’d. Immediately he was like to be overwhelm’d, and bury’d alive in a great Heap of Gold, which came showering down upon him out of the hollow Place, which his Father had contriv’d on purpose in the Beam, to put this kind Sarcasm on his Son, now sufficiently mortified by so many Sorrows.

In a Word, this made so deep an Impression on him, that he grew reform’d, buying all his Estate back again with Part of the Money, and employing the rest in merchandizing, and grew to be a richer Man than his Father, or any of his Progenitors.

III.

The Story of the Tragical Catastrophe of a Turkish Family in Constantinople.

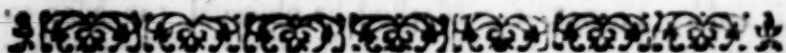
THERE was a *Turk* in the City of *Constantinople*, not extremely rich, but moderately stor'd with easy Plenty. He had a Wife whom he tenderly lov'd, and she had a reciprocal Affection for him; insomuch that he would not use the Freedom of his Country, in regard to tolerated and indulg'd *Polygamy*, but confin'd the Treasure of his honest Love to the endearing Centre of his first Wife's Bosom. He had two Children by his favourite Consort, one was then four Years of Age, the other lay a speechless Infant in its easy Cradle, when his fruitful Wife became deliver'd of a Burden, which declared him Father of a third and hopeful Child. The common Custom of a grateful Sacrifice on such Occasions, led him to prepare a splendid Feast, and summon all his near Relations to be Witnesses of his exceeding Joy for this new Blessing. They met together in an open Court, and after several usual Forms, proceeded to the Place where many Sheep were kill'd to give the Poor. The Person who perform'd the Ceremony, cutting the Throat with a large Knife peculiar to that Office, and departing with the Company, to have the Sheep divided in another Place more fit for such an Action.

There was a Window open'd from the Room where the Childbed Woman with her new-born Infant lay upon a Bed. At the Lattice of this Window stood the eldest Son, and saw with Pleasure the Performance of the Ceremony: He was much delighted to see the Blood of the expiring Sheep run trickling from their Throats; and seeing that the Knife wherewith it was done, was left behind by Chance or Negligence, and that the People who attended him were some gone down to see the Sacrifice, and those above entirely busied with his Mother; he softly went down Stairs directly to the Place where lay the Knife yet red and reeking with the Blood of those
 poor

poor Beasts, whose bleating Innocence it had so lately sacrific'd

In a low, capacious Cradle, near the Place where then the Mother lay, his second Brother, not above a Twelve-month old, was sleeping calmly, and secure from any Fear, by yet unbroken Rest and native Innocence. To him the poor unhappy Boy immediately repaired, and, little thinking what he was about, began to practise upon his tender Throat, the Method he observ'd the Man to use in butchering the Sheep for Sacrifice. The waking Child began to cry, as quickly sensible it felt some Pain; while still the Boy continued his Endeavours, drawing up and down like some small Saw the fatal Knife, and laughing heartily to see the Blood distain the Cloaths wherein his Brother lay; who struggling to the utmost of his little Strength, the other, to maintain the Sport it so delighted in, endeavour'd hard to keep him down, and leaning forward with too great a Weight, overturn'd the Cradle with the Infant in it. The Mother, whom the Cries of the assaulted Babe had just then led to look that Way, beheld her Son come tumbling out, all stain'd with Blood, and wounded horribly. The strange Surprise of such a shocking Prospect made her forget her weak Condition, so that rising hastily, she staggered inconsiderately on the new born Child, and treading on its Neck became its Murderer. The guilty Son, perceiving by the Shrieks and Postures of his Mother, that he had some way or other done amiss, threw down the Knife, and running from her Presence to avoid the Danger of a dreaded Punishment, fell down the high and slippery Marble Stairs, and broke his Neck by that unhappy Accident. The Mother followed to that fatal Place, and swooning at the Sight, was carried back to the unlucky Chamber; but the overstrain'd Attempt she had so lately made beyond the Strength of her reduc'd Condition, so disorder'd all her Body, that, unable to bear the Burden of her Grief and Weakness, she died some few Days after. The wretched Master of this miserable Family survived not long the melancholy Loss of so endear'd a Consort, and such hopeful Children, but became thence-

forth abandon'd over to a mournful Solitude ; nor could the repeated Efforts of his dearest Friends procure him Comfort ; so that wholly losing all the Taste of mortal Pleasures, he began to languish more and more, and e'er one Year was fully past, quite broke his Heart with weighty Sorrow, and compleated dismally the last sad Scene of such a fatal and surprizing Tragedy.



IV.

The Story of Seignior PIETRO CORNARO.

SEIGNIOR *PIETRO CORNARO*, a young accomplish'd Gentleman of an antient Family, and of considerable Fortune in the City of *Ferrara* in *Italy*, was led not many Years ago, to travel thro' the various Provinces of his celebrated Country, that by improving his Experience, he might entirely satisfy his eager Curiosity, and enrich his Mind with such refin'd Notions, as would distinguish his Perfections from the far less-qualified and common Conversation of his fellow Citizens. He came, amongst other Places to *Leghorn*, and took up Lodgings at an Inn, in order to observe the Rarities of that well-peopl'd City: and happening to be plac'd in an Apartment that open'd to the publick Street, wou'd often take a Morning Walk about his Room, and looking frequently upon the Street, divert himself agreeably by a curious Observation of whatever pass'd before him. 'Tis a Custom of the Town above-mention'd to enlarge the *Turks*, who serve them as their Slaves, and give them Liberty to ply as Porters, or betake themselves to any other toilsome Drudgery, obliging them to pay their Masters such a Sum of Money as is judg'd convenient, and permitting them to keep the Overplus to serve occasionally their own Necessities. Directly opposite to Seignior *Pietro's* Chamber was a Bench, on which he often saw a *Turkish* Slave sit thoughtful and dejected, leaning pensively his Head upon his Hand, and dropping

now and then a silent Tear, which he endeavour'd secretly to wipe away with a large Knot of Ropes, the wretched Badge of his unfortunate Employment. The frequent Repetition of this mournful Practice, tho' begun too early for a publick Observation, was perceiv'd by the compassionate *Italian* ; who earnestly desirous to become acquainted with the Reasons of his Sorrow, sent at last a Messenger to fetch him ; and having carry'd him directly to his own Apartment, discoursed a while, and ask'd him several Questions in the *Italian* Language, wherein the *Turk* had then attain'd considerable Knowledge ; and receiving Answers modest and particular, proceeded to demand the Manner of his being taken, and how long he had continued in the State of Slavery: With wringing Hands and elevated Looks, which seem'd to blame his Stars for his unpity'd Misery, the disconsolate *Mahometan* began his Tale ; and water'd his Complaint with Showers of Tears, whose falling Streams spoke piercing Proofs of his ungovernable Sorrow : I am, says he, an honest *Mussulman*, never Friend to War or Rapine, but became a Sacrifice to both, in an unlucky Visit to an aged Father, then in Health and Peace at *Cyprus*, now perhaps laid cold and breathless in some gloomy Grave, having broke his Heart to hear of my Misery.

These sad Complaints were follow'd mournfully by a sincere and full Account of every Accident which had concurr'd unfortunately to reduce him to this Slavery ; he soon at large inform'd his kind Enquirer, that he had sorrowfully spent four tedious Years in that Condition, and had left * three Wives, two Sons now Men, and nine small Children, drown'd in Grief for his unfortunate Loss, and wholly destitute of any Means whereby to know his present Habitation. The pitying Breast of Signior *Pietro*, fram'd for tender and compassionate Expressions, melted generously with sympathetical Concern to hear the wretched and forlorn Condition of this complaining Infidel ; and asking him his Name, and other

* The *Turks* are allowed as many Wives as they can maintain.

Things he thought convenient, he gave him Money, and dismiss'd him kindly, with a Word or two of Comfort.

The *Turk* return'd disconsolately back to the unwelcome Practice of his daily Labours: and the tender-natur'd Seignior *Pietro*, seriously reflecting on his weighty Sorrow, and considering that the Will of Providence, or some unthought of Turn of fickle Chance, might one Day make the Case his own, and teach him, by the bitter Proofs of sad Experience, how to pity others Miseries, by the insupportable Extremity of his own Misfortunes, he resolv'd to do a noble Act of Christian Charity; and making Interest with the Governour, found Means to get the *Turk* released, for the Ransom of about 145 Ducats. Never could more welcome and surprizing News rejoice the gladden'd Heart of human Sufferer, than that which brought the happy *Turk* the News of his Delivery: With rapid Transports of ungoverned Joy, he fell upon his Knees, embrac'd the Feet of his ador'd Redeemer, and with numerous Vows of hearty Gratitude entreated Seignior *Pietro* to inform him how he might return twice told that friendly Sum, which had so generously purchased him his valued Liberty. The good *Italian* wish'd him well, but told him he expected no Return; yet if his Soul was noble, and would urge him to be grateful, he only ask'd his solemn Promise, that he would, at his Return, redeem from Slavery some Christian Gentleman, whom he should think did most deserve it, and send him back as soon as possible, to visit once again his native Country; which last Agreement was in fine concluded on, and the redeemed *Turk*, supplied with Cloaths and all things necessary, embark'd on board an *English* Vessel bound for *Turkey*, and return'd successfully to his former Habitation. There pass'd about three Months beyond the Day of the *Mabometan's* Departure from *Leghorn*, when Seignior *Pietro*, having been the greatest Part of that Time at *Venice*, pleas'd extremely with the City and its People, became enamour'd of a young and beautiful Lady call'd *Maria Margaritta Delfino*, who had for several Years resid'd in that Town, under the Care of a substantial Merchant, youngest Brother to her Father,

Father, who with her Sisters, and the major Part of her Relations, liv'd at *Malta*. Nothing could persuade the amorous *Italian* from a violent Expression of his growing Passion; he solicited her Uncle with incessant Importunities, and at last engaged him to permit him to address her upon this Condition, that he should accompany his Neice and him to *Malta*, there to gain her Father's Approbation of his Person and Condition. This he promised, and continued four Months daily visiting the Object of his Affection, till he gain'd entirely her Consent to marry him, when he was authoriz'd to do it by her Father's Order; and it seems their sympathetic Ornaments of Mind and Body pointed out the Match, and spoke them only worthy of each other's Value. They embark'd on board a Vessel bound for *Malta*, and belonging to that Island, which they were almost arrived in sight of, when a *Turkish* Gally met them, making undistinguish'd Prize of all her Cargo, and transporting Seignior *Pietro*, with his Mistress and her Uncle into Slavery, landed them at *Smyrna*, together with the valuable Prize in which they took them. I forgot to tell you, that the three Companions in this miserable State had chang'd their Cloaths for coarse and rougher Habits, when they saw the Danger they were falling into; that, being so disguis'd, they might expect a Ransom for a smaller Charge, than otherwise would serve them; so that being taken with the common People, they were like them in Chains conducted to the publick Market, where the Slaves are bought and sold like Sheep or Oxen. Seignior *Pietro* and the young Lady's Uncle were tied together, and plac'd with many more to wait the Purchase of the fairest Bidder. Opposite to them the poor unhappy Lady stood, half dead with Fear and Anguish, with a numerous Crowd of Christian Women, young and old, expecting every Moment to be bought, and torn away from any Hopes of ever seeing her Lover and Relations. At last a young and graceful *Turk* came up to the disconsolate *Maria*, and bargaining immediately with the Officer who kept her, paid the Money, and throwing over her a Veil he brought on purpose, took her from the rest, and

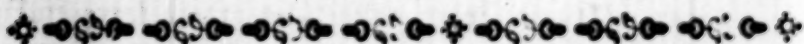
and carried her away with an extraordinary Satisfaction. Many a complaining Look did the despairing Lady give her Friends, who answer'd her with all the mournful Marks of silent Lamentation, and were now (especially the Lover) so confounded with their Misery, that they stood like Statues, looking stedfastly on the Ground, and took no Notice of the many Purchasers, who walk'd about from Place to Place to view the Persons of the wretched Captives.

While they stood thus fix'd in Contemplation on the transitory Blessing of a mortal Life, there came a *Turk* from Stall to Stall, enquiring earnestly of every Officer what Quality and Country their several Slaves laid claim to; and examining particularly the Slaves themselves to the same Effect, at last he came to Signior *Pietro*, who hanging down his Head, the *Turk* stooped forward to look upon his Face; a Courtesy not often practis'd by those barbarous People, who, when a Slave refuses to hold up his Face, will generally take them roughly by the Chin, as when a Jocky looks upon a Horse's Mouth. The *Turk* no sooner saw the Face, but starting back in great Surprise, he rais'd his Arms and Eyes towards Heaven, and transported at the strange Discovery, cry'd out aloud, "I thank thee, holy Prophet, thou hast guided well my lucky Footsteps." The griev'd *Italian* looking up at this surprizing Exclamation, saw before his Eyes the very Man whom in *Leghorn* he so kindly freed from Slavery. No Pen can describe the Raptures he conceived at this happy Meeting; swift Embraces follow'd their Surprise, and when the Wonder of the *Turk* would give him leave to speak again, he thus address'd himself to Signior *Pietro*; "I promised thee, said he, thou best of Christians, that I would certainly redeem from Servitude such Slave as I should judge did more than any else deserve that Blessing; and now, thank *Makomet*, in thee I have discover'd him." With that he order'd him who guarded them to send some Person to receive his Ransom, and conduct him presently to his own House. The overjoy'd *Italian* heard with Pleasure the Design of his Gratitude; but told him,

him, "If he would be doubly kind, he might redeem his Friend who suffer'd with him, and they would find some speedy Means to reimburse his Charges." The Proposition was embrac'd as soon as offer'd, and a Person being sent to take the Money, receiv'd immediately the Ransom he demanded, and returning to Market, left the Gentlemen to the Care of their Redeemer. The *Turk's* two Sons, when told the Accident by which their Father met the Man to whom before he ow'd his Liberty, express'd sincere and grateful Joy, and bid them welcome with an unexpressible Civility; and after having heard the manner of their being taken, and their sorrowful Complaint for the Loss of an unhappy Virgin, whom they lov'd so dearly, he who was the eldest of the two Sons cry'd out with Earnestness, "Now, by the Religion of our Prophet and his People, my Father's House contains this Virgin." And thereupon proceeded to inform them, he had bought that very Morning a young Christian Slave, to wait upon his Mother and his Father's other Wives; that she had given the same Account as they had done of the Particulars of her Captivity, that she was then above among the Women, and he would for Satisfaction fetch her down that very Moment. 'Tis easy to imagine the Disorder of their Breasts, possess'd alternately by Hope and Fear; which rag'd impetuously and rack'd their Minds, till Doubt gave way, and boundless Joy o'erspread their Souls, to see the Person they so lately lost, conducted to their Arms by him to whom the Laws of *Turkey* gave her up as a lawful Purchase.

They stay'd a Week with their Landlord, who would not rest till they had ransom'd two Men-servants, and a Maid who waited on the Lady; these, together with as many of the Goods and Cloaths as he could purchase from the *Turk* who took them, he bestow'd again on their lawful Owners, gave them a considerable Sum of Money, and contriv'd to get them Passage on board a Vessel of *Marseilles*, then bound to *Malta*. Seignior *Pietro*, the young Lady, and her Uncle, frequently endeavour'd to oblige this honest *Turk* to take their Bills, or find some other

other Method to secure his Money, but he persisted in a positive Refusal of all their Proffers, telling Seignior Pietro the Debt was paid before it was contracted; and would often lay his Hand devoutly upon his Bosom, and with a zealous Sigh repeat this Proverb, *The God of Heaven has given us Plenty, that we may give from God where Need requires.* To cut short the Story, when they arriv'd at Malta, Seignior Pietro soon obtain'd the Consent of the young Lady's Father, and their Nuptials were quickly after celebrated.



V.

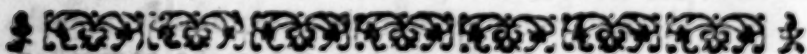
The Story of Conrad's gallant Defence of the City of Tyre, which was deserted by Guy de Lusignan, against Saladin Emperor of the Infidels, in the Time of the Holy Wars.

TO have a right Notion of what pass'd at the Siege of *Tyre*, it must be observ'd, that *Saladine*, after the taking of *Jerusalem*, besieged *Ascalon*, which the Queen surrender'd to him in consideration of his setting *Lusignan* her Husband, (whom he had taken Prisoner at the Siege of *Jerusalem*) the Grand Master of the *Templers*, and fifteen other Noblemen at Liberty; and by this Treaty *Guy de Lusignan* made a solemn Renunciation of the Title of King of *Jerusalem*. He afterwards retir'd to a Castle by the Sea-side with the Queen his Wife, where they were rather hid, than in a Condition to defend themselves. *Saladine*, without troubling himself about an Enemy whom he despised, march'd from *Ascalon* to lay Siege to *Tyre*, an ancient and famous City of *Phanicia*, celebrated in holy Writ for its King *Hiram*, the Friend of *Solomon*; and renown'd in History for the Siege laid to it by *Alexander the Great*, against whom it held out seven compleat Months, and had not been taken then, if that Prince had not join'd the

the Isle on which it stands to the main Land, by means of a Bank which he raised to fill up the Arm of the Sea, which made it an Island. The Inhabitants, degenerated from the Bravery of their Ancestors, and dreading the Miseries of a Place carried by Storm, were preparing upon *Saladine's* Approach to go to meet him, and offer him the Keys of the City; when young *Conrad*, the last of the Marquis of *Montferrat's* Sons, being come into the holy Land out of Zeal to contribute to his Father's Liberty, who was then *Saladine's* Prisoner, encouraged them to make an honourable Defence, and offered them his Service; but he added, that he would not shed a Drop of his Blood for such a Coward of a Prince as *Guy de Lusignan*; and insisted, that if he had the good Fortune, as he hoped, to preserve the Place, they should engage by a solemn Treaty to acknowledge him for their Lord. The *Tyrians*, deserted by their Sovereign, and left to themselves, agreed to the Condition. *Conrad* call'd in to his Assistance a considerable Number of the Knights of *St. John*, who put themselves at the Head of the Inhabitants, and soon made such Soldiers of them, that they seem'd to be animated with the same Spirit and Courage: The very Women did their Part, either in shooting Arrows at the Besiegers, or carrying Victuals to their Husbands, who lay upon the Ramparts. Never was the Place more bravely defended from the Time that *Alexander the Great* laid Siege to it. *Saladine*, discouraged at the Length of a Siege that stopped the Progress of his Arms, resolved to raise it; but before he decamp'd, he caus'd young *Conrad's* Father, whom he had taken Prisoner at the Battle of *Tiberius*, to be carried before the Walls, and an Herald being admitted into the Place, declared to young *Conrad*, *That they were going that Instant to cut off his Father's Head, if he would not surrender Tyre to the Sultan.*

The young Prince, divided between two Duties, which seem'd to him equally indispensable, was to determine, *whether he should save his Father's Life, or abandon a Christian People, to whom he had pledged his Faith.* To extricate himself from this Difficulty, he affected a Firmness

Firmness that went even to an Indifference. Go, said he to the Herald, *tell your Master from me, that he can't put a Prisoner of War to Death, that surrender'd upon his Parole, without the utmost Dishonour to himself; and that, for my Part, I shall think myself happy to have a Martyr of Jesus Christ for my Father.* After this they began to shoot afresh from the City; but Conrad gave the Soldiers private Orders not to point their Arrows towards the Place where the old Marquis was exposed in Chains. Saladine, who had no particular Reason to destroy that Prince, from whom too he expected a great Ransom, sent him back to Prison, and raised the Siege. No sooner was he retir'd to a convenient Distance, but Guy de Lusignan quitted his Retreat, with a Design to reap the Fruit of young Conrad's Valour. He presented himself before the Place, and was going to enter as the Sovereign of it; but he found the Gates shut, and the Inhabitants cried out to him, that they were surprized he had forgot the Duty he owed to his Subjects during the Siege; that he was come a little too late; that a braver Person than he had taken his Place, and acquir'd the Lordship of Tyre by the justest of all Titles, for having defended it valiantly at the Hazard of his Life against the Infidels. Guy de Lusignan was forced to retire, and seek his Fortune elsewhere, and young Conrad, in Reward of his Valour, remain'd in quiet Possession of the City of Tyre.

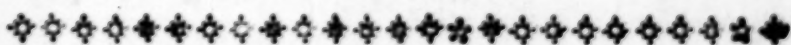


VI.

*The Story of a Soldier in the Army of
Antigonus.*

CATO the elder, one Day hearing some Persons extoll a Man that had shewn a thoughtless Temerity in Battle, and ran headlong into the greatest Danger without Consideration, said, *There was a great deal*
of

of Difference between true Courage and a Contempt for Life. A very true Saying, and which is well exemplified in the following Story. There was in the Army of *Antigonus* a certain Soldier of a very unhealthy Complexion, who however distinguish'd himself on all Occasions by an uncommon Boldness and Intrepidity, which made the King take Notice of him, and ask'd him the Cause of his pale and sickly Look: The Soldier answer'd, it was owing to a secret Disease he had, of which he could never get cur'd. The King gave strict Orders to his Physicians to take all possible care of him, and spare neither Cost nor Pains for his Cure. In a short Time this bold Fellow was cur'd; after which he never appear'd so fond of Danger, nor daring in Battle as formerly. *Antigonus* being very much surprized at such a Change, reproached him with it: But the Soldier, far from concealing the true Reason, said, *It is you, O King! that is the Cause I am less bold and desperate than heretofore, by delivering me from that Misery which made Life a Burden to me: While I was troubled with that grievous Disease, I was weary of Life, and sought all Opportunities of ending it; but, now I am cur'd, my Love of Life is return'd, and I now shun Danger as industriously as I before courted it.*



VII.

The Story of the Attempt on the Life of Timolean by two Assassins.

ICETES, whilst he was besieging the Castle of *Syracuse* in *Sicily*, sent into it as Deserters two foreign Soldiers, but whose real Design was to assassinate *Timolean*, the Commander of the Castle. The Villains who were sent upon this Enterprize, some time after their Arrival, having casually heard that *Timolean* was going to sacrifice, came directly into the Temple with Poniards under

under their Cloaks, and passing in among the Crowd, by Degrees got close to the Altar. As they were just looking for a Sign from each other to begin the Attempt, a third Person struck one of them over the Head with a Sword, who suddenly falling down, neither he that gave the Blow, nor the Partizan of him that received it, kept their Stations any longer; but the one making way with his bloody Sword, put no Stop to his Flight, till he gain'd the Top of a lofty Precipice, while the other throwing himself at the Feet of *Timolean*, besought him to spare his Life, and he would reveal to him the whole Conspiracy. His Pardon being granted, he confess'd, that himself and his dead Companion were sent purposely to slay him. While this Discovery was making, he that had killed the other Conspirator, being forc'd from his Sanctuary on the Rock, loudly protested as he came along, that there was no Injustice in the Fact, for (said he) I have only taken righteous Vegeance for the Blood of my Father, whom this Man formerly murder'd in the City of *Leontium*; for the Truth of this, he appeal'd to several who were present, who all attested the same. The *Corinthians* being satisfied of the Justness of the Action, did honour to the Author, and rewarded him with a noble Present, because he made use of his own just Indignation at a Time when the Preservation of *Timolean* requir'd it, and luckily deferred the Revenge of a private Quarrel for his Preservation.



VIII.

The Story of Lycurgus and Alcander.

LYCURGUS, King of *Sparta*, was Institutor of publick Tables at *Sparta*, where every one, from the highest to the lowest, should eat in common of the same Meat. This Ordinance bore very hard upon the wealthier Men, and being not able to bear it, they made

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an Insurrection against *Lycurgus*, and from Words came to Blows ; so that at length he was forced to run out of the Assembly, and take to the Sanctuary to save his Life. By good Hap he got before all the rest, excepting *Alcander*, (a young Man otherwise not ill accomplish'd, but too hasty and cholerick) who came up so close to him, that as *Lycurgus* turn'd about to see who was near him, he struck him in the Face, and beat out one of his Eyes. The incomparable Philosopher was so far from being daunted by this Accident, that he stopt short and shew'd his Reverend Face all in a Gore-blood to his ungrateful Countrymen : They were so strangely surpriz'd and asham'd to see it, that they immediately begg'd Pardon, offer'd him any sort of Reparation, and deliver'd *Alcander* into his Hands to be punish'd as he should think fit, conducting him home with the greatest Concern for this ill Usage. *Lycurgus* having thank'd them for their Care of his Person, dismiss'd them all, except *Alcander*, whom he took with him to his House. He did not use him in any manner severely, but dismissing those whose Place it was, he order'd *Alcander* to wait upon him at Table. The young Man, who was not ill bred, without murmuring or repining, did as he was commanded. *Alcander* being so near him, had Opportunity to observe in him (besides the natural Goodness and Mildness of his Temper) an extraordinary Sobriety in his Diet, and a Strength of Complexion proceeding from it, which no Labours or Fatigues were able to surmount. He was so ravish'd with Admiration of these excellent Qualities, that of an Enemy he became one of his most zealous Admirers, and told his Friends and Relations, that *Lycurgus* was not that morose and ill-natur'd Man, whom they had formerly took him for, but of the sweetest and most agreeable Disposition in the World. Thus did *Lycurgus* (from a wild and dissolute young Man) make *Alcander* one of the best Citizens of *Sparta*.

IX.

A Penitent's Confession to his Ghostly Father.

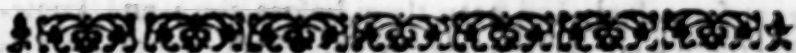
ONE that had been pumping hard for a Confession, squeez'd it out at last by little and little, that he had stolen this or that, but it was from one who had stolen as much from him before. The holy Father told him it was ill done, and bade him do so no more; but for the present, says he, set one against t'other, and be quiet. The Penitent went further, and told him that he had wounded somebody, but it was one who had broken his Head first. Well, says the good Man, that's one for t'other again. Ah! says the Penitent, it may do well enough thus far, but there's something yet behind, that I had rather die than mention to you: But being convinc'd of the Necessity of confessing all, Nay then, says he, what must be, must be; I have been at least ten times to blame with your Reverence's Sister. Well, well, says the holy Man, and I have been twice as often to blame with your Wife; so it is but setting one against t'other still.

X.

A Cure for a Scold.

A Poor Man had a most intolerable Scold for a Wife: her Clack was continually going, let him work or play, drink or not drink; in fine, let him do what he would, she always had something to quarrel at. When he had try'd all manner of Means, fair and foul, and found that neither Counsel nor Correction had any Effect upon her, he at last took a Fancy to encounter her in her own Way. He immediately provides himself with a Cat-call; and when he found the Spirit of Scolding to come upon his Wife, he presently began to whistle with

his Pipe. This Humour of setting up one Squeal against another, made her so bloodily mad, that she dash'd the Instrument out of his Hand, and rag'd more than ever. But he soon took up it again, and fell to squalling with great Gravity, till the Woman's Patience was quite worn out: In that Fit away she flung with an Oath, that she would be severely reveng'd of that insupportable Villain. Well, the next Day they had the second Part to the same Tune: But the Woman, however, in the Conclusion was glad to come to Articles; she to give over Scolding, and the Husband Piping. Upon these Conditions they liv'd together like Man and Wife for ever after: and how that was, Men and their Wives are the best Judges.



XI.

The Story of a Minister of State and his Valet de Chambre.

A Certain *State Minister's Valet de Chambre* fell desperately in Love with his Master's Lady: There was no corrupting her, and the very Attempt would have been certain Death. This Difficulty did not hinder him, however, from setting his Brains at Work how to compass his End, which, at last, was not to be done but by personating his Master. This *Minister* was a Man of Business, and indefatigable in attending the Functions of his Office. He would be early and late at Council; for which Reason he sometimes lodg'd in a Chamber apart from his Lady's, upon those unseasonable Occasions, tho' not without paying her a Visit sometimes, and then return to his own Bed. This Practice of his ran mightily in his *Valet's* Head. He went commonly in one sort of Dressing-gown, with a white Wand in one Hand, and a dark Lanthorn in the other. Upon his knocking twice at the Door, the Lady's Woman was

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ready

ready to let him in, and then waited in the Anti-chamber with the Lanthorn and the Wand, for his coming out again ; for in the Bed-chamber there was no Light.

The Minister had been late up one Night, and what does his Valet, but take his Master's Gown, Wand and Lanthorn, counterfeiting the same Knock, and went to Bed to his Lady ; and as he went and return'd, flash'd the Light in the Eyes of the Waiting-woman, that she might not see him. One Night, after he had been with his Lady, and had laid his Implements down where he found them, and gone to Bed, the Minister took it in his Head to pay his Lady a Visit. The Waiting-woman and her Lady were both surprized at his coming again so soon, insomuch that the Minister took Notice of it, but said nothing. He gather'd from his Lady's Discourse that some Body had been there before him ; and knowing there were no Strangers in the House, concluded this Impostor must be one of the Family. He immediately goes from Bed to Bed, to try what Discoveries he could make among the Servants. He found them all asleep, and their Pulses in good Order, except one, whose Pulse beat very quick and unequal. This Disorder gave him so strong a Suspicion of the Man, that he took a Pair of Scissars, and cut off the right Lock of the Fellow's Hair, and then left him. The Man had his Wits about him, and so soon as his Master was gone, he went to the Beds of all the other Servants, and cut off the right Lock of each Man's Hair. The Minister, early next Morning, commanded all his Servants to attend him, and finding them all in the same Cut, and cropt alike : Well ! says he, let the Man I look for mend his Manners, and there's an End on't for this Bout.

XII.

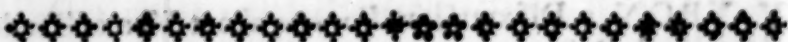
The Story of GONELLA.

UPON a Discourse in *Ferrara* about Men of Trade and Business, and how mightily that Place was stock'd with People of that Quality: It came to a Question at last, What Professors had most Employment? One said, Lawyers; another, Divines; some said one, and some another: but, in the Conclusion, up starts one *Gonella*, and offers a Wager on the Physicians side against any other Calling. How can that be? says one of the Company, when, to my certain Knowledge, there are not above a Dozen in this City? It came at last to a Wager betwixt a Nobleman and *Gonella*, and the Case left to a Trial.

Gonella went out early the next Morning to the Church-door, with his Chops all muffled up in Searchcloth and Flannel. Every one was asking the poor Man what he ail'd, as they went to their Devotions: whose Answer was, That he had upon him, at that Instant, a most tormenting Fit of the Tooth-ach. One told him, this was good for't, and t'other that: and as they gave him their Opinions and Advice, he took all their Names and Prescriptions in Writing. When Church was done, he wander'd up and down the Streets, picking up more Names and Receipts, till he had a matter of five hundred upon the Roll.

In this Pickle he went to the Count himself, with whom he had the Bett; who, without ever dreaming of the Frolick, directly told him a Remedy for his *Tooth-ach*: Away goes *Gonella* at that Instant, puts his Trade and his Trinket together under the Title of, *A List of the famous Physicians of the City of Ferrara*. After a three Days pretended Trial of the Remedy, back goes *Gonella* to the Count, to acknowledge the sovereign Virtue of his Medicine; and, at the same time, presents the Nobleman with a formal Catalogue of his *Doctors* and their *Remedies*. When the Count came to find his own Name at

the Head of the List, and several other Persons of Quality marshal'd in their Order under him, he was so well pleas'd with the Conceit, that he yielded the Wager lost, and order'd the Payment of the Money.



XIII.

A Story of COLUMBUS, the first Discoverer of America.

WHEN *Columbus*, to his immortal Honour, had newly perfected his Discovery of the *West-Indies*, the *Spaniards* went up and down in Clubs and Cabals, vilifying the Action, and derogating from the Glory of the Work. They saw nothing in the Business, they said, but another Body might have done it as well as he. The Passage, they cry'd, was safe and easy : the Thing itself is obvious, and it lay every jot as fair for a *Spaniard* as for an *Italian*. *Columbus* was once *Incog.* at one of these Meetings ; and when he had sat still a while, as a Person not at all concern'd in the Discourse, he call'd for a Hen's Egg ; which was immediately brought him. He took it ; and after viewing and turning it one Way and t'other, *Gentlemen*, says he, *I would be very glad to see any Man here set this Egg upright upon the Table.* They fell a whispering and fleering upon one another ; and after several Trials, concluded the Thing was not to be done. Pardon me, says *Columbus*, there's nothing easier in Nature : And so he took the Egg, crack'd it, and set it up an-end. The Company, upon second Thoughts, took the Hint as he intended it.

XIV.

A Poor Man's Last Will and Testament.

A Poor, indigent, beggarly Creature, weak in Body, but in sound Sense, sent for a Notary to draw his Will ; which was as follows :

There are two Persons, says he, (naming them) Men of Quality and Estate, who have ever shewed themselves my generous Friends ; and I shall be much to blame, not to leave them some Token of my Love for a Remembrance, before I depart this Life.

This formal Speech, delivered with great Gravity, set every Body a longing to hear the Legacies ; for they all knew the Man was not worth a Groat. " I do bequeath," says he, my aged Mother to the Care of *Artaeus* " my particular Friend, to be by him provided for and " maintained, out of Respect to my Memory, when I " am dead and gone. And to *Philoxenus* I bequeath " my only Daughter, to be by him disposed of in Mar- " riage with as fair a Fortune as he can well spare." This Testament look'd liker Romance than Matter of Fact ; till the two Friends appeared and undertook the Trust. *Philoxenus* dy'd in five Days after, and upon his Death *Artaeus* took the whole Charge upon himself : And having a Daughter of his own, he disposed of her, and his Friend's Daughter, both in one Day ; and gave them two thousand Pounds a-piece for their Portions.



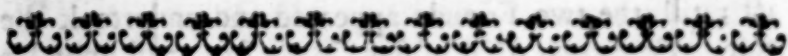
XV.

The Censorious Scribler.

A Pragmatical Smatterer in Letters, and a severe Fault-finder wherever he came, publish'd an idle Tract, under the Title of *Notes upon several famous Authors* ; and presented his Remarks, with a pompous formal

mal Dedication to an eminent Patron of Learning in the Place where he liv'd. This Gentleman found, immediately upon dipping here and there in the Book, that the main Drift of the Discourse was only to expose the Reputation of a great many excellent Men, under the Pretext of writing Observations on their Errors, without any Use or Benefit to Mankind.

The Great Man accepted the Present, and put the Author in hopes of a considerable Reward. Go you, says he, to my Steward, and ask him for four Bushels of my best Wheat: It must be well thresh'd, and do you take care it is thoroughly winnowed: Pick out all the Chaff as clean as Fingers can make it, put it into a Bag, and then bring it to me. The Man brought the Chaff, and the Nobleman bade him try what he could get for it, and take the Money to himself. Alas! says he, People will give nothing for Chaff. Why then, says t'other again, try if you can make a Friend with it. But that would not do neither, for nobody would thank him for it, he said. Very good, says the Great Man; and pray what is the Difference between *Trash* in a *Book*, and *Trash* in a *Bag*?



XVI.

The Punishment of Ingratitude.

A Common Soldier who had the Honour to be known to *Philip* of *Macedon* for a brave Fellow, gave the King an Account of a Storm he had been in at Sea, and Loss of the Vessel, and how narrowly he himself came off with his Life. He begged, at the same time, a certain Farm for his Subsistence; which the King granted him, and ordered him to be put in Possession of the Estate. The *Proprietor*, perceiving that he was now to be undone by a Man he had preserved, applied himself immediately to *Philip*, with the naked Truth of the Fact. Sir, says he, my Dwelling is in such a Place by the Sea-side, where I
heard

heard an Outcry one Night of somebody in Distress; and, upon going out to see what it was, there did I find the Ruins of a Wreck, and a Man paddling in the Sea, half starv'd, and labouring for Life. I took him up and carry'd him home with me; where he was attended, and treated like a Child of the Family. At the End of three Days, finding himself in a travelling Condition, he would needs be gone; so that I gave him a *Vaticum*, and he went away with a thousand Protestations, that my Kindness should never be forgotten. And who should this be now, out of the whole World, but *the very Man that begs my Estate!* The King was so mov'd at this barbarous Story, (for the Soldier told him only of his Danger, and not one Word of his Benefactor) that he order'd *Pausanius* to put the poor Man into his Estate again, and the Soldier to be cashier'd, and stigmatiz'd with these Words upon his Forehead, THE UNGRATEFUL GUEST.

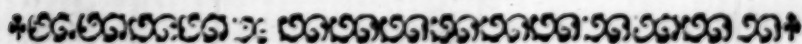
XVII.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR and VIRGIL, &c.

IT was an odd Question that of *Augustus Cæsar* to *Virgil*; Prithee tell me truly, says he, was *Octavius* my Father, or no? for the World, I find, is divided about it. Great Prince, says *Virgil*, I can say little to *Octavius*; but, to speak freely, I am much mistaken if you are not the Son of a Baker: For I was never so happy, as to say or do any thing that pleased you, but I had my Reward in Bread for it. Well, says *Augustus*, but from this time forward you shall find me a *Prince*, not a *Baker*.

There goes a Story also of a certain Prince, that gave all manner of Liberty and Encouragement to the Exercise of *Buffoon Wit*, though never so rude and saucy; and he had a shrewd Faculty that Way himself too. This Prince pinch'd a little hard once upon one of his

Court-Drolls, and it was a kind of an unlucky Hit. The Spark immediately turn'd the Frolick upon the Master, with this Scoff, *By my Saul*, says the Fellow, *be that made thee King, spoil'd the best Fool in Christendom.* The Conceit aton'd for the Affront, and the Man was preferr'd upon't: But this Way of fooling would never have pass'd upon *Tiberius*, if one may judge of him by a Story we have in *Pontanus*. As they were carrying a dead Body, says he, over the Market-place to be bury'd, and a huge Crowd of People got together to see the Funeral; one of the By-standers stept over to the Corpse out of the Throng, and whisper'd something in the dead Man's Ear, and then came back again. At his Return, somebody ask'd what it was he whisper'd? *Why*, says he, *I bade the Man tell Augustus, in the other World, that the People had not received the Donatives yet that were order'd them.* This was presently carried to *Tiberius*, who charg'd the Informer to go immediately, and cut the Man's Throat who said it; and then, says he, *tell him to be sure to deliver the Message himself.*

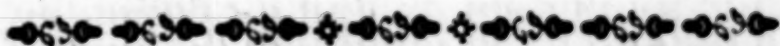


XVIII.

ALEXANDER and ANAXIMENES.

ANAXIMENES was *Alexander's* Tutor, and highly in his Favour. This *Anaximenes*, having heard that *Alexander* had bound himself by a desperate Vow, to destroy all the *Lampsacians* for joining with *Darius* against him; he went his way immediately to find him out, and to try if he could divert him from that deadly Resolution. *Alexander* hearing that he was coming towards him, and not without some Inkling of his Business, swore again in the hearing of his Chief Officers, that whatever *Anaximenes* should desire of him, he would do just the contrary. The Word was no sooner out of his Mouth, but up comes *Anaximenes*. The King treated him after his usual manner of Grace and Respect, and ask'd him,

him, as by the By, What brought him hither? I am come, said he, with a Request to the invincible *Alexander*, to beg of him that he would put *Lampascus* to Fire and Sword, and raze it to the Ground, without sparing either Sex, Age or Quality; nay not excepting the very Temples, Altars, and holy Places themselves. *Alexander* was exceedingly pleas'd, to find himself so artificially discharg'd of so rash and bloody an Oath, and pardon'd both City and People.



XIX.

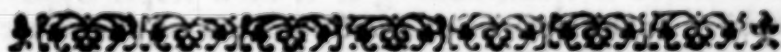
The Story of MAHOMET and IRENE.

UPON the 29th of *May*, in the Year 1453, *Mahomet* the Second took *Constantinople*, and he had a Present made him by a *Turkish* Officer of the most beautiful Woman that ever was seen: Her Name was *Irene*. She was at that time about seventeen Years of Age, and a Prisoner to this Officer. The Prince was youthful and handsome, and his very Heart and Soul so taken up with this charming Lady, that he minded nothing else. For near three Years they liv'd together in all manner of Liberty, without Controul; and the Care of the Government, in that *Interim*, was committed to a *Bashaw*, who most tyrannically abus'd his Trust in the Oppression of the People. Now the *Janizaries* were not only weary, but *asham'd* of that mean and unmanly Way of Menage, in sacrificing the Honour of the Empire to a Strumpet. This was their general Sense and Opinion; tho' nobody had the Courage as yet to take notice of it. But the People fell off by little and little, and as they cool'd in their Fidelity and Affection, they secretly wish'd for another Governor in *Mahomet's* Place, for the common Good both of the Empire and People. But see what became of it in the Conclusion.

As *Mahomet* was walking one Day in his Garden, up comes *Mustapha*, a Man of great Honour and Bravery, directly to him ; and after the Decency of an Excuse for what he had to say, enter'd into a free Discourse upon the State of the Publick. He laid it before the Emperor, how he had lost the Hearts of his People, and how cheap he had made himself and his Dignity, by a careless Dissolution of Order and Government, even to the Degree of endangering the very Foundations of the Monarchy ; and all this for a pityful Baby of a Woman. Sir, says he, *you stand upon the Brink of a Precipice, and pray have a care how you degenerate from the Character of your worthy Ancestors.* This put the Emperor upon a Fret, who was so divided betwixt his Honour and his Inclinations, that he had much ado which Way to turn himself. But, in the Conclusion, he gave *Mustapha* a gentle Reproof for talking more than became him ; but that, for this once, he would pass it all over, out of Respect to his past Services. And he told him further also, that it should not be long, before he would give himself and the World to understand, that he was no Slave to his Pleasures. And now, *Mustapha*, says he, go you and order all the *Bashaws* and *Military Officers* in *Constantinople* to attend me to-morrow at Court, for I am resolv'd to dine in Publick. And *Mustapha*, says *Mahomet*, I would have you there too ; and pray dress yourselves as fine as possible. When every thing was ready, and the Company was gathered together, up comes the Emperor himself, after long Expectation, with his Mistress in his Left-hand, and the Nobility receiving him with an Honour and Veneration answerable to the Occasion.

Mahomet advances into the Middle of the Room, and there makes a Stop, with all his Courtiers about him. When he had view'd them all with a stern Countenance, one after another, *My Masters*, says he, *you see this Lady here ; Is there any Man living, do you think, that will blame me for being captivated by so Divine a Beauty ?* They all agreed, according to the Court Humour and Way, that his Love was so well plac'd, he could not do either less than he did, or better. So much for that then, says,

says *Mabomet* ; and I am now about to shew you, that no Temptation under the Sun can transport me to the doing of any thing unworthy of my Family. With that Word he took his Mistress by the Hair with his Left-hand, and cut off her Head with his Right, in the Face of all the People ; and these Words in his Mouth, upon the finishing his Work : *I hope you are now all satisfied that the Emperor is still Master of himself.* *Brantome* tells us of such an Act of Barbarity, in the Story of a Nobleman that surpriz'd his Wife in the Arms of her Gallant : He kill'd the Cavalier upon the Spot ; and then, as a further Revenge, bound them Body to Body, till the Stench of the dead Carcass poison'd the living.



XX.

The Story of EGINHART and IMMA.

EGINHART, who was Secretary to *Charles* the Great, became exceeding popular by his Behaviour in that Post. His great Abilities gain'd him the Favour of his Master, and the Esteem of the whole Court. *Imma*, the Daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his Person and Conversation, that she fell in Love with him. As she was one of the greatest Beauties of the Age, *Eginhart* answered her with a more than equal Return of Passion. They stifled their Flames for some time, under Apprehension of the fatal Consequences that might ensue. *Eginhart* at length resolving to hazard all, rather than be deprived of one whom his Heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself one Night into the Princess's Apartment, and knocking gently at the Door, was admitted as a Person who had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most Part of the Night, but upon his preparing to go away about Break of Day, he observ'd that there had fallen a great Snow during his Stay with the Princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the Prints of his

Feet in the Snow might make Discoveries to the King, who often us'd to visit his Daughter in the Morning. He acquainted the Princess *Imma* with his Fears; who, after some Consultations upon the Matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the Snow upon her own Shoulders. It happen'd that the Emperor, not being able to sleep, was at that Time up, and walking in his Chamber; when, upon looking through the Window, he perceived his Daughter tottering under her Burden, and carrying his first Minister across the Snow; which she had no sooner done, but she return'd again with the utmost Speed to her own Apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and astonished at this Accident; but resolv'd to speak nothing of it till a proper Opportunity. In the mean time, *Eginhart*, knowing that what he had done could not be long a Secret, determin'd to retire from Court; and in order to it begg'd the Emperor that he would be pleas'd to dismiss him, pretending a kind of Discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long Services. The Emperor would not give a direct Answer to his Petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain Day when he would let him know his Pleasure. He then call'd together the most faithful of his Counsellors, and acquainted them with his Secretary's Crime, and asked their Advice in so delicate an Affair. They most of them gave their Opinion, that the Person could not be too severely punished who had thus dishonoured his Master. Upon the whole Debate, the Emperor declar'd it was his Opinion, that *Eginhart's* Punishment would rather encrease than diminish the Shame of his Family, and that therefore he thought it the most adviseable to wear out the Memory of the Fact, by marrying him to his Daughter. Accordingly *Eginhart* was call'd in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any Pretence of complaining his Services were not rewarded, for that the Princess *Imma* should be given him in Marriage, with a Dowry suitable to her Quality; which was soon after perform'd accordingly.

XXI.

The History of the CASTILIAN.

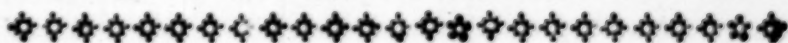
AN Inhabitant in the Kingdom of *Castile*, being a Man of more than ordinary Prudence, and of a grave, compos'd Behaviour, determin'd, about the fiftieth Year of his Age, to enter upon Wedlock. In order to make himself easy in it, he cast his Eye upon a young Woman, who had nothing to recommend her but her Beauty and her Education, the Parents having been reduc'd to great Poverty by the Wars, which for some Years had laid that whole Country waste. The *Castilian* having made his Addresses to her, and married her, they liv'd together in perfect Happiness for some time; when at length the Husband's Affairs made it necessary for him to make a Voyage to the Kingdom of *Naples*, where a great part of his Estate lay. The Wife lov'd him too tenderly to be left behind him. They had not been on Shipboard above a Day, when they unluckily fell into the Hands of an *Algerine* Pirate, who carried the whole Company on shore, and made them Slaves. The *Castilian* and his Wife had the Comfort to be under the same Master; and seeing how dearly they lov'd each other, and gasp'd after their Liberty, demanded a most exorbitant Price for their Ransom. The *Castilian*, tho' he would rather have died in Slavery himself, than have paid such a Sum, as he fancy'd would go near to ruin him, was so mov'd with Compassion towards his Wife, that he sent repeated Orders to his Friend in *Spain*, (who happen'd to be his next Relation) to sell his Estate, and transmit the Money to him. His Friend hoping that the Terms of his Ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an Estate which he himself had some Prospect of inheriting, form'd so many Delays, that three whole Years pass'd away without any thing being done for setting them at liberty.

There happen'd to live a *French* Renegado in the same Place where the *Castilian* and his Wife were kept Prisoners.

ers. As this Fellow had in him all the Vivacity of his Nation, he often entertained the Captives with Accounts of his own Adventures ; to which he sometimes added a Song, or a Dance, or some other Piece of Mirth, to divert them during their Confinement. His Acquaintance with the Manners of the *Algerines*, enabled him likewise to do them several good Offices. The *Castilian*, as he was one Day in a Conversation with the Renegado, discovered to him the Negligence and Treachery of his Correspondent in *Castile*, and, at the same time, ask'd his Advice how he should behave himself in that Exigency. He further told the Renegado, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the Money, unless he himself might go over to dispose of his Estate. The Renegado, after having represented to him that his *Algerine* Master would never consent to his Release upon such a Pretence, at length contrived a Method for the *Castilian* to make his Escape in the Habit of a Seaman. The *Castilian* succeeded in his Attempt ; and having sold his Estate, being afraid lest the Money should miscarry by the Way, and determining to perish with it, rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his Life, he returned himself in a little Vessel that was going to *Algiers*. It is impossible to describe the Joy he felt upon this Occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the Wife whom he so much lov'd, and in dear himself the more to her, by this uncommon Piece of Generosity.

The Renegado, during the Husband's Absence, so insinuated himself into the good Graces of his young Wife, and so turn'd her Head with Stories of Gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest Gentleman she had ever convers'd with. To be brief, her Mind was quite alienated from the honest *Castilian*, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old Fellow, unworthy the Possession of so charming a Creature. She had been instructed by the Renegado how to manage herself upon his Arrival : so she receiv'd him with an Appearance of the utmost Love and Gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common Friend, the Renegado, with
the

the Money he had brought over for their Ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the Terms of it, and negotiate the Affair more to their Advantage than they themselves could do. The good Man admir'd her Prudence, and followed her Advice. I wish I could conceal the Sequel of the Story, but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few Words as possible. The *Castilian* having slept longer than ordinary the next Morning, upon his awaking found his Wife had left him: He immediately rose and enquir'd after her, but was told that she was seen with the Renegado about Break of Day. In a Word, her Lover having got all Things ready for their Departure, they soon made their Escape out of the Territories of *Algiers*, carried away the Money, and left the *Castilian* in Captivity; who, partly through the cruel Treatment of the incens'd *Algerine* his Master, and partly through the unkind Usage of his unfaithful Wife, died some few Months after.

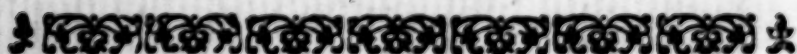


XXII.

An affecting STORY.

A Poor idle drunken Weaver in *Spital-Fields* had a faithful and laborious Wife, who, by her Frugality and Industry, had laid by her as much Money as purchased her a Ticket in a late Lottery. She had hid this very privately in the Bottom of a Trunk, and had given her Number to a Friend and Confident, who had promised to keep the Secret, and bring her News of the Success. The poor Adventurer chanc'd one Day to go abroad, when her careless Husband, suspecting she had sav'd some Money, searches every Corner, till at length he finds this same Ticket; which he immediately seizes, sells, and squanders away the Money, without the Wife suspecting any thing of the Matter. A Day or two afterwards, this Friend, who was a Woman, comes and brings the Wife word, that she had a Prize of 500 Pounds.

Pounds. The poor Creature, overjoyed, flies up Stairs to her Husband, who was then at Work, and desires him to leave his Loom for that Evening, and come and drink with a Friend of his and her's below. The Man receiv'd this cheerful Invitation as bad Husbands sometimes do, and, after a cross Word, told her he would not come. His Wife with Tendernefs renewed her Importunity, and at length said to him, My Love, I have within these few Months, unknown to you, scrap'd together as much Money as has bought us a Ticket in the Lottery, and now here is Mrs. *Quick* come to tell me, that it is come up this Morning a 500 Pound Prize. The Husband replies immediately, You lye, you Slut, you have no Ticket, for I have sold it. The poor Woman, upon this, fainted away in a Fit, recovered, and immediately run distracted. As she had no Design to defraud her Husband, but was willing only to participate in his good Fortune, every one will naturally pity her, but think her Husband's Punishment but just.



XXIII.

The Story of the DERVISE.

SIR JOHN CHARDIN, in his Travels, after having told us that the Inns which receive the Caravans in *Persia* and the Eastern Countries, are called by the Name of *Caravansaries*, gives us a Story to the following Purpose.

A *Dervise*, travelling through *Tartary*, being arrived at the Town of *Balk*, went into the King's Palace by Mistake, as thinking it to be a publick Inn or Caravansary. Having looked about him for some Time, he entered into a long Gallery, where he laid down his Wallet, and spread abroad his Carpet, in order to repose himself upon it, after the manner of the Eastern Nations. He had not been long in this Posture, before he was discovered by
some

Some of the Guards, who ask'd him, What was his Business in that Place? The *Dervise* told them, he intended to take up his Lodging in that Caravanfary. The Guards let him know, in a very angry manner, that the House he was in was not a Caravanfary, but the King's Palace. It happen'd that the King himself pass'd through the Gallery during this Debate, and smiling at the Mistake of the *Dervise*, ask'd him, How he could possibly be so dull, as not to distinguish a Palace from a Caravanfary? Sir, says the *Dervise*, give me leave to ask your Majesty a Question or two. Who were the Persons that lodg'd in the House when it was first built? The King replied, His Ancestors. And who, said the *Dervise*, was the last Person that lodg'd here? The King replied, his Father. And who is it, said the *Dervise*, that lodges here at present? The King told him, that it was he himself. And who is it, said the *Dervise*, will be here after you? The King answered, the young Prince his Son. Ah, Sir, said the *Dervise*, a House that changes its Inhabitants so often, and receives such a perpetual Succession of Guests, is not a *Palace*, but a *Caravanfary*.

XXIV.

The Story of the WOMAN of Hensberg.

WHEN the Emperor *Conrade* the Third had besieged *Guelphus*, Duke of *Bavaria*, in the City of *Hensberg*, the Women finding that the Town could not possibly hold out long, petitioned the Emperor that they might depart out of it, with so much as each of them could carry. The Emperor, knowing they could not convey away many of their Effects, granted them their Petition; when the Women, to his great Surprise, came out of the Place with every one her Husband upon her Back. The Emperor was so mov'd at the Sight, that he burst into Tears, and after having much extoll'd the Women for their conjugal Affection, gave the Men to their Wives, and received the Duke into his Favour.

Two

XXV.

Two Remarkable Stories: The one of a Man who reviv'd after having been dead thirty-five Hours; and the other of a Man, who, as he was carrying to the Grave, rose up, and spoke three times, pronouncing himself damn'd.

IN a Village about half a League from the City of *Paris*, there died a Man, (or at least he seem'd to die.) He was stretch'd forth into the Posture fittest for his Coffin, by the Hands of two old Women. His Relations and Friends flock'd about the Body, to pray for his Soul, as is the Custom among the Catholicks. The House was fill'd with Tears and Sighs, and a mournful Cloud sat on every Brow. He lay thus for the Space of thirty-five Hours, dead in the Supposition of all his Family; when the Watchers, who sat by, were suddenly astonished to hear him sneeze: They ran away at first, as People affrighted at some ghastly Vision, and alarm'd the whole Neighbourhood with the News. Physicians were sent for, who causing him to be laid in a warm Bed, and using proper Applications, he recovered his Senses, and by Degrees his Speech; and they afterwards restor'd him to perfect Health again. He related to his Visitants many strange Things that he had seen and heard during the thirty-five Hours that he was thought to be dead. He said, he had been before the Throne of God, and had seen all the Orders of Angels; that he was commanded to return back again to his Body, to warn Men of the approaching Day of Judgment.

There is also a Story related of a Man who died in this same City of *Paris* some hundred Years ago; and 'tis upon Record, that this Person, during his Life-time, was esteemed a *very holy Man*: But, after his Death, while they were performing his Funeral Obsequies, and carrying the Body round the Church in Procession, he suddenly started up in the Bier on which he was carried, pronouncing

pronouncing these Words with an audible Voice, *I am arraign'd before the Judgment-Seat of God.* All that heard him speak, were astonish'd at so surprizing an Event ; and the Priests who sang the Hymn of Rest to his Soul, desisted. But again, going on with their Procession and Hymns, he arose the second time, and said aloud, *I am tried at God's Tribunal.* This put another Stop to the Solemnity, till after some Deliberations they resolv'd to proceed a third time ; when he started up again, and said, *I am condemn'd by the just Sentence of God.* This put a final Stop to the Funeral Ceremonies: They would no longer chant a Rest to the Soul of him, whose dead Body arose, and pronounc'd him *damn'd.* Neither would they bury his Body in *Consecrated* Ground, whose Soul they knew was lodg'd in Hell, by a Voice from the Dead. There is a *Religious Order*, call'd *Carthusians*, who, they say, are a standing Monument of the Truth of this Relation. For one *Bruno*, being touch'd with Compunction at so tremendous an Accident, immediately forsook the Society of Men, and led a contemplative Life, in exquisite Silence, Abstinence, Fasting and Prayer, enjoining all his Followers to do the like ; who are now spread into most Parts of *Christendom*, having magnificent Monasteries, great Immunities, and are esteem'd the strictest Order in the *Roman Church.* They are serv'd in the Market before the King himself. If any *Religious* of another Order desires to come into this, he may ; but from this there is no Return. They dig a Part of their own Grave every Day, having every one a Cell and a Garden to himself. They converse with one another but once a Week. And if, when they are walking into the Cloisters of their Monastery, they happen to spy a Stranger, they scud away into their Cells, as Conies into their Holes at the Sight of a Dog. They never taste of Flesh, and are oblig'd to pray eight Hours in four and twenty.

XXVI.

A memorable Saying of the Duke de Orleans at the Surrender of Graveling, with a generous Action of that Prince.

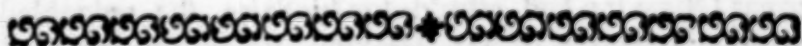
WHEN *Graveling* was surrendered to the Duke of *Orleans*, just as he enter'd the Town, he was heard to say these Words, " Let us endeavour, by generous Actions, to win the Hearts of all Men ; so may we hope for a daily Victory. Let the *French* learn from me this new way of Conquest, to subdue Men by Mercy and Clemency."

With what a matchless Virtue did this Prince dismiss a Gentleman that was hir'd to murder him ! This Assassin was suffer'd to pass into the Duke's Bed-chamber one Morning early, pretending Business of great Moment from the Queen. As soon as the Duke cast his Eyes on him, he spoke thus : " I know thy Business, Friend ; thou art sent to take away my Life. What hurt have I done thee ? It is now in my Power, with a Word, to have thee cut in Pieces before my Face. But I pardon thee ; go thy way, and see my Face no more."

The Gentleman, stung with his own Guilt, and astonished at the excellent Nature of this Prince, fell on his Knees, confessed his Design, and who employed him : And having promised eternal Gratitude for this Royal Favour, departed without any other Notice taken of him ; and fearing to tarry in *France*, enter'd himself in the Service of the *Spanish* King. It was his Fortune afterwards to encounter the Duke of *Orleans* in a Battle in *Flanders*. The Duke, at that Instant, was oppressed with a Crowd of *Germans* who surrounded him ; and, in the Conflict, he lost his Sword : Which this Gentleman perceiving, nimbly stept to him, and delivered one into the Duke's Hands, saying withal, " Now reap the Fruit of thy former Clemency. Thou gavest me my Life, now I put thee in a Capacity to defend thy own. The Prince, by this means, at length escap'd the Danger he was

was in ; and that Day the Fortune of War was on his Side. The *French* had a considerable Victory.

You see by this, that heroic Actions have something Divine in them, and attract the Favours of Heaven. No Man ever was a Loser by good Works ; for tho' he be not presently rewarded, yet in Tract of Time some happy Emergency arises to convince him, *That virtuous Men are the Darlings of Providence.*



XXVII.

The Story of PSAPHON and his Parrot.

A Certain subtle *African*, whose Name was *Psaphon*, had train'd up a Parrot to repeat very frequently these Words, *Psaphon is a great God*. When the Bird had perfectly learn'd his Lesson, he let it loose ; which, being accustom'd to a domestic Life in a Cage, hed not presently to the Fields, but perch'd on the Temple of the Town, where it was heard by the People to utter the aforesaid Sentence aloud, and very often. They, ignorant of the Quality of Parrots, and led with a native Superstition, esteem'd it an Oracle from Heaven. Wherefore immediately flocking to the House of *Psaphon*, they offer'd Sacrifice to him, and in all Respects treated him as a Divinity. Whether this Story be true or no, 'tis certain, Idolatry had no better Foundation than Artifice and Lies : Unless we shall conclude with the Poet, *That Fear made the first Gods in the World.*



XXVIII.

The History of AMANDA.

A N eminent Citizen, who had liv'd in good Fashion and Credit, was by a Train of Accidents, and by an unavoidable Perplexity in his Affairs, reduc'd to low Condition.

Condition. There is a Modesty usually attending faultless Poverty, which made him rather chuse to reduce his manner of living to his present Circumstances, than solicit his Friends in order to support the Shew of an Estate when the Substance was gone. His Wife, who was a Woman of Sense and Virtue, behav'd herself, on this Occasion with uncommon Decency, and never appear'd so amiable in his Eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample Fortune she had brought, or the many great Offers she had refus'd for his Sake, she redoubled all the Instances of her Affection, while her Husband was continually pouring out his Heart to her in Complaints, that he had ruin'd the best Woman in the World. He sometimes came home at a Time when she did not expect him, and surpriz'd her in Tears, which she endeavour'd to conceal, and always put on an Air of Cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their Expence, their eldest Daughter (whom I shall call *Amanda*) was sent into the Country, to the House of an honest Farmer, who had married a Servant of the Family. This young Woman was apprehensive of the Ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a Friend in the Neighbourhood to give her an Account of what pass'd from Time to Time in her Father's Affairs. *Amanda* was in the Bloom of her Youth and Beauty, when the Lord of the Manor, who often call'd in at the Farmer's House as he followed his Country Sports, fell passionately in Love with her. He was a Man of great Generosity, but from a loose Education had contracted a hearty Aversion to Marriage. He therefore entertained a Design upon *Amanda's* Virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent Creature, who never suspected his Intentions, was pleas'd with his Person; and having observed his growing Passion for her, hop'd, by so advantageous a Match she might quickly be in a Capacity of supporting her impoverish'd Relations. One Day as he call'd to see her, he found her in Tears over a Letter she had just received from her Friend, which gave an Account that her Father had lately been stript of every Thing by an Execution. The Lover, who with
Difficulty

Difficulty found out the Cause of her Grief, took this Occasion to make her a Proposal. It is impossible to express *Amanda's* Confusion, when she found his Pretensions were not honourable. She was divested of all her Hopes, and had no Power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost Disturbance, lock'd herself up in her Chamber. He immediately dispatched a Messenger to her Father with the following Letter.

“ S I R,

“ I Have heard of your Misfortune, and have offered
 “ your Daughter, if she will live with me, to settle
 “ on her four hundred Pounds a Year, and to lay down
 “ the Sum for which you are now distressed. I will be
 “ so ingenious as to tell you, I do not intend Marriage;
 “ but if you are wise, you will use your Authority with
 “ her not to be too nice, when she has an Opportunity
 “ of saving you and your Family, and of making herself
 “ happy. I am, &c.

This Letter came to the Hands of *Amanda's* Mother; she open'd and read it with great Surprize and Concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the Messenger, but desiring him to call again the next Morning, she wrote to her Daughter, as follows:

“ Dearest Child,

“ Y O U R Father and I have just now received a
 “ Letter from a Gentleman who pretends Love to
 “ you, with a Proposal that insults our Misfortunes, and
 “ would throw us to a lower Degree of Misery than any
 “ thing which is come upon us. How could the barbarous
 “ Man think that the tenderest of Parents would be
 “ tempted to supply their Want, by giving up the best
 “ of Children to Infamy and Ruin? It is a mean and
 “ cruel Artifice, to make this Proposal at a Time when
 “ he thinks our Necessities must compel us to any thing.
 “ But we will not eat the Bread of Shame; and therefore
 “ we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the
 “ Snare which is laid for thy Virtue. Beware of pitying
 “ us :

“ us : It is not so bad as perhaps you have been told ; all
 “ things will yet be well, and I shall write my Child
 “ better News.

“ I have been interrupted. I know not how, I was
 “ mov’d to say things would mend. As I was going on,
 “ I was startled by a Noise of one that knock’d at the
 “ Door, and hath brought us an unexpected Supply of a
 “ Debt which hath long been owing.—Oh ! I will now
 “ tell thee all : It is some Days I have liv’d almost with-
 “ out Support, having conveyed what little Money I
 “ could raise to your poor Father.—— Thou wilt
 “ weep to think where he is, yet be assur’d he will soon
 “ be at Liberty. That cruel Letter would have broke
 “ his Heart, but I have conceal’d it from him. I have
 “ no Companion at present besides little *Fanny*, who
 “ stands watching my Looks as I write, and is crying for
 “ her Sister : She says, she is sure you are not well, hav-
 “ ing discovered that my present Trouble is about you.
 “ But do not think I would thus repeat my Sorrows to
 “ grieve thee : no ; it is to entreat thee not to make
 “ them insupportable, by adding what would be worse
 “ than all. Let us bear chearfully an Affliction which
 “ we have not brought on ourselves, and remember there
 “ is a Power who can better deliver us out of it, than by
 “ the Loss of thy Innocence. Heaven preserve my
 “ dear Child.

“ Thy affectionate Mother ——

The Messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this Letter to *Amanda*, carried it first to his Master, whom he imagin’d would be glad to have an Opportunity of giving it into her Hands himself. His Master was impatient to know the Success of his Proposal, and therefore broke open the Letter privately to see the Contents. He was not a little mov’d at so true a Picture of Virtue in Distress : But, at the same time, was infinitely surprized to find his Offers rejected. However, he resolv’d not to suppress the Letter, but carefully seal’d it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his Endeavours to see her were vain, till she was assured he brought a Letter from

from her Mother. He would not part with it, but upon Condition that she should read it without leaving the Room. While she was perusing it, he fix'd his Eyes on her Face with the deepest Attention. Her Concern gave a new Softness to her Beauty, and when she burst into Tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a Part in her Sorrow, and telling her too that he had read the Letter, and was resolv'd to make Reparation for having been the Occasion of it. My Reader will not be displeas'd to see the second Epistle, which he now wrote to *Amanda's* Mother.

Madam,

“ I Am full of Shame, and will never forgive myself,
 “ if I have not your Pardon for what lately I wrote.
 “ It was far from my Intention to add Trouble to the
 “ Afflicted ; nor could any thing but my being a Stran-
 “ ger to you, have betray'd me into a Fault, for which,
 “ if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a
 “ Son. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is alive ;
 “ nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, that is in
 “ the Power of,

“ Madam,

“ Your most obedient humble Servant.

This Letter he sent by his Steward, and soon after went up to Town himself, to compleat the generous Act he had now resolv'd on. By his Friendship and Assistance, *Amanda's* Father was quickly in a Condition of retrieving his perplex'd Affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double Satisfaction of having restor'd a worthy Family to their former Prosperity, and making himself happy by an Alliance to their Virtues.

XXIX.

*The Story of VALENTINE, ALEXANDER,
and RENATUS.*

VALENTINE was a Native of *Germany*, and had arriv'd at the utmost Perfection in the *Hermes-tick* Art, and initiated his Son *Alexander* in the same Mysteries: But as you know they are not to be attain'd but by the Painful, the Pious, the Chaste, and pure of Heart, *Valentine* did not open to him, because of his Youth, and the Deviations too natural to it, the greatest Secrets of which he was Master, as well knowing the Operation would fail in the Hands of a Man so liable to Errors in Life as *Alexander*. But believing, from a certain Indisposition of Mind, as well as Body, his Dissolution was drawing nigh, he call'd *Alexander* to him, and as he lay on a Couch, over against which his Son was seated, and prepar'd by sending out Servants one after another, and Admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he reveal'd the most important of his Secrets with the Solemnity and Language of an Adept: My Son, said he, many have been the Watchings, long the Lucubrations, and constant the Labours of thy Father, not only to gain a great and plentiful Estate to his Posterity, but also to take care that he should have no Posterity. Be not amaz'd, my Child; I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have Posterity. Behold, my dearest *Alexander*, the Effect of what was propagated in nine Months: We are not to contradict Nature, but to follow and to help her: Just as long as an Infant is in the Womb of its Parent, so long are the Medicines of Revivification in preparing. Observe this small Phial, and this little Gallipot; in this an Unguent, in the other a Liquor. In these, my Child, are collected such Powers, as shall revive the Springs of Life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new Strength, new Spirits, and, in a Word, wholly restore all the Organs and Senses of the human Body to as great a Duration,

tion, as it had before enjoy'd from the Day of its Birth, to the Day of the Application of these my Medicines. But, my beloved Son, Care must be taken to apply them within ten Hours after the Breath is out of the Body, while yet the Clay is warm with its late Life, and yet capable of Resuscitation. I find my Frame grow crazy with perpetual Toil and Meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this Unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my Lips this inestimable Liquor, else the Force of the Ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me Life as I have you, and we will from that Hour mutually lay aside the Authority of having bestowed Life on each other, but live as Brethren, and prepare new Medicines against such another Period of Time, as will demand another Application of the same Restoratives. In a few Days after these wonderful Ingredients were delivered to *Alexander*, *Valentine* departed this Life: But such was the pious Sorrow of the Son at the Loss of so excellent a Father, and the first Transports of Grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of Business, that he never thought of the Medicines, till the Time to which his Father had limited their Efficacy was expir'd. To tell the Truth, *Alexander* was a Man of Wit and Pleasure, and consider'd his Father had liv'd out his natural Time; his Life was long and uniform, suitable to the Regularity of it; but that he himself, poor Sinner! wanted a new Life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto, and in the Examination of his Heart, resolv'd to go on as he did with this natural Being of his, but repent very faithfully, and spend very piously the Life to which he should be restor'd by Application of these Rarities, when Time should come, to his own Person. It has been observed, that Providence very frequently punishes the Self-love of Men who would do immoderately for their own Offspring, with Children very much below their Characters and Qualifications, insomuch, that they only transmit their Names to be born by those who give daily Proof of the Vanity of the Labour and Ambition of their Progenitors. It happen'd thus in the Family of *Valentine*; for *Alexander* be-

gan to enjoy his ample Fortune in all the Extremities of Household Expence, Furniture, and insolent Equipage; and this he pursued till the Day of his own Departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As *Valentine* was punish'd with a Son very unlike him, *Alexander* was visited with one of his own Disposition. It is natural that all Men should be suspicious. And *Alexander*, besides that Jealousy, had Proofs of the vicious Disposition of his Son *Renatus*, for that was his Name.

Alexander, as I observ'd, having very good Reasons for thinking it unsafe to trust the real Secret of his Phial and Gallipot to any Man living, projected to make sure Work, and hope for his Success, depending upon the Avarice, not the Bounty of his Benefactor. With this Thought he call'd *Renatus* to his Bed-side, and bespoke him in the most pathetic Gesture and Accent. As much, my Son, as you have been addicted to Vanity and Pleasure, as I also have been before you, you nor I could escape the Fame, or the good Effects of the profound Knowledge of our Progenitor, the renowned *Valentine*. His Symbol is very well known in the Philosophick World; and I shall never forget the venerable Air of his Countenance, when he let me into the profound Mysteries of the *Smaragdine Tables* of *Hermes*. "It is true," said he, and far remov'd from all Colour of Deceit, "that which is inferiour is like that which is superiour, "by which are acquired and perfected a certain Work. "The Father is the Sun, the Mother the Moon, the "Wind is the Womb, the Earth is the Nurse of it, and "Mother of all Perfection. All this must be received "with Modesty and Wisdom." The chymical People, in all their Jargon, carry a sort of Piety, which is ordinary with great Lovers of Money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their Regularity and Strictness of Manners for the Ends of this World has some Affinity to the Innocence of Heart which must recommend them to the next. *Renatus* wonder'd to hear his Father talk so like an Adept, and with such a Mixture of Piety, while *Alexander* observ'd his Attention fix'd, proceeded: This Phial, Child, and this little earthen Pot, will add to thy

Estate

Estate so much, as to make thee the richest Man in the German Empire. I am going to my long home, but shall not return to common Dust. Then he resum'd a Countenance of Alacrity, and told him, that if within an Hour after his Death he anointed his whole Body, and pour'd down his Throat that Liquor he had from old *Valentine*, the Corps would be converted into pure Gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned Tendernesses that pass'd between these two extraordinary Persons; but if the Father recommended the Care of his Remains with Vehemence and Affection, the Son was not behindhand in professing that he would not cut the least Bit of him, but upon the utmost Extremity, or to provide for his younger Brothers and Sisters.

Well, *Alexander* died, and the Heir of his Body, (as our Term is) could not forbear, in the Wantonness of his Heart, to measure the Length and Breadth of his beloved Father, and cast up the ensuing Value of him, before he proceeded to Operation. When he knew the immense Reward of his Pains, he began the Work: but lo! when he had anointed the Corps all over, and began to apply the Liquor, the Body stirr'd, and *Renatus* in a Fright broke the Bottle.



XXX.

A pleasant Story of King CHARLES II. and a Lord Mayor of London.

KING *Charles II.* was by Nature extremely familiar, and very much delighted to see and be seen. This happy Temper, which in the highest Degree gratified his People's Vanity, did him more Service with his loving Subjects than all his other Virtues, tho', it must be confessed, he had many. He delighted, tho' a mighty King, to give and take a Jest, as they say; and a Prince of this fortunate Disposition, were he inclin'd to

make an ill Use of his Power, might have anything of his People, be it never so much to their Prejudice. But this good King made generally a very innocent Use, as to the Publick, of this insnaring Temper: for, 'tis well known, he pursued Pleasure more than Ambition. He seem'd to glory in being the first Man at Cock-matches, Horse-races, Balls and Plays; he appear'd highly delighted on those Occasions, and never fail'd to warm and gladden the Heart of every Spectator. He more than once din'd with his good Citizens of London on their *Lord Mayor's Day*, and did so the Year that Sir Robert Viner was Mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal Man, and, if you will allow the Expression, very fond of his Sovereign; but what with the Joy he felt at Heart for the Honour done him by his Prince, and thro' the Warmth he was in by the continual toasting of Healths to the Royal Family, his Lordship grew a little fond of his Majesty, and enter'd into a Familiarity not altogether so graceful in so publick a Place. The King understood very well how to extricate himself upon all kind of Difficulties, and, with a Hint to the Company to avoid Ceremony, stole off and made towards his Coach, which stood ready for him in *Guild-Hall Yard*: But the Mayor lik'd his Company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursu'd him hastily, and catching him fast by the Hand, cry'd out with a vehement Oath and Accent, *Sir, you shall stay and take t'other Bottle*. The airy Monarch look'd kindly at him over his Shoulder, and with a Smile and graceful Air, repeated this Line of the old Song,

He that's drunk is as great as a King,

and immediately turn'd back and complied with his Landlord.

The History of RHYNSAULT and SAPPHIRA.

WHEN *Charles Duke of Burgundy*, firnam'd *The Bold*, reign'd over spacious Dominions now swallowed up by the Power of *France*, he heap'd many Favours and Honours upon *Claudius Rhynsault*, a *German*, who had serv'd him in the Wars against the Insults of his Neighbours. A great Part of *Zealand* was at that time in Subjection to the Dukedom. The Prince himself was a Person of singular Humanity and Justice. *Rhynsault*, with no other Quality than Courage, had Dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspicious Master, for a Person of blunt Honesty and Fidelity, without any Vice that could bias him from the Execution of Justice. His Highness, prepossessed to his Advantage, upon the Decease of his Governor of the chief Town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynsault* that Command. He was not long seated in that Government, before he cast his Eyes upon *Sapphira*, a Woman of exquisite Beauty, the Wife of *Paul Darvelt*, a wealthy Merchant belonging to the City under his Protection and Government. *Rhynsault* was a Man of a warm Constitution, and violent Inclination to Women, and not unskill'd in the soft Arts which win their Favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the Satisfaction which are reaped from the Possession of Beauty, but was an utter Stranger to the Decencies, Honours and Delicacies that attend the Passion towards them in elegant Minds. However, he had so much of the World, that he had a great Share of the Language which usually prevails upon the weaker Part of that Sex, and he could with his Tongue utter a Passion, with which his Heart was wholly untouch'd. He was one of those brutal Minds which can be gratified with the Violation of Innocence and Beauty, without the least Pity, Passion, or Love to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a Vice inseparable to a lustful Man; and the Possession of a Woman by him who had no Thought

but allaying a Passion painful to himself, is necessarily follow'd by Distaste and Aversion. *Rhynsault* being resolved to accomplish his Will on the Wife of *Danvelt*, lest no Arts untried to get into a Familiarity at her House; but she knew his Character and Disposition too well, not to shun all Occasions that might ensnare her into his Conversation. The Governor despairing of Success by ordinary Means, apprehended and imprison'd her Husband, under Pretence of an Information, that he was guilty of a Correspondence with the Enemies of the Duke to betray the Town into their Possession. This Design had its desired Effect; and the Wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the Day before that which was appointed for his Execution, presented herself in the Hall of the Governor's House, and as he pass'd through the Apartments, threw herself at his Feet, and, holding his Knees, beseeched his Mercy. *Rhynsault* beheld her with a dissembled Satisfaction, and assuming an Air of Thought and Authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his Closet; and asking her whether she knew the Hand of the Letter he pulled out of his Pocket, then went from her, leaving this Admonition aloud: "If you will save your Husband, you must give me an Account of all you know, without Prevarication; for every Body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the Names of the rest of the Conspirators, or any other Particulars whatsoever." He went into his Closet, and soon after the Lady was sent for to an Audience. The Servant knew his Distance when Matters of State were to be debated; and the Governor laying aside the Air with which he had appeared in publick, began to be the Suppliant; to rally an Affliction, which was in her Power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent Man from his Imprisonment. She easily perceived his Intention, and, bathed in Tears, began to deprecate so wicked a Design. Lust, like Ambition, takes all the Faculties of the Mind and Body into its Service and Subjection. Her becoming Tears, her honest Anguish, the Wringing of her Hands, and the many Changes of her Posture and Figure in Vehemence
of

of speaking, were but so many Attitudes in which he beheld her Beauty, and farther Incentives to his Desire. All Humanity was lost in that one Appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain Terms, that he was unhappy too till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the Price of her Husband's Life; and she must, before the following Noon, pronounce the Death or Enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this Notification, when he saw *Sapphira* enough again distracted to make the Subject of their Discourse to common Eyes appear different from what it was, he called Servants to conduct her to the Gate.—Loaded with insupportable Affliction, she immediately repairs to her Husband, and having signified to his Goalers, that she had a Proposal to make to her Husband from the Governor, she was left alone with him, reveal'd to him all that had pass'd, and represented the endless Conflict she was in, between Love to his Person, and Fidelity to his Bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp Affliction this honest Pair was in upon such an Incident, in Lives not us'd to any but ordinary Occurrences. The Man was bridled by Shame from speaking what his Fear prompted; upon so near an Approach of Death; but let fall Words that signified to her, he should not think she was polluted, since he knew her Will had no Part in the Action. She parted from him with this oblique Permission to save a Life he had not Resolution enough to resign for the Safety of his Honour.

The next Morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the Governor, and being led into a remote Appartment, submitted to his Desires. *Rhynsault* commended her Charms, claim'd a Familiarity after what had pass'd between them, and with an Air of Gaity, in the Language of a Gallant, bid her return, and take her Husband out of Prison: But, continued he, my fair One must not be offended that I have taken Care he should not be an Interruption to our future Assignations. These last Words foreboded what she found when she came to the Goal, her Husband executed by Order of *Rhynsault*. It was remarkable, that the Woman, who was full of Tears and Lamentations

during the whole Course of her Afflictions, utter'd neither Sigh nor Complaint, but stood fix'd with Grief at this Consummation of her Misfortunes. She betook herself to her Abode, and after having in Solitude paid her Devotions to him who is the Avenger of Innocence, she repair'd privately to Court. Her Person, and a certain Grandeur of Sorrow, negligent of Forms, gain'd her Passage into the Presence of the Duke her Sovereign. As soon as she came there, she broke forth into the following Words: *Behold, O Mighty Charles! a Wretch weary of Life, though it has always been spent with Innocence and Virtue. It is not in your Power to redress my Injuries, but it is to avenge them. And if the Protection of the Distressed, and the Punishment of Oppressors, is a Task worthy a Prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy ample Matter for doing Honour to his own Great Name, and wiping Infamy off of mine.* When she had spoke this, she delivered the Duke a Paper reciting her Story. He read it with all the Emotions that Indignation and Pity could raise in a Prince jealous of his Honour in the Behaviour of his Officers, and Property of his Subjects.

Upon an appointed Day *Rhynsault* was sent for to Court, and in the Presence of a few of the Council, confronted by *Sapphira*. The Prince asking, *Do you know that Lady?* *Rhynsault*, as soon as he could recover his Surprise, told the Duke he would marry her, if his Highness would please to think that a Reparation. The Duke seem'd contented with this Answer, and stood by during the immediate Solemnization of the Ceremony. At the Conclusion of it he told *Rhynsault*, "Thus far you have done, as constrained by my Authority: I shall not be satisfied of your kind Usage of her, without you sign a Gift of your whole Estate to her after your Decease." To the Performance of this also the Duke was a Witness. When these two Acts were executed, the Duke turn'd to the Lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet Possession of what your Husband has so bountifully bestowed on you; and order'd the immediate Execution of *Rhynsault*.

XXXII.

The Story of ALNASCAR the Persian Glassman.

ALNASCAR was a very idle Fellow, that would never set his Hand to any Business during his Father's Life. When his Father died, he left him to the Value of a hundred thousand Drachmas in *Persian Money*. *Alnascar*, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in Glasses, Bottles, and the finest Earthen Ware. These he pil'd up in a large open Basket, and having made choice of a very little Shop, and plac'd the Basket at his Feet, he lean'd his Back against the Wall, in Expectation of Customers. As he sat in this Posture, with his Eyes upon the Basket, he fell into a most amusing Train of Thought, and was overheard by one of his Neighbours, as he talk'd by himself in the following Manner: This Basket, says he, cost me at the Wholesale Merchants one hundred Drachmas, which is all I have in the World. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling it in Retail. These two hundred Drachmas will in a very little Time arise to four hundred, which of course will in Time amount to four thousand. Four thousand Drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by this means I am Master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my Trade of Glassman, and turn Jeweller. I shall then deal in Diamonds, Pearls, and all Sorts of rich Stones. When I have got together as much Wealth as I can well desire, I will make a Purchase of the finest House I can find, with Lands, Slaves, Eunuchs and Horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself, and make a Noise in the World. I will not however stop there, but still continue my Traffick, till I have got together an hundred thousand Drachmas. When I have made myself Master of an hundred thousand Drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the Foot of a Prince, and will demand the Grand Vizier's Daughter in Marriage, after having represented to that Minister the Information which I have received of the Beauty, Wit, Discretion,

and other high Qualities which his Daughter possesses. I will let him know, at the same time, that it is my Intention to make him a Present of a thousand Pieces of Gold on our Marriage Night. As soon as I have married the Grand Vizier's Daughter, I'll buy her ten black Eunuchs, the youngest and best that can be got for Money. I must afterwards make my Father-in-law a Visit with a great Train of Equipage. And when I am plac'd at his Right-hand, which he will do of Course, if it be only to honour his Daughter, I will give him the thousand Pieces of Gold which I promis'd him, and afterwards, to his great Surprize, will present him another of the same Value, with some short Speech; as, *Sir, you see I am a Man of my Word: I always give more than I promise.* When I have brought the Princess to my House, I shall take particular Care to breed her in a due Respect to me, before I give the Reins to Love and Dalliance. To this End, I shall confine her to her own Apartment, make her a short Visit, and talk but little to her. Her Women will represent to me that she is inconsolable by reason of my Unkindness, and beg with Tears to caress her, and let her sit down by me; but I shall remain inexorable, and turn my Back upon her all the first Night. Her Mother will then come and bring her Daughter to me, as I am seated upon my Sofa. The Daughter, with Tears in her Eyes, will fling herself at my Feet, and beg of me to receive her into my Favour: Then will I, to imprint in her a thorough Veneration for my Person, draw up my Legs and spurn her from me with my Foot, in such a manner, that she shall fall down several Paces from the Sofa.

Alnasçar was entirely swallowed up in this chimerical Vision; and could not forbear acting with his Foot what he had in his Thoughts: So that unluckily striking his Basket of brittle Ware, which was the Foundation of all his Grandeur, he kick'd his Glasses to a great Distance from him into the Street, and broke them into ten thousand Pieces.

XXXIII.

The Story of Rhæcus and the Hamadryad Nymph.

A Certain Man call'd *Rhæcus*, observing an old Oak ready to fall, and being mov'd with a Sort of Compassion towards the Tree, order'd his Servants to pour in fresh Earth at the Roots of it, and set it upright. The *Hamadryad*, or *Nymph* *, who must necessarily have perished with the Tree, appear'd to him the next Day, and after having return'd him her Thanks, told him, she was ready to grant whatever he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful, *Rhæcus* desir'd he might be entertain'd as her Lover. The *Hamadryad*, not much displeas'd with the Request, promis'd to give him a Meeting, but commanded him for some Days to abstain from the Embraces of all other Women; adding, that she should send a Bee to him, to let him know when he was to be happy. *Rhæcus* was, it seems, too much addicted to Gaming, and happen'd to be in a Run of ill Luck when the faithful Bee came buzzing about him; so that instead of minding his kind Invitation, he had like to have kill'd him for his Pains. The *Hamadryad* was so provoked at her own Disappointment, and the ill Usage of her Messenger, that she depriv'd *Rhæcus* of the Use of his Limbs. However, says the Story, he was not so much a Cripple, but he made Shift to cut down the Tree, and consequently to fell his Mistress.

* This Story is related by *Apollonius*; and it was the common Opinion among the Antients, that the Fate of these Nymphs had so near a Dependence on some Trees, more especially Oaks, that they liv'd and died together.

XXXIV.

The Story of a French KNIGHT.

OUR Knight was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of Faults. He had a loose Rogue for a Lacquey not a little in his Favour, tho' he had no other Name for him, when he spoke of him, but *the Rascal*, or to him, but *Sirrah*. One Morning when he was dressing, Sirrah, says he, be sure you bring home this Evening a pretty Wench. The Fellow was a Person of Diligence and Capacity, and had for some time address'd himself to a decayed old Gentlewoman, who had a young Maiden to her Daughter, beauteous as an Angel, not sixteen Years of Age. The Mother's extream Poverty, and the Insinuations of this artful Lacquey concerning the soft Disposition and Generosity of his Master, made her consent to deliver up her Daughter. But many were the Intreaties and Representations of the Mother to gain her Child's Consent to an Action, which, she said, she abhorr'd, at the same time she exhorted her to it: But Child, said she, can you see your Mother die of Hunger? The Virgin argued no longer, but, bursting into Tears, said, she would go any where. The Lacquey too conveyed her with great Obsequiousness and Secrecy to his Master's Lodgings, and plac'd her in a commodious Apartment till he came home. The Knight, who knew his Man never fail'd of bringing in his Prey, indulg'd his Genius at a Banquet, and was in high Humour at an Entertainment with Ladies, expecting to be received in the Evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came home, his Lacquey met him with a saucy and joyful Familiarity, crying out, She is as handsome as an Angel (for there is no other Simile on these Occasions) but the tender Fool has wept till her Eyes are swell'd and bloated; for she is a Maid and a Gentlewoman. With that he conducted his Master to the Room where she was, and retir'd. The Knight, when he saw her bath'd in Tears, said, in some Surprize,

Don't

Don't you know, young Woman, why you were brought hither? The unhappy Maid fell on her Knees, and with many Interruptions of Sighs and Tears, said to him, I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither; my Mother, to get Bread for myself and her, has sent me to do what you pleased; but wish it would please Heaven I could die, before I am added to the Number of those miserable Wretches who live without Honour! With this Reflection she wept anew, and beat her Bosom. The Knight stepping back from her, said, I am not so abandon'd as to hurt your Innocence against your Will.

The Novelty of the Accident surpriz'd him into Virtue; and covering the young Maid with a Cloak, he led her to a Relation's House, to whose Care he recommended her for that Night. The next Morning he sent for her Mother, and ask'd if her Daughter was a Maid? The Mother assur'd him, that when she delivered her to his Servant, she was a Stranger to a Man. Are not you then, replied the Knight, a wicked Woman, to contrive the debauching of your own Child? She held down her Face with Fear and Shame, and in her Confusion utter'd some broken Words about her Poverty. Far be it, said the Gentleman, that you should relieve yourself from Want by a much greater Evil: Your Daughter is a fine young Creature, do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a Wife? The Mother answer'd, there is an honest Man in our Neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred Pounds. The Knight order'd his Man to count out that Sum, with an Addition of fifty to buy the Bride Cloaths, and fifty more as an Help to the Mother.

XXXV.

The Story of the German and the Portuguese.

A German and a Portuguese, when Vienna was besieg'd, having had frequent Contests of Rivalry, were preparing for a Duel, when on a sudden the Walls were attack'd

to the Extent of *Europe, Asia, and Africa*; and the Situation of their several Parts: He had been often at Sea, and seen divers *Regions*; and particularly when he was in *Portugal*, the most *Westerly* Part of *Europe*, he took great Delight to walk on the Shore in the Evenings, and observe the Setting of the Sun. This Custom of his produced various Thoughts in his Breast. But what was of most Import, his Reason suggested to him, that it could not consist with the Order of Nature, that the Sun, after he had left our World, serv'd only to give Light to the Fishes, or gild the Waves of the Western Ocean: Therefore on good Grounds he concluded, there must be some unknown Land, beyond those mighty Tracts of Sea, which wash'd the Western Shores of *Europe* and *Afric*.

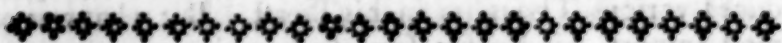
This Thought made him uneasy, and put him upon a Resolution of attempting a Discovery. He made Proposals to the Republick of *Genoa*, but was rejected. Then he address'd himself to *Henry VII.* at the *English* Court; where not finding Encouragement, he went to the King of *Spain*, who approving of his Design, furnish'd him with Ships. He sail'd on the Ocean for the Space of two Months, without seeing any Land, which made his Mariners mutiny, their Provisions falling short. They threaten'd to throw him overboard if he would not return: But he with mild Words and strong Reasons appeased their Fury, promising to sail back again, if they saw not Land within three Days. On the third Day, the Boy on the Main-top Mast saw a Fire, and within a few Hours afterwards they came within View of Land.

When he had made his Observations, and done what was requisite in his Circumstances, he return'd to give the King of *Spain* an Account of his Expedition.

After his Death *Americus Vespatus* was sent to conquer the *unknown Regions*; from whom that whole Continent is call'd *America*; but methinks not without some Ingratitude to the first Discoverer.

It would be endless to recount all the particular Adventures of the *Spaniards* in those Parts, with their Cruelties and Massacres: Let it suffice to say, to the
eternal

eternal Infamy of that Nation, that, according to their own Writers, they butchered in cold Blood above twenty Millions of the Natives in the Space of twenty Years: And all this for the Lucre of their Gold, tho' under the Pretence of propagating the Christian Religion.



XXXVII.

The History of HELIM, ABDALLAH, IBRAHIM and BALSORA: A Persian Story.

THE following Story is lately translated out of an *Arabian Manuscript*, which I think has very much the Turn of an Oriental Tale. And as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to the Reader. The Name of *Helim* is famous through all the Eastern Parts of the World. He is call'd among the *Persians*, even to this Day, *Helim the great Physician*. He was acquainted with all the Powers of Simples, understood all the Influences of the Stars, and knew the Secrets that were engraved on the Seal of *Solomon the Son of David*. *Helim* was also Governour of the *Black Palace*, and chief of the Physicians to *Al-narefchin*, the great King of *Persia*. *Al-narefchin* was the most dreadful Tyrant that ever reign'd in his Country. He was of a fearful, suspicious and cruel Nature, having put to Death, upon very slight Jealousies and Surmises, five and thirty of his Queens, and above twenty Sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his Life. Being at length wearied with the Exercise of so many Cruelties in his own Family, and fearing lest the whole Race of *Caliphs* should be entirely lost, he one Day sent for *Helim*, and spoke to him after this manner. *Helim*, said he, *I have long admired thy great Wisdom, and retir'd Way of living. I shall now shew thee the entire Confidence which I place in thee. I have only two Sons remaining, who are as yet but Infants. It is my Design that thou take them home with thee, and educate them as thy own.*

Train

Train them up in the humble unambitious Pursuits of Knowledge. By this means shall the Line of Caliphs be preserv'd, and my Children succeed after me, without aspiring to my Throne whilst I am yet alive. The Words of my Lord the King shall be obeyed, said *Helim*. After which he bowed, and went out of the King's Presence. He then received the Children into his own House, and from that Time bred them up with him in the Studies of Knowledge and Virtue. The young Princes lov'd and respected *Helim* as their Father, and made such Improvements under him, that by the Age of one and twenty they were instructed in all the Learning of the East. The Name of the eldest was *Ibrahim*, and of the youngest *Abdallab*. They liv'd together in such a perfect Friendship, that to this Day it is said of intimate Friends, that they live together like *Ibrahim* and *Abdallab*. *Helim* had an only Child, who was a Girl of a fine Soul, and a most beautiful Person. Her Father omitted nothing in her Education, that might make her the most accomplish'd Woman of her Age. As the young Princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the World, they frequently conversed with this lovely Virgin; who had been brought up by her Father in the same Course of Knowledge and Virtue. *Abdallab*, whose Mind was of a softer Turn than that of his Brother, by degrees grew so enamour'd of her Conversation, that he did not think he liv'd when he was not in Company with his beloved *Balsora*, for that was the Name of the Maid. The Fame of her Beauty was so great, that at length it came to the Ears of the King, who, pretending to visit the young Princes his Sons, demanded of *Helim* the Sight of *Balsora* his fair Daughter. The King was so inflam'd with her Beauty and Behaviour, that he sent for *Helim* the next Morning, and told him it was now his Design to recompense him for all his faithful Services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his Daughter Queen of *Persia*. *Helim*, who knew very well the Fate of all those unhappy Women who had been thus advanc'd, and could not but be privy to the secret Love which *Abdallab* bore his Daughter, *Far be it*, said he, *from the King of Persia to contaminate the Blood of the*

Caliphs,

Caliphs, and join himself in Marriage with the Daughter of his Physician. The King, however, was so impatient for such a Bride, that, without hearing any Excuses, he immediately ordered *Balsora* to be sent for into his Presence, keeping the Father with him, in order to make her sensible of the Honour which he design'd her. *Balsora*, who was too modest and humble to think her Beauty had made such an Impression on the King, was a few Moments after brought into his Presence as he had commanded. She appeared in the King's Eye as one of the Virgins of *Paradise*. But, upon hearing the Honour which he intended for her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his Feet. *Helim* wept; and after having recovered her out of the Trance into which she was fallen, represented to the King, that so unexpected an Honour was too great to have been communicated to her at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The King bid him take his own Way, and dismissed him. *Balsora* was again conveyed to her Father's House, where the Thoughts of *Abdallah* renewed her Affliction every Moment; insomuch, that at length she fell into a raging Fever. The King was inform'd of her Condition by those that saw her. *Helim* finding no other Means of extricating her from the Difficulties she was in, after having compos'd her Mind, and made her acquainted with his Intentions, gave her a certain Potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for many Hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming Distress of a disconsolate Father, inform'd the King she was dead. The King, who never let any Sentiments of Humanity come too near his Heart, did not much trouble himself about the Matter; however, for his own Reputation, he told the Father, that since it was known through the Empire that *Balsora* died at a Time when he design'd her for his Bride, it was his Intention that she should be honoured as such after her Death; that her Body should be laid in the *Black Palace*, among those of his deceas'd Queens. In the mean time *Abdallah*, who had heard of the King's Design, was not less afflicted than his beloved *Balsora*. As for the several Circumstances of his Distress, as also how the

King

King was inform'd of an irrecoverable Distemper into which he had fallen, they are to be found at Length in the History of *Helim*. It shall suffice to acquaint the Reader, that *Helim*, some few Days after the supposed Death of his Daughter, gave the Prince a Potion of the same Nature with that which had laid asleep *Balsora*.

It is the Custom of the *Persians*, to convey, in a private manner, the Bodies of all the Royal Family, a little after their Death, into the *Black Palace*, which is the Repository of all who are descended from the *Caliphs*, or any way allied to them. The chief Physician is always Governor of the *Black Palace*, it being his Office to embalm and preserve the Holy Family after they are dead, as well as to take Care of them while they are yet living. The *Black Palace* is so called from the Colour of the Building, which is all of the finest polish'd black Marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting Lamps. It has also a hundred folding Doors of Ebony, which are each of them watch'd Day and Night by a hundred Negroes, who are to take Care that nobody enters besides the Governor. *Helim*, after having convey'd the Body of his Daughter into this Repository, and at the appointed Time retriev'd her out of the Sleep into which she had fallen, took care, some Time after, to bring that of *Abdallah* into the same Place. *Balsora* watch'd over him, till such time as the Dose he had taken had lost its Effect. *Abdallah* was not acquainted with *Helim's* Design when he gave him this sleepy Potion. It is impossible to describe the Surprise, the Joy, the Transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancy'd himself in the Retirements of the Blessed, and that the Spirit of his dear *Balsora*, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his Arrival. She soon inform'd him of the Place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its Horrors, appear'd to him more sweet than the Bower of *Mahomet*, in the Company of his *Balsora*. *Helim*, who was suppos'd to be taken up in the embalming of the Bodies, visited the Place very frequently. His greatest Perplexity was, how to get the Lovers out of it, the Gates being watch'd in such a manner as I have before related. This

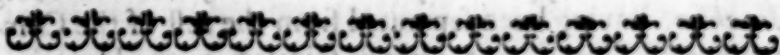
Consideration

Consideration did not a little disturb the two interred Lovers. At length *Helim* bethought himself, that the first Day of the full Moon of the Month *Tirpa* was near at hand. Now, it is a received Tradition among the *Persians*, that the Souls of those of the Royal Family, who are in a State of Bliss, do, on the first full Moon after their Decease, pass through the Eastern Gate of the *Black Palace*, which is therefore call'd the *Gate of Paradise*, in order to take their Flight for that happy Place. *Helim* therefore having made due Preparation for this Night, dress'd each of the Lovers in a Robe of Azure Silk, wrought in the finest Loom of *Persia*, with a long Train of Linen whiter than Snow, that flowed on the Ground behind them. Upon *Abdallab's* Head he fix'd a Wreath of the greenest Myrtle, and on *Balsora's* a Garland of the freshest Roses. Their Garments were scented with the richest Perfumes of *Arabia*. Having thus prepar'd every Thing, the full Moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its Brightness, but he privately open'd the *Gate of Paradise*, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had pass'd through it. The Band of Negroes, who were posted at a little Distance from the Gate, seeing two such beautiful Apparitions, that shewed themselves to Advantage by the Light of the full Moon, and being ravished with the Odour that flow'd from their Garments, immediately concluded them to be the Ghosts of the two Persons lately deceased. They fell upon their Faces as they pass'd through the Midst of them, and continued prostrate on the Earth till such time as they were out of Sight. They reported the next Day what they had seen, but this was look'd upon, by the King himself, and most others, as a Compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his Family. *Helim* had plac'd two of his own Mules at about a Mile's Distance from the *Black Temple*, on the Spot which they had agreed upon as their Rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own Houses, which was situated on *Kbacan*. The Air on this Mountain was so very healthful, that *Helim* had formerly transported the King thither, in order to recover
him

him out of a long Fit of Sickness ; which succeeded so well, that the King made him a Present of the whole Mountain, with a beautiful House and Gardens that were on the Top of it. In this Retirement liv'd *Abdallab* and *Balsora*. They were both so fraught with all kinds of Knowledge, and possess'd with so constant and mutual a Passion for each other, that their Solitude never lay heavy on them. *Abdallab* applied himself to those Arts which were agreeable to his Manner of living, and the Situation of the Place, insomuch, that in a few Years he converted the whole Mountain into a kind of Garden, and covered every Part of it with Plantations or Spots of Flowers. *Helim* was too good a Father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his Retirement pleasant. In about ten Years after their Abode in this Place the old King died, and was succeeded by his Son *Ibrahim*, who, upon the supposed Death of his Brother, had been call'd to Court, and entertained there as Heir to the *Persian* Empire. Though he was some Years inconsolable for the Death of his Brother, *Helim* durst not trust him with the Secret, which he knew would have fatal Consequences, should it by any means come to the Knowledge of the old King. *Ibrahim* was no sooner mounted on the Throne, but *Helim* sought after a proper Opportunity of making a Discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a Prince. It so happen'd, that before *Helim* found such an Opportunity as he desired, the new King *Ibrahim*, having been separated from the rest of the Company in a Chace, and almost fainting with Heat and Thirst, saw himself at the Foot of Mount *Khacan* ; he immediately ascended the Hill, and coming to *Helim's* House, demanded some Refreshments. *Helim* was very luckily there at that Time, and after having set before the King the choicest of Wines and Fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a Treat, told him, that the best Part of his Entertainment was to come ; upon which he open'd to him the whole History of what had pass'd. The King was at once astonished and transported at so strange a Relation, and seeing his Brother enter the

Room

Room with *Balsora* in his Hand, he leapt off from the Sofa on which he sat, and cried out, *It is he! 'tis my Abdallab!* Having said this, he fell upon his Neck and wept. The whole Company for some Time remain'd silent, and shedding Tears of Joy. The King at length, after having kindly reproach'd *Helim* for depriving him so long of such a Brother, embrac'd *Balsora* with the greatest Tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his Brother King of all the conquer'd Nations on the other Side the *Tygris*. He easily discover'd in the Eyes of our two Lovers, that, instead of being transported with the Offer, they prefer'd their present Retirement to Empire. At their Request therefore he chang'd his Intentions, and made them a Present of all the open Country, as far as they could see from the Top of Mount *Kbacan*. *Abdallab* continuing to extend his former Improvements, beautified this whole Prospect with Groves and Fountains, Gardens and Seats of Pleasure, till it became the most delicious Spot of Ground in the Empire, and is therefore call'd the *Garden of Persia*. This *Caliph Ibrahim*, after a long and happy Reign, died without Children, and was succeeded by *Abdallab*, a Son of *Abdallab* and *Balsora*. This was that King *Abdallab*, who afterwards fix'd the Imperial Residence upon Mount *Kbacan*, which continues at this Time to be the favourite Palace of the *Persian* Empire.



XXXVIII.

The merry Prank of a BEDLAMITE.

ABOUT the time King *James II.* left his Kingdom, and the Prince of *Orange* came in his Stead, some Gentlemen and Ladies were in *Bedlam* to see those unfortunate People; when coming to the Door of one of their Rooms, the Madman enquir'd of one of the Gentlemen, who

who was an Officer, and in his Military Dress, Who he fought for? The Gentleman answer'd, For the Prince of Orange; then, says the Madman, I fight for King James, to the Perdition of Rebels; and bids him draw. The Gentleman, to see what he would do, or perhaps to oblige the Ladies, drew his Sword; the Madman takes a Straw, and says, Now, have at you, and broke his Straw against the Door. Hold, says he, I've broke my Sword; then he steps back, catches up his Ordure Vessel, and flung it full upon the Captain; Now, says he, go and tell the Prince of Orange, you are a bitten Soldier.



XXXIX.

The Story of the COQUET and the GASCON.

A Young Coquet Widow in France having been follow'd by a Gascon of Quality, who had boasted among his Companions of some Favours, which he had never received, to be reveng'd of him, sent for him one Evening, and told him, it was in his Power to do her a very particular Service. The Gascon, with much Profession of his Readiness to obey her Commands, begg'd to hear in what manner she design'd to employ him. You know (said the Widow) my Friend Belinda, and must often have heard of the Jealousy of that impotent Wretch her Husband. Now, it is absolutely necessary, for the carrying on a certain Affair, that his Wife and I should be together a whole Night. What I have to ask of you, is to dress yourself in her Night-cloaths, and lie by him a whole Night in her Place, that he may not miss her while she is with me. The Gascon, tho' of a very lively and undertaking Complexion, began to startle at the Proposal. Nay, says the Widow, if you have not Courage to go through what I ask of you, I must employ somebody else that will. Madam, (says the Gascon) I'll kill him for you, if you please; but for lying with him!—How is it possible to do it without being discovered? If

you do not discover yourself (says the Widow) you will be safe enough, for he is past all Curiosity; he comes in at Night while she is asleep, and goes out in the Morning before she wakes, and is in Pain for nothing so he knows she's there. Madam, (replied the *Gaston*) how can you reward me for passing a Night with this old Fellow? The Widow answered with a Laugh, perhaps by admitting you to pass a Night with one you think more agreeable. He took the Hint, put on his Night-cloaths, and had not been in Bed above an Hour before he heard a Knocking at the Door, and the Treading of one who approach'd the other Side of the Bed, and who he did not question was the Goodman of the House. I do not know whether the Story would be better by telling you in this Place, or at the End of it, that the Person who went to Bed to him was our young *Coquet* Widow. The *Gaston* was in a terrible Fright every time she mov'd in the Bed, or turn'd towards him, and did not fail to shrink from her, till he had convey'd himself to the very Bridge of the Bed. I will not dwell upon the Perplexity he was in the whole Night, which was augmented, when he observed that it was now broad Day, and that the Husband did not yet offer to get up and go about his Business. All that the *Gaston* had for it, was to keep his Face turn'd from him, and to feign himself asleep, when, to his utter Confusion, the Widow at last puts out her Arm, and pulls the Bell at her Beds Head. In came her Friend, and two or three Companions to whom the *Gaston* had boasted of her Favours, the Widow jump'd into a wraping Gown, and join'd with the rest in laughing at this Man of Intrigue.

XL.

The History of TOM VARNISH.

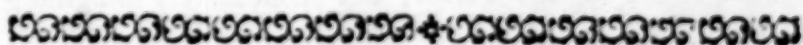
BECAUSE I have a professed Aversion to long Beginnings of Stories, I will go into this at once, by telling you, that there dwells near the *Royal Exchange*, as happy a Couple as ever enter'd into Wedlock. These live in that mutual Confidence of each other, which renders the Satisfaction of Marriage ever greater than those of Friendship, and make Wife and Husband the dearest Appellations of human Life. Mr. *Balance* is a Merchant of good Consideration, and understands the World, not from Speculation, but Practice. His Wife is the Daughter of an honest House, ever bred in a Family Way; and has, from a natural good Understanding, and great Innocence, a Freedom which Men of Sense know to be the certain Signs of Virtue, and Fools take to be an Encouragement to Vice.

TOM VARNISH, a young Gentleman of the *Middle Temple*, by the Bounty of a good Father, who was so obliging as to die, and leave him, in his twenty-fourth Year, besides a good Estate, a large Sum, which lay in the Hands of Mr. *Balance*, who had by this Means an Intimacy at his House; and being one of these hard Students who read Plays for Improvement in the Law, took his Rules of Life from thence. Upon mature Deliberation, he conceived it very proper, that he, as a Man of Wit and Pleasure of the Town, should have an Intrigue with his Merchant's Wife. He no sooner thought of this Adventure, but he began it by an amorous Epistle to the Lady, and a faithful Promise to wait upon her at a certain Hour the next Evening, when he knew her Husband was to be absent. The Letter was no sooner received, but it was communicated to the Husband, and produc'd no other Effect in him, than that he join'd with his Wife to raise all the Mirth he could out of this fantastical Piece of Gallantry. They were so little concerned at this ge-

gerous Man of Mode, that they plotted Ways to perplex him without hurting him. *Varnish* comes exactly at his Hour, and the Lady's well acted Confusion at his Entrance, gave him Opportunity to repeat some Couplets very fit for the Occasion with very much Grace and Spirit. His Theatrical Manner of making Love, was interrupted by an Alarm of the Husband's coming; and the Wife, in personated Terror, beseeched him, if he had any Value for the Honour of a Woman that lov'd him, he would jump out of the Window. He did so, and fell upon Feather-beds plac'd on purpose to receive him. It is not to be conceiv'd how great the Joy of an amorous Man is, when he has suffer'd for the Sake of his Mistress and is never the worse for it. *Varnish* the next Day, writ a most elegant Billet, wherein he said all that Imagination could form upon the Occasion. He violently protested, going out of the Window was no way terrible, but as it was going from her; with several other kind Expressions, which procur'd him a second Assignment. Upon his second Visit, he was conveyed by a faithful Maid into her Bedchamber, and left there to expect the Arrival of her Mistress. But the Wench, according to her Instructions, ran in again to him, and lock'd the Door after her to keep out her Master. She had just Time enough to convey the Lover into a Chest before she admitted the Husband and his Wife into the Room.

You may be sure that Trunk was absolutely necessary to be open'd; but upon her Husband's ordering it, she assur'd him she had taken all the Care imaginable in packing up the Things with her own Hands, and he might send the Trunk aboard as soon as he thought fit. The easy Husband believed his Wife, and the good Couple went to Bed; *Varnish* having the Happiness to pass the Night in his Mistress's Bedchamber without Molestation. The Morning arose, but, our Lover was not well situated to observe her Blushes, so that all we know of his Sentiments on this Occasion, is, that he heard *Balance* ask for the Key, and say, he would himself go with this Chest, and have it open'd before the Captain of the Ship, for the greater Safety of so valuable a Lading. The Goods
were

were hoisted away, and Mr. *Balance*, marching by his Chest with great Care and Diligence, omitted nothing that might give his Passenger Perplexity. But, to enumerate all, he deliver'd the Chest, with strict Charge, in case they were in Danger of being taken, to throw it overboard, for there were Letters in it, the Matter of which might be of great Service to the Enemy.

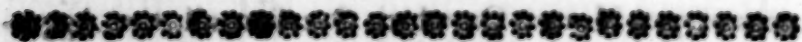


XLI.

The fatal Effects of PASSION, shewn, in the Story of an Irish Gentleman and his Lady.

MR. *Eusace*, a young Gentleman of a good Estate near *Dublin* in *Ireland*, married a Lady of Youth, Beauty and Modesty, and liv'd with her, in general, with much Ease and Tranquility; but was in his secret Temper impatient of Rebuke: She is apt to fall into little Sallies of Passion, yet as suddenly recalled by her own Reflections on her Fault, and the Considerations of her Husband's Temper. It happen'd as he, his Wife, and her Sister were at Supper together about two Months ago, that in the Midst of a careless and a familiar Conversation, the Sisters fell into a little Warmth and Contradiction. He, who was one of that Sort of Men who are never concerned at what passes before them, fell into an outrageous Passion on the Side of the Sister. The Person about whom they disputed was so near, that they were under no Restraint from running into vain Repetitions of past Heats: On which Occasion all the Aggravations of Anger and Distaste boil'd up, and were repeated with the Bitterness of exasperated Lovers. The Wife observing her Husband extremely moved, began to turn it off, and rally him for interposing between two People, who from their Infancy had been angry and pleased with each other every Half Hour. But it descended deeper into his Thoughts, and they broke up with a sullen Silence. The Wife immediately retir'd to

her Chamber, whither her Husband soon after followed. When they were in Bed, he soon dissembled asleep, and she, pleased that his Thoughts were compos'd, fell into a real one. Their Apartment was very distant from the rest of the Family, in a lonely Country House. He now saw his Opportunity, and with a Dagger he had brought to Bed with him, stabbed his Wife in the Side. She awaked in the highest Terror, but immediately imagining it was a Blow design'd for her Husband by some Ruffians, began to grasp him, and strove to awake and rouse him to defend himself. He still pretended himself sleeping; and gave her a second Wound. She now drew open the Curtain, and by the Help of Moon-light, saw his Hand lifted up to stab her. The Horror disarm'd her from further struggling; and he enraged anew at being discover'd, fix'd his Poniard in her Bosom. As soon as he believed he had dispatch'd her, he attempted to escape out of the Window: But she, still alive, call'd out to him not to hurt himself; for she might live. He was so stung with the insupportable Reflection on her Goodness, and his own Villainy, that he jump'd to the Bed, and wounded her all over with as much Rage, as if every Blow was provok'd with new Aggravations. In this Fury of Mind he fled away. His Wife had still Strength enough to go to her Sister's Apartment, and give her an Account of this wonderful Tragedy; but died the next Day. Some Weeks after an Officer of Justice, in attempting to seize the Criminal, fir'd upon him, as did the Criminal upon the Officer. Both their Bullets took place, and both immediately expir'd.



XLII.

A pleasant Adventure which happen'd at a Coffee-house.

THE Gentleman from whom I had this Story, happen'd to call at a celebrated Coffee-house near the Temple. He had not been there long, when there came in

in an elderly Man very meanly dress'd, and sat down by him ; he had a Thread-bare loose Coat on, which 'twas plain he wore to keep him warm, and not to favour his Under-suit, which seem'd to have been at least his Contemporary : His short Wig and Hat were both answerable to the rest of his Apparel. He was no sooner seated than he call'd for a Dish of Tea ; but as several Gentlemen in the Room wanted other Things, the Boys of the House did not think themselves at Leisure to mind him. My Friend observed the old Fellow was very uneasy at the Affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his Commands several Times to no Purpose ; till at last one of the Lads presented him with some stale Tea in a broken Dish, accompanied with a Plate of brown Sugar, which so rais'd his Indignation, that after several obliging Appellations of *Dog* and *Rascal*, he ask'd him aloud, *Why he must be us'd with less Respect than that Fop there ?* pointing to a well-dress'd young Gentleman, who was drinking Tea at the opposite Table. The Boy of the House replied with a great deal of Pertness, that his Master had two sorts of Customers, and that the Gentleman at the other Table had given him many a Sixpence for wiping his Shoes. By this time the young *Templer*, who found his Honour concern'd in the Dispute, and that the Eyes of the whole Coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a Paper he had in his Hand, and was coming towards the old Gentleman. My Friend, and several others at the same Table with the old Man, made what Haste they could to get away from the impending Quarrel, but were all of them surpriz'd to see him, as he approach'd near, put on an Air of Deference and Respect. To whom the old Man said, *Hark you, Sirrah, I'll pay off your extravagant Bills once more ; but will take effectual Care for the future, that your Prodigality shall not spirit up a Parcel of Rascals to abuse your Father.*

XLIII.

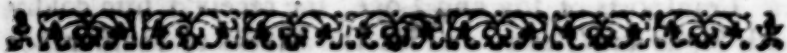
The Story of HEROD and MARIAMNE.

MARIAMNE had all the Charms that Beauty, Birth and Youth could give a Woman, and *Herod* all the Love that such Charms are able to raise in a warm and amorous Disposition. In the midst of this his Fondness for *Mariamne*, he put her Brother to Death, as he did her Father not many Years after. The Barbarity of the Action was represented to *Mark Anthony*, who immediately summoned *Herod* into *Egypt*, to answer to the Crime that was laid to his Charge. *Herod* attributed the Summons to *Anthony's* Desire of *Mariamne*, whom therefore, before his Departure, he gave into the Custody of his Uncle *Joseph*, with private Orders to put her to Death, if any such Violence was offered to himself. This *Joseph* was much delighted with *Mariamne's* Conversation, and endeavour'd with all his Art and Rhetorick, to set out the Excess of *Herod's* Passion for her; but when he found her still cold and incredulous, he inconsiderately told her, as a certain Instance of his Lord's Affection, the private Orders he had left behind him, which plainly shew'd, according to *Joseph's* Interpretation, that he could neither live nor die without her. This barbarous Instance of a wild unreasonable Passion, quite put out, for a Time, those little Remains of Affection she still had for her Lord: Her Thoughts were so wholly taken up with the Cruelty of his Order, that she could not consider the Kindness that produced them, and therefore represented him in her Imagination, rather under the frightful Idea of a Murderer, than a Lover. *Herod* was at length acquitted and dismissed by *Mark Anthony*, when his Soul was all in Flames for his *Mariamne*; but before their Meeting, he was not a little alarm'd at the Report he had heard of his Uncle's Conversation and Familiarity with her in his Absence. This therefore was the first Discourse he entertain'd her with, in which she found it no easy Matter to quiet his Suspicions. But
at

at last he appeared so well satisfied of her Innocence, that from Reproaches and Wranglings, he fell to Tears and Embraces. Both of them wept very tenderly at their Reconciliation, and *Herod* pour'd out his whole Soul to her in the warmest Protestations of Love and Constancy; when amongst all his Sighs and Languishings, she ask'd him, Whether the private Orders he left with his Uncle *Joseph*, were an Instance of so inflamed an Affection? The jealous King was immediately rous'd at so unexpected a Question, and concluded his Uncle must have been too familiar with her, before he could have discovered such a Secret. In short, he put his Uncle to Death, and very difficultly prevail'd upon himself to spare *Marianne*.

After this he was forc'd on a second Journey into *Egypt*, when he committed his Lady to the Care of *Sobemus*, with the same private Orders he had before given his Uncle, if any Mischief had beset himself. In the mean while *Marianne* so won upon *Sobemus* by her Presents and obliging Conversation, that she drew all the Secret from him, with which *Herod* had entrusted him; so that after his Return, when he flew to her with all the Transports of Joy and Love, she receiv'd him coldly with Sighs and Tears, and all the Marks of Indifference and Aversion. This Reception so stirr'd up his Indignation, that he had certainly slain her with his own Hands, had not he fear'd he himself would have become the greater Sufferer by it. It was not long after this, when he had another violent Return of Love upon him; *Marianne* was therefore sent for to him, whom he endeavoured to soften and reconcile with all possible conjugal Caresses and Endearments; but she declin'd his Embraces, and answered all his Fondness with bitter Invectives for the Death of her Father and her Brother. This Behaviour so incens'd *Herod*, that he very hardly refrain'd from striking her; when in the Heat of their Quarrel there came in a Witness, suborn'd by some of *Marianne*'s Enemies, who accus'd her to the King of a Design to poison him. *Herod* was now prepar'd to hear any thing in her Prejudice, and immediately order'd her Servant to be stretched upon the Rack; who, in the Extre-

ality of his Tortures, confess'd, that his Mistress's Aversion to the King arose from something *Sabemus* had told her; but for any Design of poisoning, he utterly disown'd the least Knowledge of it. This Confession quickly prov'd fatal to *Sabemus*, who now lay under the same Suspicions and Sentence that *Joseph* had before him on the like Occasion. Nor would *Herod* rest here; but accus'd her with great Vehence with a Design upon his Life, and by his Authority, with the Judges, had her publicly condemn'd and executed. *Herod*, soon after her Death, grew melancholly and dejected, retiring from the publick Administration of Affairs into a solitary Forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black Considerations which naturally arise from Passion made up of Love, Remorse, Pity and Despair. He us'd to rave for his *Mariamne*, and to call upon her in his distracted Fits; and in all Probability would soon have followed her, had not his Thoughts been seasonably call'd off from so sad an Object by publick Storms, which at that time very nearly threaten'd him.



XLIV.

*The Story of FADLALLAH, a Persian Prince,
and the Dervis.*

FADLALLAH, a Prince of great Virtues, succeeded his Father, *Bin-Ortoe*, in the Kingdom of *Mausel*. He reign'd over his faithful Subjects for some time, and liv'd with great Happiness with his beauteous Consort, Queen *Zemraude*; when there appear'd at his Court a young *Dervis*, of so lively and entertaining a Wit, as won upon the Affections of every one he convers'd with. His Reputation grew so fast every Day, that it at last rais'd a Curiosity in the Prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so, and far from finding that com-
mon

mon Fante had flatter'd him, he was soon convinc'd that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the Truth.

Fadlallah immediately lost all Relish for the Conversation of other Men; and as he was every Day more and more satisfied of the Abilities of this Stranger, offer'd him the first Posts in his Kingdom. The young *Dervis*, after having thank'd him with a very singular Modesty, desir'd to be excus'd, as having made a Vow never to accept of any Employment, and preferring a free and independent State of Life to all other Conditions. The King was infinitely charm'd with so great an Example of Moderation, and though he could not get him to engage in a Life of Business, made him, however, his chief Companion, and first Favourite.

As they were one Day hunting together, and happen'd to be separated from the rest of the Company, the *Dervis* entertain'd *Fadlallah* with an Account of his Travels and Adventures: After having related to him several Curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, *It was in this Place* says he, *that I contracted an Acquaintance with an old Brachman, who was skill'd in the most hidden Powers of Nature: He died within my Arms, and with his parting Breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of his Secrets, on Condition I should never reveal it to any Man.* The King, immediately reflecting on his young Favourite's having refus'd the late Offers of Greatness he had made him, told him, he presum'd it was the Power of making Gold. No, Sir, says the *Dervis*, it is something more wonderful than that; it is the Power of re-animating a dead Body, by flinging my own Soul into it.

While he was yet speaking a Doe came bounding by them; and the King, who had his Bow ready, shot her through the Heart, telling the *Dervis*, that a fair Opportunity now offer'd for him to shew his Art. The young Man immediately left his Body breathless on the Ground, while, at the same Instant, that of the Doe was reanimated, she came to the King, sawn'd upon him, and after having play'd some wanton Tricks, fell again upon the Grass; at the same Instant the Body of the *Dervis* recover'd its Life. The King was infinitely pleas'd at so

uncommon an Operation, and conjur'd his Friend, by every Thing that was sacred to communicate it to him. The *Dervis* at first made some Scruple of violating his Promise to the dying *Brachman*; but told him at last, that he would conceal nothing from so excellent a Prince: After having oblig'd him therefore by an Oath to Secrecy, he taught him to repeat two *Cabalistical Words*, in pronouncing of which the whole Secret consisted. The King, impatient to try the Experiment, immediately repeated them as he had been taught, and in an Instant found himself in the Body of the Doe. He had but little Time to contemplate himself in his new Being; for the treacherous *Dervis* shooting his own Soul into the Royal Corpse, and bending the Prince's own Bow against him, had laid him dead on the Spot, had not the King, who perceiv'd his Intent, fled swiftly to the Woods.

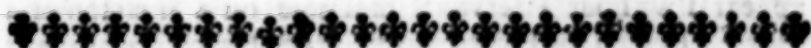
The *Dervis*, now triumphant in his Villany, return'd to *Mansel*, and filled the Throne and Bed of the unhappy *Fadlallah*. The first thing he took care of, in order to secure himself in the Possession of his new acquired Kingdom, was to issue out a Proclamation, ordering his Subjects to destroy all the Deer in the Realm. The King had perish'd among the rest, had he not avoided his Pursuers, by re-animating the Body of a *Nightingale*, which he saw lie dead at the Foot of a Tree. In this new Shape he wing'd his Way in Safety to the Palace, where, perching on a Tree which stood near his Queen's Apartment, he fill'd the whole Place with so many melodious and melancholly Notes, as drew her to the Windows. He had the Mortification to see, that, instead of being pitied, he only mov'd the Mirth of his Princess, and of a young Female Slave who was with her. He continued however to serenade her every Morning, till at last, the Queen, charm'd with his Harmony, sent for the Bird-Catchers, and order'd them to employ their utmost Skill to put that little Bird into her Possession. The King, pleas'd with an Opportunity of being once more near his beloved Consort, easily suffered himself to be taken, and when he was presented to her, tho' he shew'd a Fearfulness to be touched by any of the other Ladies, flew, of his

his own Accord, and hid himself in the Queen's Bosom. *Zemraude* was highly pleas'd at the unexpected Fondness of her new Favourite, and order'd him to be kept in an open Cage in her own Apartment. He had there an Opportunity of making his Court to her every Morning, by a thousand little Actions which his Shape allowed him. The Queen pass'd away whole Hours every Day in hearing and playing with him. *Fadlallah* could even have thought himself happy in this State of Life, had he not frequently endur'd the inexpressible Torment of seeing the *Dervis* enter the Apartment, and caress his Queen even in his Presence. The Usurper, amidst his toying with the Princess, would often endeavour to ingratiate himself with her Nightingale; and while the enraged *Fadlallah* peck'd at him with his Bill, beat his Wings, and shewed all the Marks of an impotent Rage, it only afforded his Rival and the Queen new Matter for their Diversion.

Zimraude was likewise fond of a little Lap dog which she had kept in her Apartment, and which one Night happened to die. The King immediately found himself inclin'd to quit the Shape of a Nightingale, and enliven this new Body. He did so; and the next Morning *Zimraude* saw her favourite Bird lie dead in the Cage. It is impossible to express her Grief on this Occasion; and when she call'd to mind all its little Actions, which even appear'd to have somewhat in them like Reason, she was inconsolable for her Loss. Her Woman immediately sent for the *Dervis*, to come and comfort her, who after having in vain represented to her the Weakness of being griev'd at such an Accident, and touch'd at last by her repeated Complaints, *Well, Madam, says he, I will exert the utmost of my Art to please you. Your Nightingale shall again revive every Morning, and serenade you as before.* The Queen beheld him with a Look that easily shewed she did not believe him; when laying himself down on a Sofa, he shot his Soul into the Nightingale, and *Zemraude* was amaz'd to see her Bird revive.

The King, who was a Spectator of all that pass'd, lying under the Shape of a Lap-dog in one Corner of the Room, immediately

Companion, who had more Judgment, said to himself, there must be some Mystery in it, I'll stay and see whether I can find it out. Accordingly he let the other Scholar go before him, and when he was gone, he pull'd out his Knife, and dug up the Earth about the Stone, which at last he remov'd, and found under it a Leathern Purse, which he open'd. There was a hundred Ducats in it, with a Card, whereon was written to this Effect, *Be thou my Heir ; Thou who hast Wit enough to find out the Meaning of this Inscription, and make a better Use of the Money than I did.* The Scholar was overjoy'd at this Discovery, cover'd the Place with the Stone again, and proceeded to *Salamanca*, with the Soul of the Licentiate in his Pocket.



XLVI.

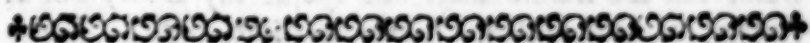
The old Proverb, Take a Wife down in her Wedding-Shoes if you would bring her to Reason, exemplified in a pleasant Story.

A Gentleman in *Lincolnshire* had four Daughters, three of which were early married very happily ; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her Sisters, either in Person or Accomplishments, had from her Infancy, discover'd so imperious a Temper, (usually call'd a Spirit) that it continually made great Uneasiness in the Family, became her known Character in the Neighbourhood, and deterr'd all her Lovers from declaring themselves. However, in Process of Time, a Gentleman of a plentiful Fortune, and long Acquaintance, having observ'd that Quickness of Spirit to be her only Fault, made his Addressee, and obtain'd her Consent in due Form. The Lawyers finish'd the Writings (in which, by the Way, there was no Pin-money) and they were married. After a decent Time spent in the Father's House, the Bridegroom went to prepare his Seat for her Reception.

During

During the whole Course of his Courtship, though a Man of the most equal Temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the most passionate Creature breathing. By this one Intimation, he at once made her understand Warmth of Temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarm'd her against that Constitution in himself. She, at the same time, thought herself highly obliged by the compos'd Behaviour which he maintained in her Presence. Thus far he with great Success sooth'd her from being guilty of Violences, and still resolv'd to give her such a terrible Apprehension of his fiery Spirit, that she should never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the Day appointed for carrying her home; but instead of a Coach and six Horses, together with gay Equipages suitable to the Occasion, he appear'd without a Servant, mounted on a Skeleton of a Horse, (which his Huntsman had the Day before brought in, to feast his Dogs on the Arrival of his new Mistress) with a Pillion fix'd behind, and a Case of Pistols before him, attended only by a Favourite Hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging, (but somewhat positive) manner, desired his Lady to seat herself upon the Cushion; which done, away they crawl'd. The Road being obstructed by a Gate, the Dog was commanded to open it: The poor Cur look'd up and wag'd his Tail; but the Master, to shew the Impatience of his Temper, drew a Pistol and shot him dead. He had no sooner done it, but he fell into a thousand Apologies for his unhappy Rashness, and begg'd as many Pardons for his Excesses before one for whom he had so profound a Respect. Soon after their Horse stumbled, but with some Difficulty recover'd: However, the Bridegroom took Occasion to swear, if he frighten'd his Wife so again, he would run him through: And alas! the poor Animal being now almost t'r'd, made a second Trip; immediately on which the careful Husband alights, and with great Ceremony, first takes off his Lady, then the Accoutrements, draws his Sword, and saves the Huntsman the Trouble of killing him: Then, says to his Wife, Child, prithee take up the Saddle; which she readily did, and tug'd it home, where

where they found all things in the greatest Order, suitable to their Fortune and the present Occasion. Some Time after, the Father of the Lady gave an Entertainment to all his Daughters and their Husbands, where, when the Wives were retir'd, and the Gentlemen passing a Toast about, our last married Man took occasion to observe to the rest of his Brethren, how much, to his great Satisfaction, he found the World mistaken as to the Temper of his Lady, for that she was the most meek and humble Woman breathing. The Applause was received with a loud Laugh: But as a Trial which of them would appear the most Master at home, he propos'd they should all by turns send for their Wives down to them. A Servant was dispatch'd, and Answer was made by one, *Tell him, I will come by and by*; and another, that *she would come when the Cards were out of her Hand*, and so on. But no sooner was her Husband's Desire whisper'd in the Ear of our last married Lady, but the Cards were clapp'd on the Table, and down she comes with, *My Dear, would you speak with me?* He received her in his Arms, and after repeated Caresses tells her the Experiment, confesses his good Nature, and assures her, that since she could now command her Temper, he would no longer disguise his own.



XLVII.

*The History of the Chevalier JOHN CARONGE,
and JAMES LE GRIS.*

THIS Story is given us by *Froissart*, a French Historian, and an Eye-witness, and which I shall transcribe at large. It is of a famous Decision at *Paris* in 1387, between two Gentlemen, Vassals of the Count d'*Alençon*, both in Employment under him, and both Favourites; the Chevalier *John Caronge* Appellant, and *James le Gris* Respondant. *John*, it seems, was married to a handsome young Woman, and happen'd to travel beyond

beyond Sea for some Advantage to his Fortune. He left his Wife among her Servants at their Seat in the Country, where she behav'd very prudently. Now, (says our Author) it fell out, that the Devil entered the Body of *James le Gris* by Temptation perverse and diverse, making him cast an Eye upon the Chevalier's Lady, who resided then at *Argentiell*. It was sworn at the Trial afterwards, that upon a certain Day of such a Month, in such a Year, he took a Horse of the Count's and rode thither. She and her People made him very welcome, as being a Companion of her Husband's, and belonging to the same Master. After some Time, she shew'd him the House and the Furniture; and suspecting no Harm, no Servant attended while she did it. Then *James* desir'd to see the Dungeon, as the chief thing he wanted to see. Now the Dungeon is one of those strong Towers, of antient Ornament and Defence belonging to every Castle, with small spike Holes in the Walls, to keep Prisoners of War in, in time of Commotion. Madam *Caronze* led him the Way. As soon as they were in, he clapp'd the Door after him: She thought the Wind had done it, till *James* fell to embracing her, and, being a strong Man, had his Will of her. At his taking Leave of her, she said to him, weeping, *James, James*, you have not done well; but the Blame shall not lye at my Door, but at your's; if my Husband lives to come back. *James* mounted his Flower of Coursers (as the Term was for a fine Horse) and return'd to the Count's, where, upon the Stroke of nine o'Clock, he was among the rest at his Lordship's *Levee*, and at Four the same Morning he had been seen at home. I mark this Particular so precisely, because so much depended upon it afterwards. Madam said not a Word of what had pass'd to Man nor Maid, but retain'd in her Memory the Day and Hour. When the Husband return'd from his Expedition, his Wife receiv'd him with great Demonstrations of Joy. The Day pass'd; the Night came; *John* went to Bed; but she linger'd, which he wonder'd much at. She continued walking backwards and forwards in the Chamber, crossing herself between Whiles, till the Family was all in Bed,

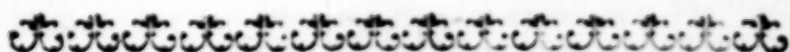
Bed, and asleep: Then she advanc'd to the Bed-side and kneeling, in the most doleful Accents, related the whole Adventure. At first he could not believe what she told him; but she persisted so vehemently, that it staggered him, and he said, if it prov'd so he forgave her; but if otherwise, he would never cohabit with her more. However, he promis'd to summon the chief of her Relations and his own, and demean himself upon the Occasion as they should direct. Accordingly next Morning he wrote several circular Letters, and appointed them a Day. When they were all met, and in a Room together, he call'd his Wife to them, lock'd the Door, and bid her tell her own Story from Point to Point. She did so; and the Result of the Consultation was, to apprise the Count their Lord of it, and leave it to him. This the Husband agreed to do: But *James* (says the Historian) being prime Favourite, the Count said, the Story sound-ed like a Fiction: However, to shew his Impartiality, he order'd the Parties should be confronted, and have a fair and formal Hearing Face to Face. After long pleading, all the Relations being present, the Woman persist-ing, the Chevalier accusing strongly, and the Squire as peremptorily denying, *James* was acquitted, and the Count concluded the Woman must have dreamed; for it was not judged possible for any Man to ride three and twenty Leagues (about seventy Miles) commit such a Fact, and spend so much Time as the several Circumstances of her Deposition required, in four Hours and a Half; for that was all the Space, in which he could not prove himself at Home: His Lordship therefore ordered that no more should be said of it. But the Chevalier who was a Man of Metal, and consequently his Honour very tender, now the Thing was publick, would not be so put off. He brought the Case before the Parliament of *Paris*. It was depending for a Year and Half, and the Parties gave in Securities to stand by the Decision. That wise Senate at last determined it should be decided by • *Combat to all Extremity*, on the *Monday* following

• This Method for obtaining Justice was very much practic'd in those Times; and the vanquish'd was always look'd upon as Guilty.

that

that Sentence. The King, happening to be then at *Huy* in *Flanders*, immediately sent a Courier with Orders to adjourn the Day ; for he was resolv'd to see the Issue himself. The Dukes of *Berry*, *Burgundy* and *Bourbon*, the Constable of *France*, with the chief of the Nobility, came to Town on Purpose. The Lists were set out on the Place of *St. Catharine*, and Scaffolds were erected for the numerous Spectators. The Combatants were arm'd at all Points *Cap à pie*, as the Fashion was, and had each their Chair to sit down, till they were to enter upon Action. The Dame was seated upon a Carr cover'd with Black. The Husband arose from his Seat, went to her, and said, Madam, by your Information, and in your Quarrel, I am here to venture my Life, and fight *James le Gris* : You know best whether my Cause be good and true. Sir, replied she, you may depend upon it, and fight securely. Then he took her by the Hand, and kissed her ; he cross'd himself, and enter'd the Lists. She remain'd praying, and in great Perplexity, as well she might ; for if her Cavalier was worsted, he was to be hang'd, and she to be burnt without Mercy ; for such was the Sentence in express Terms. But the Die was thrown, and they must abide by the Chance. The Field and Sun being divided, according to Custom and Equity, they perform'd their Careers, and their Exercises of the Spear on Horseback, and being both very expert, without any Hurt. Then they alighted, and fell to work with their Swords. In a little Time the Chevalier *John* was wounded in the Thigh, and all his Friends in a mortal Fright for him : But he fought on, and so valiantly, that at length he brought his Adversary to the Ground, run his Sword into his Body, and kill'd him upon the Spot. He look'd round, and ask'd if he had done his Duty : It was answer'd, Yes, with a general Voice ; and immediately *James* was delivered to the Hangman, who dragged him to a Hill near *Paris*, and hang'd him there. The Business thus concluded, the Chevalier came, and kneeled before the King, who made him rise, and ordered him a thousand Livres that Day, and two hundred more yearly for his Life, and made him a Gentleman of his Bed-chamber.

chamber. Then, descending from the Scaffold, he went to his Wife, whom he saluted, and they walk'd together to the Cathedral of *Notre Dame*, to make their Offerings. So the Charge was well prov'd, and the Historian durst make no Reflection; for, in those Days, no Body could question but *James* was guilty, because he was slain.



XLVIII.

A Story of the different Behaviours of the Athenians and Lacedamonians on the same Occasion.

Nothing ought to be held laudible or becoming, but what Nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kind of Superiors is founded, methinks, upon Instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as Age? I make this abrupt Trancision to the Mention of this Vice more than any other, in order to introduce a little Story, which I think a pretty Instance that the most polite Age is in Danger of being most viscious.

It happen'd at *Athens*, during a publick Representation of some Play, exhibited in Honour of the Commonwealth, that an old Gentleman came too late for a Place suitable to his Age and Quality. Many of the young Gentlemen who observ'd the Difficulty and Confusion he was in, made Signs to him, that they would accommodate him, if he came where they sate. The good Man bustled through the Crowd accordingly; but when he came to the Seats to which he was invited, the Jest was to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of Countenance, to the whole Audience. The Frolick went round all the *Athenian* Benches. But on those Occasions there were also particular Places assign'd for Foreigners. When the good Man skulk'd towards the Boxes appointed for the *Lacedamonians*, that honest People, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a Man, and with the greatest Respect receiv'd him among them. The *Athenians* being suddenly touch'd

touch'd with a Sense of the *Spartan* Virtue and their own Degeneracy, gave a Thunder of Applause; and the old Man cried out, *The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedemonians practice it.*



XLIX.

The Story of INKLE and YARICO.

MR. THOMAS INKLE of *London*, aged twenty Years, embark'd in the good Ship the *Achillis*, bound for the *West-Indies*, on the 16th of *June* 1647, in order to improve his Fortune by Trade and Merchandize. Our Adventurer was the third Son of an eminent Citizen, who had taken particular Care to instill into his Mind an early Love of Gain, by making him a perfect Master of Numbers, and consequently giving him a quick View of Loss and Advantage, and preventing the natural Impulses of his Passions; by Prepossession towards his Interests. With a Mind thus turn'd, young *Inkle* had a Person every way agreeable, a ruddy Vigour in his Countenance, Strength in his Limbs, with Ringlets of fair Hair loosely flowing on his Shoulders. It happen'd, in the Course of the Voyage, that the *Achillis*, in some Distress, put into a Creek on the Main of *America*, in Search of Provisions. The Youth, who is the Hero of my Story, among others went ashore on this Occasion. from their first landing they were observed by a Party of *Indians*, who hid themselves in the Woods for that Purpose. The *English* unadvisedly march'd a great Distance from the Shore into the Country, and were intercepted by the Natives, who slew the greatest Number of them. Our Adventurer escap'd among others, by flying into a Forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless Part of the Wood, he threw himself, tir'd and breathless, on a little Hillock, when an *Indian* Maid rush'd from a Thicket behind him : After the first Surprise, they appear'd mutually agreeable to each other. If the *European*

was

was highly charm'd with the Limbs, Features, and wild Graces of the naked *American*, the *American* was no less taken with the Dress, Complexion, and Shape of an *European*, cover'd from Head to Foot. The *Indian* grew immediately enamour'd of him, and consequently solicitous for his Preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a Cave, where she gave him a delicious Repast of Fruits, and led him to a Stream to quench his Thirst. In the midst of these good Offices, she would sometimes play with his Hair, and delight in the Opposition of its Colour to that of her Fingers; then open his Bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was it seems a Person of Distinction, for she every Day came to him in a different Dress, of the most beautiful Shells, Bugles and Bredes. She likewise brought him a great many Spoils, which her other Lovers had presented to her, so that his Cave was richly adorn'd with all the spotted Skins of Beasts, and most party-coloured Feathers of Fowls, which that World afforded. To make his Confinement more tolerable, she would carry him, in the Dusk of the Evening, or by the Favour of Moon-light, to unfrequented Groves and Solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in Safety, and sleep amidst the Falls of Waters, and Melody of Nightingales. Her Part was to watch and hold him awake in her Arms, for fear of her Countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his Safety. In this manner did the Lovers pass away their Time, 'till they had learn'd a Language of their own, in which the Voyager communicated to his Mistress how happy he should be to have her in his Country, where she should be clothed in such Silks as his Waistcoat was made of, and carried in Houses drawn by Horses, without being exposed to Wind or Weather. All this he promised her the Enjoyment of, without such Fears and Alarms as they were tormented with. In this tender Correspondence these Lovers liv'd for several Months, when *Yarico*, instructed by her Lover, discover'd a Vessel on the Coast, to which she made Signals; and in the Night, with the utmost Joy and Satisfaction, accompany'd him to a Ship's Crew of his Countrymen bound for *Babados*. When a
Vessel

Vessel from the Main arrives in that Island, it seems the Planters come down to the Shore, where there is an immediate Market of the *Indians* and other Slaves, as with us of Horses and Oxen.

To be short, Mr. *Thomas Inkle*, now coming into *Engliff* Territories, began seriously to reflect upon his Loss of Time, and to weigh with himself how many Days Interest of his Money he had lost during his Stay with *Yarico*. This Thought made the young Man very pensive, and careful what Account he should be able to give his Friends of his Voyage. Upon which Considerations, the prudent and frugal young Man sold *Yarico* to a *Barbadian* Merchant; notwithstanding that the poor Girl, to incline him to commiserate her Condition, told him that she was with Child by him: But he only made use of that Information, to rise in his Demands upon the Purchaser.



L.

The Visions of MARRATON the American.

THERE is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their Countrymen descended in a Vision to the great Repository of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the other World; and that upon his Return he gave his Friends a distinct Account of every Thing he saw among those Regions of the Dead. The Visionary, whose Name was *Marraton*, after having travelled for a long Space under an hollow Mountain, arriv'd at length on the Confines of this World of Spirits, but could not enter it by Reason of a thick Forest made up of Bushes, Brambles, and pointed Thorns, so perplex'd and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a Passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some Tract or Path-way that might be worn in any Part of it, he saw a huge Lion couch'd under the Side of it, who kept his Eye upon him in the same Posture as when he

he watches for his Prey. The *Indian* immediately started back, whilst the Lion rose with a Spring, and leap'd towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other Weapons, he stoop'd down to take up an huge * Stone in his Hand; but, to his infinite Surprize, grasp'd nothing, and found the supposed Stone to be only the Apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this Side, he was as much pleas'd on the other, when he found the Lion, who had seiz'd on his left Shoulder, had no Power to hurt him, and was only the Ghost of that ravenous Creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent Enemy, but he march'd up to the Wood, and after having survey'd it for some Time, endeavour'd to press into one Part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great Surprize, he found the Bushes made no Resistance, but that he walk'd thro' Briars and Brambles with the same Ease as through the open Air; and, in short, that the whole Wood was nothing else but a Wood of Shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge Thicket of Thorns and Brakes was design'd as a kind of Fence or Quick set Hedge to the Ghosts it inclos'd; and that probably, their soft Substances might be torn by these subtle Points and Prickles, which were too weak to make any Impressions on Flesh and Blood. With this Thought he resolv'd to travel through this intricate Wood; when, by Degrees he felt a Gale of Perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in Proportion as he advanc'd. He had not proceeded much farther, when he observ'd the Thorns and Briers to end, and give Place to a thousand beautiful green Trees, cover'd with Blossoms of the finest Scents and Colours, that form'd a Wilderness of Sweets, and were a kind of Lining to those ragged Scenes which he had before pass'd through. As he was coming

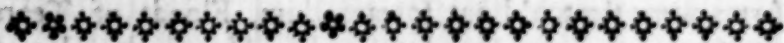
* The *Americans* believe that all Creatures have Souls; not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay even the most inanimate Things. They believe the same of all the Works of Art, as of Knives, Boats, Looking-glasses; And that as any of these things perish, their Souls go into another World, which is inhabited by the Ghosts of Men and Women.

out of this delightful Part of the Wood, and entering upon the Plains it inclosed, he saw several Horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the Cry of a Pack of Dogs. He had not listen'd long before he saw the Apparition of a Milk white Steed, with a young Man on the Back of it, advancing in full Stretch after the Souls of an hundred Beagles that were hunting down the Ghost of an Hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable Swiftnes. As the Man on the Milk white Steed came by him, he look'd upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince *Nicaragua*, who died about half a Year before, and, by reason of his great Virtues, was at that time lamented over all the Western Parts of *America*. He had no sooner got out of the Wood, but he was entertain'd with such a Landskip of flow'ry Plains, green Meadows, running Streams, sunny Hills, and shady Vales, as were not to be represented by his own Expressions, nor, as he said, by the Conceptions of others. This happy Region was peopl'd with innumerable Swarms of Spirits, who applied themselves to Exercises and Diversions according as their Fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the Figure of a Coit; others were pitching the Shadow of a Bar; others were breaking the Apparition of a Horse; and Multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious Handicrafts with the Souls of *departed Utenfils*, for that is the Name which, in the *Indian* Language, they give their Tools, when they are burnt or broken. As he travell'd thorough this delightful Scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the Flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest Variety and Profusion, having never seen several of them in his own Country. But he quickly found, that though they were Objects of his Sight, they were not liable to his Touch. He at length came to the Side of a great River, and, being a good Fisherman himself, stood upon the Banks of it some time, to look upon an Angler that had taken a great many Shapes of Fishes, which lay founcing up and down by him.

I should have told my Reader, that this *Indian* had been formerly married to one of the greatest Beauties of his

his Country, by whom he had several Children. This Couple were so famous for their Love and Constancy to one another, that the *Indians* to this Day, when they give a married Man Joy of his Wife, wish that they may live together like *Marraton* and *Yaratilda*. *Marraton* had not stood long, by the Fisherman, when he saw the Shadow of his beloved *Yaratilda*, who had for some time fix'd her Eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her Arms were stretch'd out towards him, Floods of Tears ran down her Eyes; her Looks, her Hands, her Voice call'd him over to her; and at the same time seem'd to tell him, that the River was unpassable. Who can describe the Passion made up of Joy, Sorrow, Love, Desire and Astonishment, that rose in the *Indian* upon the Sight of his dear *Yaratilda*? He could express it by nothing but his Tears, which ran like a River down his Cheeks as he look'd upon her. He had not stood in this Posture long, before he plung'd into the Stream that lay before him; and finding it to be but the Phantom of a River, walk'd on the Bottom of it till he arose on the other Side. At his Approach *Yaratilda* flew into his Arms, whilst *Marraton* wish'd himself disincumber'd of that Body which kept her from his Embraces. After many Questions and Endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a Bower, which she had dress'd with her own Hands with all the Ornaments that could be met with in those blooming Regions. She had made it gay beyond Imagination, and was every Day adding something new to it. As *Marraton* stood astonished at the Beauty of her Habitation, and ravish'd with the Fragrancy that came from every Part of it; *Yaratilda* told him, that she was preparing this Bower for his Reception, as well knowing that his Piety to his God, and his faithful Dealings towards Men, would certainly bring him to that happy Place, whenever his Life should be at an End. She then brought two of her Children to him, who died some Years before, and resided with her in this most delightful Bower, advising him to breed up those which were still with him, in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy Place.

The Tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a Sight of those dismal Habitations which are the Portion of ill Men after Death; and mentions several molten Seas of Gold, in which were plung'd the Souls of those barbarous *Europeans*, who put to the Sword so many thousands of poor *Indians* for the Sake of that precious Metal.



LI.

The History of BRUNETTA and PHILLIS.

IN the Year 1688, and on the same Day of that Year, were born in *Cheapside, London*, two Females of exquisite Feature and Shape; the one we shall call *Brunetta*, and the other *Phillis*. A close Intimacy between their Parents, made each of them the first Acquaintance the other knew in the World: They play'd, dress'd Babies, acted Visitings, learned to dance, and make Curtesies together. They were inseparable Companions in all the little Entertainments their tender Years were capable of; which innocent Happiness continued till the Beginning of their fifteenth Year, when it happen'd that *Mrs. Phillis* had an Head-dress on, which became her so very well, that, instead of being beheld any more with Pleasure for their Amity to each other, the Eyes of the Neighbourhood were turn'd to remark them with Comparison of their Beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the Care of Mind and pleasing Indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their Words and Actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every Excellence in their Speech and Behaviour was look'd upon as an Act of Emulation to surpass the other. Their Beginnings of Disinclination soon improv'd into a Formality of Behaviour, a general Coldness, and by natural Steps into an irreconcilable Hatred.

These two Rivals for the Reputation of Beauty, were in their Stature, Countenance, and Mein so very much alike,

alike, that if you were speaking of them in their Absence, the Words in which you described the one, must give you an Idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, tho' extremely different when together. What made their Enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their Sex was, that in Detraction from each other, neither could fall upon Terms which did not hit herself as much as her Adversary. Their Nights grew restless with Meditation of new Dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new Devices to recall Admirers, who observed the Charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last Meeting. Their Colours fail'd at each other's Appearance, flush'd with Pleasure at the Report of a Disadvantage, and their Countenances wither'd upon Instances of Applause. The Decencies to which Women are oblig'd, made these Virgins stifle their Resentment so far as not to break into open Violences, while they equally suffered the Torments of a regular Anger. Their Mothers, as is usual, engaged in the Quarrel, and supported the several Pretensions of the Daughters, with all that ill-chosen sort of Expence which is common with People of plentiful Fortunes and mean Taste. The Girls preceeded their Parents, like Queens of *May*, in all the gaudy Colours imaginable on every *Sunday* to Church, and were exposed to the Examination of the Audience for Superiority of Beauty. During this constant Struggle, it happen'd that *Phillis* one Day at publick Prayers smote the Heart of a gay *West-Indian*, who appeared in all the Colours which can effect an Eye that could not distinguish between being fine and taudry. This *American*, in a Summer-Island Suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by *Phillis*, and too intent upon her Charms to be diverted by any of the laboured Attractions of *Brunetta*. Soon after, *Brunetta* had the Mortification to see her Rival disposed of in a wealthy Marriage, while she was only address'd to in a manner that shew'd she was the Admiration of all Men, but the Choice of none. *Phillis* was carried to the Habitation of her Spouse in *Barbadoes*, *Brunetta* had the Ill nature to enquire for her by every Opportunity; and

had the Mortification to hear of her being attended by numerous Slaves, fann'd into Slumbers by successive Bands of them, and carried from Place to Place in all the Pomp of *Barbarous Magnificence*. *Brunetta* could not endure these repeated Advices, but employed all her Arts and Charms in laying Baits for any of Condition of the same Island, out of a mere Ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at length succeeded in her Design, and was taken to Wife by a Gentleman whose Estate was contiguous to that of her Enemy's Husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many Occasions on which these irreconcilable Beauties laboured to excell each other; but, in process of Time, it happen'd that a Ship put into the Island, consign'd to a Friend of *Phillis*, who had Directions to give her the Refusal of all Goods for Apparel, before *Brunetta* could be alarm'd of their Arrival. He did so; and *Phillis* was dress'd in a few Days in a Brocade, more gorgeous and costly than had ever before appear'd in that Latitude. *Brunetta* languish'd at the Sight, and could by no means come up to the Bravery of her Antagonist. She communicated her Anguish of Mind to a faithful Friend, who, by an Interest in the Wife of *Phillis's* Merchant, procur'd a Remnant of the same Silk for *Brunetta*. *Phillis* took Pains to appear in all publick Places where she was sure to meet *Brunetta*; *Brunetta* was prepar'd for the Insult, and came to a publick Ball in a plain black Silk Mantua, attended by a beautiful Negro Girl in a Petticoat of the same Brocade with which *Phillis* was attir'd. This drew the Attention of the whole Company, upon which the unhappy *Phillis* swoon'd away, and was immediately convey'd to her House. As soon as she came to herself she fled from her Husband's House, went on board a Ship in the Road, and landed in inconsolable Despair at *Plsmouth*.

LII.

A diverting Story of a SULTAN of Egypt.

A SULTAN of Egypt, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at that Circumstance in the Life of Mahomet, which says, *That the Angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his Bed one Morning to give him a Sight of all Things in the seven Heavens, in Paradise, and in Hell, which the Prophet took a distinct View of; and after having held ninety thousand Conferences with God, was brought back again to his Bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a Space of Time, that Mahomet, at his Return, found his Bed still warm, and took up an earthen Pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel Gabriel carried him away) before the Water was all spilt.*

This Sultan us'd to look upon it as what was altogether impossible and absurd: But conversing one Day with a great Doctor of the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him, he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage of the History of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was desired to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the Tub amidst a Circle of his great Men, the holy Man bid him plunge his Head into the Water, and draw it up again. The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water, and at the same time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on the Sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself on proper means to think of getting a Livelihood in this strange Country: Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at Work in a neighbouring Wood. These People conducted him to a Town that stood a little Distance from the Wood, where after some Adventures, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He liv'd with this Woman so long, till he had

by her seven Sons and seven Daughters : He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forc'd to ply in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking along by the Sea-side, and seiz'd with many melancholly Reflections upon his former and present State of Life, which had rais'd a Fit of Devotion in him, he threw off his Cloaths with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his Prayers. After his first Plunge into the Sea, he no sooner rais'd his Head above the Water, but he found himself standing by the side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having sent him on such a Course of Adventures, and betray'd him into so long a State of Misery and Servitude ; but was wonderfully surpriz'd, when he heard that the State he talk'd of was only a Dream and Delusion ; that he had not stirr'd from the Place where he then stood ; and that he had only dipp'd his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

LIII.

The Story of EUDOXUS and LEONTINE.

EUDOXUS and *Leontine* began the World with small Estates. They were both of them Men of good Sense and great Virtue. They prosecuted their Studies together in their earlier Years, and enter'd into such a Friendship, as lasted to the End of their Lives. *Eudoxus*, at his first setting out in the World, threw himself into a Court, where, by his natural Endowments, and his acquired Abilities, he made his Way from one Post to another, till at length he had rais'd a very considerable Fortune. *Leontine*, on the contrary, sought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Conversation and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences, but with the most eminent Professors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly the Interests of
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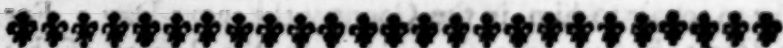
its Princes, with the Customs and Fashions of their Courts, and could scarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Person in the *Gazette*, whom he had not either talk'd to, or seen. In short, he had so well mix'd and digested his Knowledge of Men and Books, that he made one of the most accomplish'd Persons of his Age. During the whole Course of his Studies and Travels, he kept up a punctual Correspondence with *Eudoxus*, who often made himself acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he receiv'd from *Leontine*. When they were both turn'd of forty (an Age in which, according to Mr. *Coruley*, *there is no dallying with Life*) they determin'd, pursuant to the Resolution they had taken in the Beginning of their Lives, to retire, and pass the Remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same Time. *Leontine*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of 300 *l.* a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *Eudoxus*, who had purchased an Estate of as many thousands. They were both of them Fathers about the same time, *Eudoxus* having a Son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unspeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happiness was wrapt up) died in a few Days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily Visits and Conversations of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *Leontine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper Education in his own House, and *Eudoxus*, reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely, that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his Daughter, till they were each of them arriv'd at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *Eudoxus*, knowing that her Son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the Care of *Leontine*, and considering, at the same time, that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was by de-

gress prevail'd upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each Side had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the Name of the young Heir that liv'd with *Leontine*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his suppos'd Parent, was taught to rejoice at the Sight of *Eudoxus*, who visited his Friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural Affection, as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteem'd and belov'd by *Florio*. The Boy was old enough to know his suppos'd Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his Way in the World by his own Industry. This Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produc'd so good an Effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary Attention to the Pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Direction of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary thro' all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finish'd his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was remov'd from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great Estates without them. This was not *Florio's* Case, he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Estate for *Leontine* and himself to live upon; so that he study'd without Intermission, till he gain'd a very good Insight into the Constitution and Laws of his Country.

I should have told my Reader, that whilst *Florio* liv'd at the House of his Foster-Father, he was always an acceptable Guest in the Family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by Degrees grew into Love, which in a Mind train'd up to all the Sentiments of Honour and
 Virtue,

Virtue; became a very uneasy Passion. He despaired of gaining an Heiress of so great a Fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *Leonilla*, who was a Woman of the greatest Beauty, join'd with the greatest Modesty, entertain'd at the same time a secret Passion for *Florio*, but conducted herself with so much Prudence, that she never gave him the least Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engag'd in all those Arts and Improvements that are proper to raise a Man's private Fortune, and give him a fine Figure in his Country, but secretly tormented with that Passion which burns with the greatest Fury in virtuous and noble Hearts, when he receiv'd a sudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him in the Country the next Day. For it seems *Eudoxus* was so fill'd with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the House of his suppos'd Father, *Leontine* told him, that *Eudoxus* had something of great Importance to communicate to him; upon which the good Man embrac'd him, and wept. *Florio* was no sooner arrived at the great House that stood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the Hand, after the first Salutes were over, and conducted him to his Closet. He there open'd to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education, concluding after this Manner; I have no other Way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to *Leontine*, than by marrying you to his Daughter. He shall not loose the Pleasure of being your Father by the Discovery I have made to you. *Leonilla* too shall still be my Daughter; her filial Piety, though misplac'd has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest Reward I can confer upon it: You shall have the Pleasure of seeing a great Estate fall to you, which you would have lost the Relish of, had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same Manner you did before you were possess'd of it. I have left your Mother in the next Room. Her Heart yearns towards you. She is making the same Discoveries to *Leonilla*, which I have made to you. *Florio* was so overwhelmed with this Profusion of

Happiness, that he was not able to make a Reply, but threw himself down at his Father's Feet, and amidst a Flood of Tears, kiss'd and embrac'd his Knees, asking his Blessing; and expressing, in dumb Shew those Sentiments of Love, Duty and Gratitude, that were too big for Utterance. To conclude, the happy Pair were married, and half *Eudoxus's* Estate settled upon them. *Leontine* and *Eudoxus* pass'd the Remainder of their Lives together; and receiv'd in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour of *Florio* and *Leonilla* the just Recompence, as well as the natural Effects of that Care which they had bestowed upon them in their Education.



LIV.

The Prevalence of Blood; a Story.

AS the *Trekschuyt*, or Hackney Boat, which carries Passengers from *Leyden* to *Amsterdam* was putting off, a Boy running along the Side of the Canal desired to be taken in; which the Master of the Boat refus'd, because the Lad had not quite Money enough to pay the usual Fare. An eminent Merchant being pleased with the Looks of the Boy, and secretly touch'd with Compassion towards him, paid the Money for him, and order'd him to be taken on Board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four Languages, and learn'd, upon further Examination, that he had been stolen away when a Child by a Gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a Gang of those Strollers up and down several Parts of *Europe*. It happen'd that the Merchant, whose Heart seem'd to have inclin'd towards the Boy by a secret kind of Instinct, had himself lost a Child some Years before. The Parents, after a long Search for him, gave him over for drowned in one of the Canals with which that Country abounds; and the Mother was so afflicted at the Loss of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that she died for Grief of it.

Upon

Upon laying together all Particulars, and examining the several Moles and Marks by which the Mother us'd to describe the Child when he was first missing, the Boy prov'd to be the Son of the Merchant whose Heart had so unaccountably melted at the Sight of him. The Lad was very well pleased to find a Father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good Estate; the Father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to see a Son return to him, whom he had given over for lost, with such a Strength of Constitution, Sharpness of Understanding, and Skill in Languages. Here the printed Story leaves off; but, if I may give Credit to Reports, our Linguist having received such extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards train'd up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Practices that he had been us'd to in the Course of his Peregrinations. Nay, it is said, that he has since been employed in foreign Courts upon National Business, with great Reputation to himself, and Honour to those who sent him, and that he has visited several Countries as a publick Minister, in which he formerly wander'd as a Gypsy.

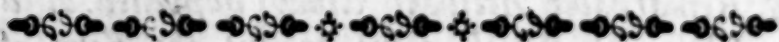


LV.

A Remarkable Accident which happened at a Play, at which were present the King of France, and the whole Court.

ON the 19th of January 1662, the King of France and the whole Court were present at a Ballet representing the Grandeur of the French Monarchy. About the Middle of the Entertainment there was an antique Dance perform'd by twelve Masqueradors, in the supposed Form of *Demons*. But before they had advanc'd far in their Dance, they found an Interloper amongst them, who by increasing the Number to thirteen, put them

them quite out of their Measures: For they practice every Step and Motion before-hand, 'till they are perfect. Being abash'd therefore at the unavoidable Blunders the thirteenth Antique made them commit, they stood still like Fools, gazing at one another, none daring to unmask, or speak a Word; ~~for~~ that would have put all the Spectators into a Disorder and Confusion. Cardinal *Mazirini* (who was the chief Contriver of these Entertainments, to divert the King from more serious Thoughts) stood close by the young Monarch, with the Scheme of the Ballet in his Hand. Knowing therefore that this Dance was to consist but of twelve Antiques, and taking Notice that there were actually thirteen, at first imputed it to some Mistake. But, afterwards, when he perceiv'd the Confusion of the Dancers, and that they could not proceed, he made a more narrow Enquiry into the Cause of this Disorder. To be brief, the Cardinal was convinc'd that it could be no Error of theirs, by a kind of Demonstration, in that they had but twelve antique Dresses of that Sort, which were made on purpose for this particular Ballet; whereas, the thirteenth Dancer was disguised after the same Manner. Therefore they concluded, that either the Devil, or somebody else had put a Trick on them. That which made it seem the greater Mystery was, that when they came behind the Scenes to uncase, and examine the Matter, they found but twelve Antiques, whereas on the Stage there were thirteen.



LVI.

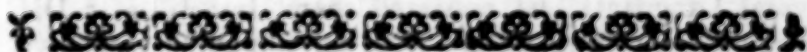
An odd Accident which happen'd at a Play in France.

IN the Year 1644, toward the latter End, a Company of Stage Players were at a Place call'd *Vitry* in *France*, entertaining the People with *Comedies*; but there happened something really tragical to one of the *Actors*. This Man was to perform the Part of one dead, and then he

was

was to revive again by *Magick*. He acted his Part too truly, and baffled the *Necromancer's* Art: For when he touch'd him with his *Talisman*, as the Rules of the Play required, in order to his Resurrection, the *inanimate Trunk* could not obey. The Man was *dead* indeed.

Whether he overstrain'd himself in imitating the silent, still, and irrecoverable Privations of that passive State, and gave his slippery Soul a strong Temptation, with a fair Opportunity to escape its Bonds; or whether Heaven had a particular Hand in so remarkable a *Catastrophe*, I will not presume to divine. *'Tis not good to jest with God, Death, nor the Devil: For the first neither can, nor will be mock'd; the second mocks all Men, one Time or other; and the third puts an eternal Sarcastism on those that are too familiar with him.*



LVII.

A true History of a wonderful Man, taken up on the Shore of North Holland.

ON the 9th of November 1663, a strange Man was seen to float on the Sea near the Shore, being supported by a Piece of Timber on which he sat, with a Bottle of strong Waters in his Hand. Those who first beheld this Spectacle, were fishing in a small Boat; and judging him to be the Relict of some Shipwreck (for there had been violent Tempests in those Seas about that Time) made up to him, and took him into their Skiff. He expressed his Gratitude for this Kindness in the best Manner he could, (for nobody understood his Language.) And when he was come ashore, he fell on his Knees; and having lifted up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, he prostrated himself, and kiss'd the Earth. His Garments were made of the Skins of Fishes, and the Hair of his Head of a Flaxen Colour, and he seem'd not to be faint for want of Sustenance; which made every one conclude, that

that he had kept up his Spirits with that chymical Liquor in the Bottle, which was near half emptied.

As soon as he saw the rising Moon, he fell on his Face, and mutter'd certain barbarous Words, knocking his Forehead against the Ground: Then he rose and danc'd after a wild Manner, singing pretty natural Airs; and at every Step, with his Right-hand extended, pointed to that Planet, expressing both in Tone and Action much Devotion and Love.

Many learned Men were sent for to consider of this Stranger, and if possible, by Signs or other Means, to discover from whence he came, and what Fate or Accident had thus abandon'd him to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, to Extremity of Hunger, Cold, and Watching, and to the devouring Jaws of Sea Monsters. But all their Efforts were unsuccessful; they spoke to him in several Languages, he answered them, but still in a Dialect different from any of theirs, and altogether unknown. He seem'd to utter his Words in a Tone between whistling and singing; which made some conclude he was a *Chine'e*, because that People pronounce many of their Letters after the same manner. So do the Inhabitants of *Tunquin* and *Malaban*, with other Kingdoms in the East of *Asia*; and Letters with them are as significant as Words with the *Europeans*. They shewed him Globes and Maps of the World done by several Hands, and in various Languages, with particular Charts of all the Maritime Regions on Earth. But to no other purpose, than to excite his Devotion afresh to the Moon, whose Resemblance he saw on some of those Papers. He would smile at that Sight, kiss his Fore-finger, and with a religious Complaisance touch the Figure of that Planet: Then seeming to be in a wonderful good Humour, he would turn round and fall a dancing, with his Arms stretch'd and turn'd in the same Posture as those who use Castagnets or Cymbals. Singing all the while a Sort of inarticulate Sounds, but surprizingly musical and sweet, so that nobody knew what to make of him.

He appear'd very temperate, modest and resign'd, refusing no Meats or Drinks that were offered him, yet neither

ther eat or drank to Excess : Neither was he discontented at his Lodging, or any other Usage, tho' they tried to vex him several Ways, that they might see how he would vent his Passion. But he smil'd at all, and submitted patiently to every thing they impos'd on him.

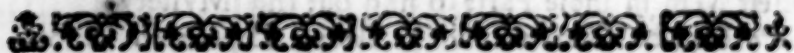
One thing was observable, that wherever he saw any Water, he would run to it immediately, and wash himself as well as he could in those Circumstances, never forgetting to sprinkle some towards that Part of the Heaven where the Moon was visible. And when they led him to the Fields or Gardens, he would crop the Grass and Flowers, and with a compos'd Look would throw them up into the Air, adding such religious Gestures, as convinc'd every one, that he did it in Honour of some Power above. Various were the Conjectures of Men about him ; some were of one Opinion, and others of a quite different. Nobody could positively conclude any thing : Neither is it possible, as I'm inform'd, for the wisest Man in those Parts to find out this Mystery.

Perhaps he's such another as *Imaum Rabbibabit*, a *Perfian* Writer, mentions, who in the Year of the *Heira* 502, was taken up by a Merchant Ship of *India* in the Streights of *Babal Mandel*, pretending to be dumb, but capable of hearing, writing, and expressing himself several other Ways, if any Body could have understood his Language. At last he was found to be an *Ethiopian* Slave run away from his Master ; an ingenious Fellow, and one that spoke all the Languages of those Parts : And therefore, that he might be admired, would be sure to write in a Character of his own Invention, which the greatest Sages could not read.

LVIII.

The smart Reply of a German Ambassador at the Court of France.

A German Ambassador at the French Court, deliver'd his Message in *Teutonic*; which when a certain Grandee heard, and took Notice of its harsh and strong Emphasis, he swore 'twas his Opinion, that this was the Language in which God curs'd *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The German turning to him, answer'd briskly, 'Tis possible, Monsieur, it may be so; but then, I hope, you'll grant, that French was the Occasion of this Curse, when the Devil chose to tempt *Eve* in that Language for its Effminacy, wheedling her, à la mode de Paris, to eat the forbidden Fruit.



LIX.

The History of the WHELPS, or GUELPH, a renowned Family in Germany.

IRMITRUDE, the Countess of *Altorse*, accus'd one of her Neighbours of Adultery, because she had three Children at a Birth, saying, *She deserved to be tied up in a Sack, and thrown into the Sea*. Next Year the Countess herself was deliver'd of twelve Sons all at a Birth. And touch'd with Remorse for the Sentence which she had pronounc'd against the other Woman, and concluding this was a just Punishment on herself, sent a Maid with eleven of these new born Infants, commanding her to drown them in the next River, and reserving only one to be the Heir of his Father's Estate.

Fate had so determin'd it, that her Husband, the Earl, met the Maid as she was going to commit this execrable Villany; and asking her what she had got in her Lap, she

she answer'd, *I am going to drown a few young Whelps.* The Earl being a great Hunter, and consequently a Lover of Dogs, had amind to see whether any of these *Whelps* were of a promising Aspect; when, to his Astonishment, he found eleven of human Shapes, all living and perfect, but very small. He press'd the Maid, so far, that she confess'd the whole Truth. Whereupon enjoining Silence, and Assurance of a good Reward, he caus'd her to carry them to one of his Tenants; where being all cherish'd and laid warm, he dispos'd of them afterwards in convenient Places, to be nursed and brought up till they came of Age. Then he sent for them privately to his House, having first apparel'd them in the same Fashion as their Brother was in who dwelt at home.

As soon as the Countess cast her Eye on them, and observ'd their Number and Faces, so exactly resembling him who had been always with her, she wept in a Passion between Shame and Joy, confessing her former cruel Intention; and falling at the Feet of her Lord, he pardon'd her. From these Eleven descended the Family of the *Whelps* or *Guelphs*, so renowned in *Germany*, and bearing this Name from the Maid's Answer to the Earl, when she had them in her Lap.



LX.

The Strange Epitaph of FREDERICK, Brother-in-law to the Emperor SIGISMUND, written with his own Hand on his Death-Bed; with Characters of the Germans in general, and several other diverting Particulars.

THE *Germans* in general are a rude, unpolish'd People, greedy of Novelties, inconstant, rash, perfidious, and very flegmatick, much addicted to unnatural Lusts, and incestuous Copulations. It is recorded of *Barbara* the

the Empress, Wife to *Sigismund*, another *Massalina*, that after her Husband's Death, her Confessor advising her to reform her Manners, and live more chastly, like the *Turtle*, she answered, *If I must imitate the Life of Birds, why not of a Sparrow as well as a Turtle?* Her Brother *Frederick* was much such another; for at ninety Years of Age he murder'd his Wife for the Sake of a Strumpet: And being advised to repent, and think of his Grave, he said, *I am now studying my Epitaph, which I design shall be compriz'd in these Words:*

"This is my Way to Hell; I know not what I shall
"find there:

"What I have left behind me, I know. I abounded
"in all Delights,

"Whereof I carry none with me: Neither my dainty
"Meats, or

"Pleasant Wines, or whatsoever my insatiable Luxury
"exhausted."

Drunkenness is said to be the original Sin of *Germany*, from whence it spread itself into other Countries. They give this Character of a *German*, *That he is an Animal which drinks more than he can carry; a Tun that contains more than he can express.* They tell a Story of four old Saxons, who at one Sitting drank as many Healths as they could make up Years amongst them, which amounted to three hundred. And 'tis recorded of a certain *German* Count, that he us'd to make his Children, while yet Infants, drink lustily, to prove whether they were of his own begetting or no; for if they grew sick after it, he presently concluded them to be Bastards; but if they could bear the Debauch well, he cherish'd them as his own true Offspring. In a Word, the *German* is so overcome with all kinds of Vice, that he wants nothing to make him a compleat Devil, but only a little Tincture of the *Italian* Qualities: According to the Proverb, *A German Italianiz'd, is a Devil incarnate.*

LXI.

The inhuman Cruelty of a Spaniard to his own Daughter and her Husband.

THE chief Magistrate, or Consul of the City of *Litmericia*, a cruel and deceitful Man, to convince the Pope of his extraordinary Zeal, caused twenty four of the chief Citizens (among whom was the Husband of his only Daughter) to be seized and imprisoned in the highest Tower of *St. Michael's Gate*, where they were kept till they were almost perish'd with Hunger and Cold. At length, after having consulted with some Captains of *Sigismund's* Army, he caus'd them to be brought out to receive Sentence of Death, which he pronounced on them himself, and was to be executed on them immediately, by being drowned in the River *Albis*. In vain did their Relations petition for Mercy; in vain did his only Child kneel at his Feet! In an Agony of Grief, cover'd with Tears, she held his Robe, and in the most moving Terms begg'd the Life of her Husband. The *Barbarian*, or (to sum up all Iniquity in one Word) the bigotted Papist, commanded her to leave off weeping; telling her, she knew not what she ask'd: *What*, said he, *cannot I provide a more worthy Husband than this Heretick?* The poor Lady, finding all her Endeavours could not move him, rose up, and only said, *Oh, Father, you shall never espouse me more to any!* By this time the Carts were come in which they were to be carried to the River, and a great Concourse of People, with the Wives, Children and Friends of the innocent Victims, were assembled to attend them to the dreadful Scene of Horror. The Consul's Daughter kept close by her Husband all the Way, beating her Breasts, and tearing the Hair from off her Head. When the Martyrs were brought to the Banks of *Albis*, they were taken down from the Carts; and when the Ferriers were preparing, they took their last Farewel of their Wives and Friends, with loud Voices protesting their Innocency, earnestly exhorting

exhorting them to Zeal and Constancy, to cleave to the Word of God, without any Regard to Man's Inventions. With Christian Charity they forgave and prayed for their Enemies. Thus recommending their Souls to God, they were put into the Boats, and carried into the Middle of the River; from whence they were thrown in, bound Hands and Feet, that they might have no Opportunity to escape drowning. Several Officers stood on the Shore with Iron Forks and Poles, watching that none of them should be cast on the Banks, stabbing those who happen'd to rowl towards them, tho' the poor Wretches were half dead before. The Consul's Daughter seeing her Husband, leap'd into the River, and clasping him about the Middle, endeavour'd to save him from drowning; but she not being able to wade by reason of the Depth, nor he to unloose himself, they sunk to the Bottom together. The next Day they were taken up, and bury'd both in one Grave. The Pangs of Death had not been able to make her let go her Hold; for they were found with her Arms closely embracing the Body of her belov'd Husband. This was done on the 30th of May, 1421.



LXII.

A diverting Story of a Nobleman of a good Relish.

A Nobleman of an ancient Family in a flourishing Kingdom, was left Heir to an immense Estate both in Land and Money. His natural Parts, and the Improvements of Education, had rendered him, before he was come of Age, a Man of polite Learning and admirable Sense: As soon as he was 21, he was resolv'd to shew the World, by living up to the Grandeur of his Wealth, that he was worthy of such princely Revenues. Upon the Top of a small Hill, in a Gravel Ground, within two Miles of a fine River, on the North Side of it, he built a
magnificent

magnificent Palace about fifteen Miles from a populous City. The main Building was Stone, with a noble Frontispiece, and two Wings of Brick. An exact Regularity was observed without, and nothing but Conveniency within. In the great Hall, two large Chimnies and a Stair-case were of Marble, and the Pavement of the same. The Wainscot was plain and strong, with sturdy broad Benches round it, and the huge Grates, as well as the Backs of the Chimnies, were only painted black. It would take up a Twelvemonth to describe every Room in the House; I shall only tell you, that the chief Ornament of the lower Rooms, was History-Painting in vast Pannels, fix'd to the Walls, and some extraordinary Pieces of Tapisstry. The Bed-chambers were richly hung, and some of them had Silver Hearths, Sconces and Tables. As he was a great Lover of Painting, he had a fine Collection of *Italians*, and other Originals; the smallest were distributed in several Closets, and the largest made a glorious Shew upon the Stair-Cases. Of Looking-Glasses, Cabinet-work, Carving and Gilding, there was a prodigious Quantity. But tho' the Furniture was of an inestimable Value, yet the judicious Fancy of the Master, so conspicuous through the whole, was more surprizing than all the rest. In the Dressing-room of his own Apartment, was a Door that open'd into a Gallery, at the End of which was his Library: It was a large, square, lofty Room; round it, touching the Cieling, were fifty fine Pieces of Limning in black Frames; they were so many Heads of Men, that had been famous for Learning; where they ended the Books began, and reach'd to the Bottom; he had none but what were valuable, the best Editions of every Thing, and no Work uncompleat. His Library-Keeper was a well-bred Man, of indifferent Learning, that understood the Price and Title Pages of Books, better than their Insides, and look'd more like a brisk Bookseller than a Pedant: He had a great many Gentlemen that waited on him, and from the highest to the lowest all his Servants were so well chosen, that you might almost seen in their Faces what Place they belong'd to. His Steward was a grave
and

and affable Man, that without hurrying himself or others, had been us'd to a Multiplicity of Business. His Secretary was in Reality a Man of Sense and Solidity, and in Appearance a Rattle. His Gentleman of the Horse was slender and well shap'd, airy in his Mein, and proud in his Dress. As to his meaner Servants, his Footmen were neat, brisk and clever. His Coachmen were always jolly look'd Fellows, that fill'd the Box, and hated drinking. His Grooms were all Farriers, and understood Horses better than Men. His Park-keepers were sturdy and ill-natur'd; but his Cooks were cleanly and tractable; and so on with the rest. The Wages he gave them were extraordinary, but the least Fault, twice committed turn'd them off. But of all that he had about him, nothing was so remarkable, as his keeping a Dozen Gentlemen, all learned, witty and facetious Men, that excell'd every one in something or other. Amongst them he had Lawyers, Physicians, Poets, Historians, Naturalists, Mathematicians, great Travellers, and the whole made a compleat Body of Learning. They might do what they pleased, but always fix or more to be within Call. All the rest of his Domesticks stood at a great Distance from him, only these he treated as his Companions; they were all single Men, had every one a Footman, and a Couple of Horses kept them, with a Salary of 300*l.* a Year, besides a fine Appartment, and a splendid Provision for all the Necessaries of Life. They that were not in waiting, had always two Coaches to attend them, and made a Journey at least once a Week to the great City; when they came there, they dispersed themselves, and every one went about what Business he fancy'd most; not forgetting the Bookseller's Shops, Coffee-houses, and other publick Places of Resort, where Gentlemen might be inform'd of what was worth knowing. One, perhaps, taking Delight in downright Learning, minded nothing but History and Antiquity. A second being more gay, enquired after Plays and Opera's, and only regarded Music or Poetry. A third was always employed in Chymistry or Botany. Some studying Nature itself, were for Experimental Philosophy: Whilst others had no mind

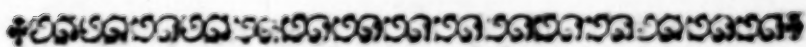
to try any thing but Pleasure, and belong'd to several Clubs of jovial Gentlemen, who made Mirth their only Business. In those they chiefly discoursed of delightful Novels, merry Stories, and well-invented Tales. Some excelled in Repartee and witty Sayings, others were eminent for Epigrams and odd Inscriptions. And several of them were not only famous for pleasant Remarks upon the Accidents of human Life, but likewise facetiously good humour'd in entertaining their Friends with the diverting Passages they remember'd. The Gentlemen that were of the Lord's Retinue, commonly set out in the Morning, and came back towards the Evening of the next Day. When they were at home, they spent their Time all the Forenoon in the several Studies to which their Inclinations led them, and the rest of the Day, partly in profitable Confabulations among one another, partly in receiving and discoursing with Strangers, and those that came to see them; every one, the merry as well as the more serious, setting constantly down whatever they met with in their Way worth Observation; and the witty Answer of a Child, or the innocent Saying of a Plowman, if there was but something extraordinary in them, were writ down as eagerly by some, as by others the principal State Maxims of any Emperor's Reign. They had what Wines they pleased, and two Tables allowed them with great Varieties, and several Officers to serve them, to which, as well as the great Library, all Gentlemen had Access. Nothing was made more of than Strangers of Parts: As soon as they were found to be such, they were desired to stay, and treated most deliciously. If any that excelled in something happen'd (besides their other Endowments) to be of an agreeable Temper, and refin'd Education, his Lordship was acquainted with it presently. Nobody, whose Mind was well dress'd, was less welcome for the Meanness of his Habit; and a new Suit of Clothes, with half a Score Guineas, was the least Present, that in a free and obliging manner was offered to those who stood in need of it. This was only done to deserving People; as for those that because they wore a black Gown, and

understood a little ordinary *Latin*, call'd themselves Scholars, and were poor both Ways, they were very little regarded, made seldom more than two Meals there, and, if they begg'd it, had half a Crown given them at their Departure. About six at Night, their *Mæcenæ*s was used to send for three or four of his Gentlemen, whom he chose according to the Humour he was in, and so for four or five Hours was diverted with nothing but the Flower and Quintessence of Learning and Conversation. By his Evening Recreation, judge of the rest, for all his Diversions were answerable one to the other. And don't you think now that this Nobleman had a tolerable good Relish? Thus he liv'd for twenty Years, courteous and good humour'd, charitable to the Poor, generous to Merit, and a very good Pay-master to all he employ'd. Plenty reign'd in his Family, yet none, though much less, was better ordered; and every Servant growing rich in his Station, by his Purse could shew the Munificence of his Master. You'll wonder, perhaps, when I tell you, that the Bottom of this was Pride! When he thought he had sufficiently convinc'd the World of the Excellency of his Taste, he grew weary of all his Regularity, and suddenly bending his Pleasures another Way, and giving himself over to Women and Gaming, became vicious with the same Application he had always shewn in whatever he took in hand. In five Years time all his Estate was mortgaged, his Palace out of Repair; and when he began to want Money, first he employed one of his Retinue, of whom he had already borrow'd what he had, upon a Promise of a very high Interest, to wheedle all the rest out of the Money they had laid up in his Service; then went his Plate, and the fine Collection of Books and Pictures were parted with, without any Regret, till nothing being able to maintain his Course of Life, himself was deeply in Debt, his Kitchen without Fire, and his trusty Servants ready to starve. By what I have said, it is manifest, that the Reason this great Man had for the best of his Actions, was not because they were good, but because they contributed to his Pleasure; he made his Servants rich, because it con-

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sisted with his Greatness, and had never thought of their Happiness, but as it was serviceable to his Pride.



LXIII.

HERO'S Lamp.

EVERY Body has heard of *Hero* and *Leander*, and of that *unfortunate Amour*. The *Woman* liv'd at *Sestos*, and the *Man* at *Abydos*, with *Hellaspont* (a small Arm of the Sea) betwixt them. The History says, that they were passionately in Love, and no coming together, but by *Leander's* swimming over to her in the Night, by the Benefit of a Lamp which his Mistress set up for his Guide. This way of Intercourse serv'd them well enough for a While ; but, in the Conclusion, the Wind blew out the Lamp, and the poor Youth was drown'd in the Storm. When *Hero* came next Morning to see the Body hulling over to the Shore, she was too generous to outlive her Gallant, and so cast herself down from the Turret into the Sea to bear him Company. The Lamp, upon this Misfortune, was dedicated to *Anteros*, the Patron of perjur'd Lovers, and recommended to Posterity, with this Inscription upon it: *Let that happy Couple, which upon seven Years Trial of a married State, shall declare upon their Consciences, that they never repented their Bargain, light up this Lamp again.* This is a Declaration now of two thousand Years standing, and yet from that Time to this, no Mortal ever so much as offer'd the rekindling of this Lamp.

LXIV.

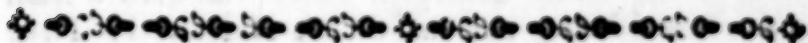
DIOGENES's Reply to a Courtier; as also
PLATO's Reply to DIOGENES.

A Courtier passing by *Diogenes*, as he sat in a Tub eating of Turnips, put this Scoff upon him: *Diogenes*, said he, *If thou would'st but learn the Art of Flattery, thou need'st not sit here in a Tub scratching of Roots.* To whom the Philosopher replied: *And thou vain glorious Man, if thou would'st but learn to live contented with my homely Fare, thou need'st not condescend to the Fawning of a Spaniel.* But let not this Passage cause you to emulate the Philosopher's Manner of Life, for he had his Vices as well as other Men. If he was no Flatterer, yet he was Opinionative; he laid Trains for the Applause of Men in all his Actions, and so taught others to become Flatters, tho' he was not himself. All his pretended Humility, Mortification and Rigour, were but so many Decoys for Fame. Of this *Plato* was sensible, who was a far more excellent Philosopher than he. As this Sage was one Day walking with some of his Friends in the Fields, they saw *Diogenes* standing up to the Chin in Water, whose Superficies was frozen over, saving one Hole that *Diogenes* had made for himself: *Pob*, says *Plato*, *don't regard him, and he will soon be out: For had he not seen us coming this Way, he would not have put himself to this Pain.* Another time this Philosopher came to *Plato's* House, and as he was walking on the rich Carpets with which the Floor of the Hall was cover'd: *See*, said *Diogenes*, *how I trample on Plato's Pride.* Yes, said *Plato*, *but with greater Pride.*

LXV.

The Story of a Black Image in Spain.

WHO will not laugh at the foolish Spite of the Spaniards? who, in a certain Town, had a Custom, as often as they enter'd into the Church, or came out, to spit on a Black Image of a Man sitting on an Ass near the Gate. But a Mussulman Ambassador coming there from the Emperor of Morocco, and observing this vain Ceremony of the People, ask'd the King, *What Person that Statue represented?* he made Answer, *That it was the Image of Mahomet the Arabian Prophet.* *That cannot be,* replied the Ambassador, *since our Prophet never rode but upon Camels: It is rather the Figure of the Messiah; who is recorded to have rode on an Ass.* The King, troubl'd at this Answer, consulted the Priests and learned Men, who all concluded, that the Ambassador had spoke the Truth. And therefore instead of offering any more Indignities to this Image, they fell into another Extrem, and built a Chapel for it, burning Incense to the senseless Stock, and paying it divine Honours. Thus they pray'd to that, which but a little before they had cursed; and turned into a God, that which before they esteemed almost as bad as the Devil.



LXVI.

A pleasant History of the Birth, Life, and Miracles of MAHOMET, according to the Mahometans Belief of it.

LEST the unbelieving World should doubt the Truth of his Mission, from his very Birth his Life was grac'd with many supernatural Favours. His Mother bore him without the least Pain of Body or Mind:

And as soon as he breath'd the Vital Air, he spoke with an audible Voice, saluting his Mother, and adding, *I profess, that there is only one GOD, and that I am his Apostle.* He was also circumcised by Nature, coming into the World without his Prepuce. At the same time the Devils were forbid to ascend above the Orb of the Moon, and four Voices were heard from the four Corners of the Square Temple; the first saying, *Proclaim, the Truth is risen, and all Lies shall turn into Hell.* The second uttering, *Now is born an Apostle of your own Nation, and the Omnipotent is with him.* The Words of the third were, *a Book full of illustrious Light is sent you from God;* and the fourth Voice was heard to say, *O Mahomet, we have sent thee to be a Prophet, Apostle, and Guide to the World.*

When he was about four Years old, accompanying the Sons of his Nurse into the Field, the blessed Child retir'd into a Cave at the Foot of the Mountain Uriel, to pray; when the Arch-angel Gabriel appeared to him, and said, *Bismillai Rrahmani Rrahimi, &c. In the Name of God compassionate and merciful: O Child, greatly beloved, I am sent to displant from thy Heart the Root of Evil; for thy Ejaculations made the Gates of Paradise to fly open.* The young resign'd one said, *The Will of thy Lord and mine be done.* Then the Angel open'd his Breast with a Razor of Adamant, and taking out his Heart, squeez'd from it the black Contagion which was deriv'd from Adam; and having put the Child's Heart in his Place again, he blessed him, and retired to the *Invisibles.*

From that time the young Favourite grew up and prosper'd in all things, having the Smiles of God and Man. He was under the Tuition of his Uncle, *Abu Talib*, who discerning the Marks of an immense Soul in his young Nephew, was more solicitous for his Welfare, than if he had been his Son. His Fortune being low in the World, he had no other Way to provide for his *Illustrious Charge*, than by placing him as a Factor to *Cadijah*, a Widow of the same Tribe with *Mahomet*, which was the noblest among the *Arabians*. Besides, she was very beautiful and rich,

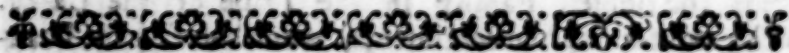
rich, and there wanted not Hopes, that in Time she might become *Mahomet's* Wife.

That which chiefly encouraged him to this, was a Vision of *Cadijab*, every where talk'd of in those Parts. For she had divulg'd it herself long before *Mahomet* became her Servant, or his Uncle had any Thoughts of thus disposing of him. She said, "The Sun seem'd to leave
" his Heaven and came down to her House, from whence
" he dispersed his Beams through *Arabia*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and in fine through the whole Earth." This Vision had made a deep Impression on the Mind of *Cadijab*, and she could not rest till she had told it to a certain famous Sage in those Parts, who had great Skill in Astrology, and other mysterious Sciences, and was celebrated for the Integrity of his Manners. As soon as he heard the Contents of her Vision, he said, "In the Name of
" God, O Widow, enter into thy Bath, and prepare
" thyself with the necessary Purifications; for thou shalt
" shortly be married to the greatest Prophet in the
" World." And when she ask'd the Astrologer, *What was the Country, Name, and Tribe of her next Husband?* He told her, *He was an Arabian of Mecca, of the Tribe of the Coreis, and that his Name was Mahomet.*

As yet the Prophetick Widow knew nothing of the Nephew of *Abu Taleb*. But you may imagine she felt strange Passions, when his Uncle afterwards recommended him to her Service; and she knew that he was a Man in whom the Astrologer's Character was verified, as to his Country, Tribe, and Name. For *Mahomet* was the Son of *Abdallab*, who descended from the *Bani Asjhim*, who were the noblest Family in the Tribe of the *Coreis*. Who can express her Sentiments, when she saw the beautiful Youth making his first Addresses to her as an humble Slave, whom she believed Heaven had ordained for the Partner of her Bed! With what a Grace and becoming Modesty did he receive the last Instructions and Farewel of his parting Uncle! However, she conceal'd her Transports, and sent her beloved Slave with a Caravan into *Syria*, allowing him a handsome Pension.

In that Journey there happened something very remarkable in Honour of the admirable young Man. For at a certain Place on the Road, as he waited on the Captain of the Caravan to a Synagogue of the *Jews*, no sooner had *Mahomet* set his Foot over the Threshold of the Synagogue, but all the Lamps therein were loosened from their Chains, and fell down on the Floor. All the *Jews* that were present, being astonished at the portentous Accident, fell at the Feet of the *Rabbies*, desiring their Advice in this amazing Circumstance. They having perform'd the accustomed *Ceremonies* and *Expiations*, answered, "It is revealed in the Traditions of the Seniors, that at what Time soever an *Arabian* called *Mahomet* shall be present at our Solemnities, God shall remove the Candlesticks out of their Place. It is therefore most certain, that such a one is now among us; let him not escape our Hands, lest Reproach and Contempt come upon *Israel*." But behold, whilst they were busy in searching for the Cause of this Prodigy, two *Angels* conveyed *Mahomet* to *Mecca*, where he soon after married *Cadijab*.

It were easy to recount many more Miracles in the Life of the Prophet; such as that of the Cloud overshadowing him, the Eagle perching on his Head when he was asleep, the Trees and Stones proclaiming him the Apostle of God. And if we were to make Parallels, I think the stupendous Descent which the Moon made at the Prayer of the Divine Messenger, came not far short of that celebrated Disorder on *Mount Sinai*, when the *Jewish* Law was delivered by *Moses*.

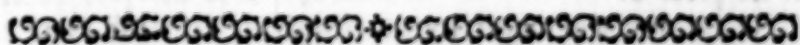


LXVII.

The odd Whim of MARTIN HEEMSKIRK.

IT was an odd Whim of *Martin Heemskirk*, a famous Painter, that was born at a Village of the same Name, and died in the Year 1574. This Man had amassed together

gether in his Life-time a vast Quantity of Money; and having no Wife or Children, nor other Relations of his own to leave it to, he was resolv'd to do something for which he might be talk'd of after his Death. I have heard of many dying Men, that have had one Caprice or other in making their last Will and Testament; but you will say this of *Martin's* was singular. For, on his Death-bed, he bequeathed all his Wealth to be distributed into equal Dowries or Portions, wherewith to marry a certain Number of Maids of *Heemskirk*, his Birth-Place, yearly, on this Condition, that the new married Couple, with all the Wedding Guests, should dance on his Grave.



LXVIII.

The remarkable Story of GIOTTO, an Italian Painter, and his Crucifix.

IT was a cruel and inhuman Caprice of an *Italian* Painter, (I think his Name was *Giotto*) who designing to draw a Crucifix to the Life, wheedled a poor Man to suffer himself to be bound to the Cross an Hour, at the End of which he should be releas'd again, and receive a considerable Gratuity for his Pains. But instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the Cross, he stabb'd him dead, and then fell to drawing. He was esteem'd the greatest Master in all *Italy* at that Time; and having this Advantage of a dead Man hanging on a Cross before him, there's no question, but he made a matchless Piece of Work on't.

As soon as he had finish'd this Picture, he carried it to the Pope, who was astonish'd, as at a Prodigy of Art, highly extolling the Exquisite-ness of the Features and Limbs, the languishing pale Deadness of the Face, the unaffected sinking of the Head: In a Word, he had drawn to the Life, not only that Privation of Sense and

Motion, which we call Death, but also the very Want of the least vital Symptom.

This is better understood than expressed. Every Body knows, that it is a Master piece to present a Passion or a Thought, well and naturally. Much greater is it to describe the total Absence of these interior Faculties, so as to distinguish the Figure of a dead Man, from one that is only asleep.

Yet all this, and much more, could the Pope discern in the admirable Draught which *Giotto* presented him. And he lik'd it so well, that he resolv'd to place it over the Altar of his own Chapel. *Giotto* told him, since he lik'd the Copy so well, he would shew him the Original, if he pleas'd.

What dost thou mean by the Original, said the Pope? Wilt thou shew me *Jesus Christ* on the Cross in his own Person? No, replied *Giotto*; but I'll shew your Holiness the Original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all Punishment.

The good old Father suspecting something extraordinary from the Painter's thus capitulating with him, promis'd on his Word, to pardon him. Which *Giotto* believing, immediately told him where it was; and attending him to the Place, as soon as they were enter'd, he drew a Curtain back which hung before the dead Man on the Cross, and told the Pope what he had done.

The Holy Father, extremely troubled at so inhuman and barbarous an Action, repeal'd his Promise, and told the Painter, he should surely be put to an exemplary Death.

Giotto seemingly resign'd to the Sentence pronounc'd upon him, only begg'd Leave to finish the Picture before he died, which was granted him. In the mean while, a Guard was set upon him to prevent his Escape. As soon as the Pope had caused the Picture to be delivered into his Hands, he takes a Brush, and dipping into a sort of Stuff he had ready for that Purpose, daubs the Picture all over with it, so that nothing could now be seen of the *Crucifix*; but it was quite effac'd, in all outward Appearance.

This

This made the Pope stark mad ; he stamp'd, foam'd and rav'd like one in a Frenzy : He swore the Painter should suffer the most cruel Death that could be invented, unless he drew another full as good as the former, for if but the least Grace was missing, he would not pardon him. But if he could produce an exact Parallel, he should not only give him his Life, but an ample Reward in Money.

The Painter, as he had Reason, desir'd this under the Pope's Signet, that he might not be in Danger of a second Repeal ; which was granted him. And then he took a wet Sponge, and wip'd off all the Varnish he had daub'd on the Picture, and the *Crucifix* appear'd the same in all respects as it was before.

The Pope, who look'd upon this as a great Secret, being ignorant of the Arts which the Painters use, was ravish'd at the strange Metamorphosis. And to reward the Painter's treble Ingenuity, he absolv'd him from all his Sins, and the Punishment due to them ; ordering, moreover, his Steward to cover the Picture with Gold as a farther Gratitude for the Painter. And they say, this *Crucifix* is the Original, by which the most famous *Crucifixes* in *Europe* are drawn.



LXIX.

The Story of ANDROCLES and the LION.

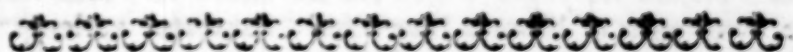
ANDROCLES was the Slave of a noble *Roman*, who was Proconsul of *Africk*. He had been guilty of a Fault, for which his Master would have put him to Death, had not he found an Opportunity to escape out of his Hands, and fled into the Deserts of *Numidia*. As he was wandering among the barren Sands, and almost dead with Heat and Hunger, he saw a Cave in the Side of a Rock. He went into it, and finding at the farther End of it a Place to sit down upon, rested there for some time.

At length, to his great Surprise, a huge overgrown Lion enter'd at the Mouth of the Cave, and seeing a Man at the upper End of it, immediately made towards him. *Androcles* gave himself for gone; but the Lion, instead of treating him as he expected, laid his Paw upon his Lap, and with a complaining kind of Voice fell a licking his Hand. *Androcles*, after having recovered himself from the Fright he was in, observ'd the Lion's Paw to be exceedingly swell'd by a large Thorn that stuck in it: He immediately pull'd it out, and by squeezing the Paw very gently, made a great deal of corrupt Matter run out of it, which probably freed the Lion from the great Anguish he had felt some time before. The Lion left him after receiving this good Office from him, and soon after return'd with a Fawn which he had just kill'd. This he laid down at the Feet of his Benefactor, and went off again in Pursuit of his Prey. *Androcles*, after having sodden the Flesh of it by the Sun, subsisted upon it till the Lion had supplied him with another. He liv'd many Days in this frightful Solitude, the Lion catering for him with great Assiduity. Being tir'd at length with this savage Society, he was resolv'd to deliver himself up into his Master's Hands, and suffer the worst Effects of his Displeasure, rather than be thus driven out from Mankind. His Master, as was customary for the Proconsuls of *Africk*, was at that Time getting together a Present of all the largest Lions that cou'd be found in the Country, in order to send them to *Rome*, that they might furnish out a Show to the *Roman* People. Upon his poor Slave's surrendering himself into his Hands, he ordered him to be carried away to *Rome*, as soon as the Lions were in Readiness to be sent; and that for his Crime he should be expos'd to fight with one of the Lions in the Amphitheatre, as usual, for the Diversion of the People. This was all perform'd accordingly. *Androcles*, after such a strange Run of Fortune, was now in the Area of the Theatre amidst Thousands of Spectators, expecting every Moment when his Antagonist would come out upon him. At length, a huge monstrous Lion leapt out from the Place where he had been kept hungry for the Show. He

I

advanc'd

advanc'd with great Rage towards the Man ; but on a sudden, after having regarded him a little wistfully, fell to the Ground, and crept towards his Feet with all the Signs of Blandishment and Carefs. *Androcles*, after a short Pause, discover'd that it was his old *Numidian* Friend, and immediately renewed his Acquaintance with him. Their mutual Congratulations were very surprizing to the Beholders, who, upon hearing an Account of the whole Matter from *Androcles*, order'd him to be pardon'd, and the Lion to be given up into his Possession. *Androcles* returned at *Rome* the Civilities which he had received from him in the Deserts of *Africk*. *Dion Cassius* says, that he himself saw the Man leading the Lion about the Streets of *Rome*, the People every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, *This is the Lion who was the Man's Host ; This is the Man who was the Lion's Physician.*



LXX.

The Story of SCHACABAC, or the Imaginary Feast.

SCHACABAC being reduc'd to great Poverty, and having eat nothing for two Days together, made a Visit to a noble *Barmecide* in *Persia*, who was very hospitable, but withal a great Humourist. The *Barmecide* was sitting at his Table that seem'd ready covered for an Entertainment. Upon hearing *Schacabac's* Complaint, he desir'd him to sit down and fall on. He then gave him an empty Plate, and ask'd him how he lik'd his Rice Soup? *Schacabac*, who was a Man of Wit, and resolv'd to comply with the *Barmecide* in all his Humours, told him, 'twas admirable ; and at the same time, in Imitation of the other, lifted up the Spoon to his Mouth with great Pleasure. The *Barmecide* then ask'd him, if he ever saw whiter Bread? *Schacabac*, who saw neither
Bread

Bread nor Meat, if I did not like, you may be sure, says he, I should not eat so heartily of it. You oblige me mightily, replied the *Barmecide*, pray let me help me you to this Leg of a Goose. *Schacabac* reach'd out his Plate, and receiv'd nothing on it with great Chearfulness. As he was eating very heartily on this imaginary Goose, and crying up the Sauce to the Skies, the *Barmecide* desir'd him to keep a Corner of his Stomach for a roasted Lamb fed with Pistachio Nuts, and after having call'd for it, as though it had really been serv'd up, here is a Dish, says he, that you will see at Nobody's Table but my own. *Schacabac* was wonderfully delighted with the Taste of it, which is like nothing, says he, I ever eat before. Several other nice Dishes were serv'd up in Idea, which both of them commended, and feasted on after the same manner. This was followed by an invisible *Dissert*, no Part of which delighted *Schacabac* so much, as a certain Lozenge, which the *Barmecide* told him was a Sweatmeat of his own Invention. *Schacabac* at length being courteously reproached by the *Barmecide*, that he had no Stomach, and that he had eat nothing, and, at the same time being tir'd with moving his Jaws up and down to no Purpose, desired to be excus'd, for that really he was so full, he could not eat a Bit more. Come then, says the *Barmecide*, the Cloth shall be remov'd, and you shall taste of my Wines, which, I may say without Vanity, are the best in *Persia*. He then filled both their Glasses out of an empty Decanter. *Schacabac* would have excus'd himself from drinking so much at once, because, he said, he was a little quarrelsome in his Liquor; however, being press'd to it, he pretended to take it off, having beforehand prais'd the Colour, and afterwards the Flavour. Being ply'd with two or three more imaginary Bumpers of different Wines, equally delicious, and a little vex'd with this fantastick Treat, he pretended to grow fluster'd, and gave the *Barmecide* a good Box on the Ear; but immediately recovering himself, Sir, says he, I beg ten thousand Pardons: But I told you before, that it was my Misfortune to be quarrelsome in my Drink. The *Barmecide* could not but smile at the Humour of his Guest,

and

and instead of being angry at him, I find, says he, thou art a complaisant Fellow, and deservest to be entertain'd in my House. Since thou canst accommodate thyself to my Humour, we will now eat together in good Earnest. Upon which calling for his Supper, the Rice Soup, the Goose, the Pistachio Lamb, the several other nice Dishes, with the Dissert, the Lozenges, and all the Variety of *Persian Wines* were serv'd up successively, one after another, and *Schatrabac* was feasted in Reality with those very Things he had before only in Imagination.



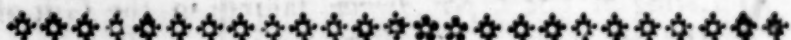
LXXI.

A Story of a poor Country CURATE.

A Living of 500 *l. per Annum* falling in the Gift of the late Lord Chancellor, Sir R—— W—— recommended one of his Friends as very deserving of the Benefice, whom his Lordship approv'd of. In the *Interim*, the Curate, who had serv'd the last Incumbent for poor 30 *l. per Annum*, came up with a Petition sign'd by many of the Inhabitants, testifying his good Behaviour, setting forth, that he had a Wife and seven Children to maintain, and begging his Lordship would stand his Friend, that he might be continued in his Curacy, and, in Consideration of his large Family, if he could prevail with the next Incumbent to add ten Pounds a Year, he should for ever pray.—His Lordship, according to his usual Goodness, promis'd to use his Endeavours to serve him; and the Reverend Gentleman for whom the Living was design'd, coming soon after to pay his Respects, my Lord told him the Affair of the Curate, with this Difference only, that he should allow him 60 *l.* a Year instead of 30. The Parson, in some Confusion, replied, he was very sorry he could not grant his Request, for that he had promis'd the Curacy to another, and could not go back from his Word. How! says my Lord, have you promis'd the Curacy before you was possess'd of the Living?

Well,

Well, to keep your Word with your Friend, if you please I'll give him the Curacy, but the Living, I assure you, I'll give to another: And saying this he left him. The next Day the poor Curate coming to know his Destiny, my Lord told him, that he had us'd his Endeavours to serve him as to the Curacy, but with no Success, the Reverend Gentleman having dispos'd of it before. The Curate, with a deep Sigh, returned his Lordship Thanks for his Goodness, and was going to withdraw, when my Lord calling him back, said with a Smile, *Well, my Friend, 'tis true, I have it not in my Power to give you the Curacy, but if you will accept of the Living, 'tis at your Service.* The Curate, almost surpriz'd to Death with Joy, in the most moving Expressions of Gratitude return'd his Lordship Thanks, whose Goodness had in a Moment rais'd him and his Family from a necessitous Condition to a comfortable State of Life.



LXXII.

The Story of a Marble Statue, with a mysterious Inscription upon it.

IN former Times there was a Statue of Marble standing on the Top of a Mountain in *Apulia*, with this Inscription on the Head, ONE MAY-DAY AT SUN-RISING I SHALL HAVE A HEAD OF GOLD. No Man in all those Parts could be found who was able to unriddle this mysterious Expression, and therefore it was not regarded for many Ages. But at length, in the Reign of a certain Prince, there was a *Saracen*, who, having seen and considered the Statue, with the Inscription, propos'd to explain it for a certain Reward. The Prince hearing of this, and being greedy of the Novelty, sent for the *Saracen*, and bargain'd with him for a thousand Crowns to unfold this Riddle. He waited till *May-Day* came, and watching the Image that Morning early, he observ'd the Place where the Head cast its Shadow just

as the Sun rose. There they ordered certain Men to dig, which when they had done, and got pretty deep in the Earth, they encounter'd a prodigious Treasure of Silver, Gold and Jewels : with which the Prince was so well satisfied, that he doubled the *Saracen's* Reward, and sent him home into his own Country laden with rich Presents. Doubtless there is much Wealth buried by Men in the Earth ; for in former times they were of Opinion, that if they should die suddenly in the Wars, or otherwise, such Riches as they had hidden in the Earth would serve them in the other World : And this is the Practice of the *Indians* to this Day.



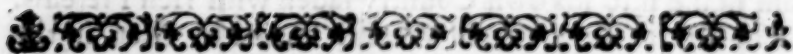
LXXIII.

A merry Jest which was past on a late Pope, and one of his Nephews, whom he had advanc'd from a very low Condition.

IN a certain publick Place in *Rome*, there is a Statue call'd *Pasquin*, to which in the Night-time the People affix the *Libels* which they dare not own : A kind of dumb Satire on the Vices of the *Grandees*, not sparing even the *Pope himself*, if he is guilty of any Follies which merit to come within the Verge of a *Lampoon*.

It is no contemptible Jest which was in this Manner put upon a late *Pope*, and one of his *Nephews*. It seems the good old *Father* had advanc'd this *Spark* from a poor ignorant *Taylor* to the Dignity of a *Roman Baron* ; bestowing on him *Offices* which brought him in a Revenue sufficient to maintain his *Title* and *Port*. All the *Ancient Nobility* were disgusted at this ; and some arch Wag was set at Work to ridicule the *Pope's* Conduct, and the new *Baron's* Honour. Wherefore on *Christmas Day*, which they celebrate with great Solemnity, early in the Morning the forementioned Image, *Pasquin*, was observed to be apparel'd all in Rags, and a very nasty Habit ; with
a Sche-

a Schedule of Paper in his Hand, wherein was writ, *How now, Pasquin, what! all in Rags on a Christmas Day?* and underneath was inserted this Answer: *Alas! I cannot help it; for my TAYLOR is become a LORD.*



LXXIV.

Several odd Instances of what some Persons have done to make themselves memorable.

SUCH is some Men's Ambition and vain Desire of being talk'd of, that they care not by what barbarous Methods they accomplish their Aim: It was a Motive of this Nature which tempted *Erostratus* to set Fire to the famous Temple of *Ephesus*, which had been two hundred Years in building, and was number'd among the *Seven Wonders of the World*.

This happen'd on the very Night that *Alexander the Great* was born; and the Villain being ask'd why he committed so destructive a *Sacrilege*? answer'd, *That it was to acquire an immortal Fame by so stupendous a Wickedness, since he could not hope to be recorded for his Virtue.*

Plutarch mentions a Jest that was made on this Destruction of *Diana's Temple*. For it was common in every Body's Mouth, that the Goddess being call'd that Night to the Labour of *Olympias*, the Mother of *Alexander*, could not be present at home to save her House from burning: For the *Gentiles* believ'd, that *Diana* (whom they also call'd *Lucina*) was invisibly assistant at the Birth of Children.

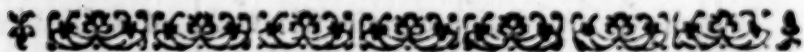
However, the *Priests* made no Jest on't; but run up and down howling and making Gashes in their Flesh, presaging, that *Fate* was that Day busy'd in signing the Decree of *Asia's* Ruin. This is certain, that that very Night the Man was born who was destin'd to subdue all *Asia*, and on the Ruins of the *Persian Empire* raise the Monarchy of the *Macedonians*. However, the Villain who burnt

burnt the Temple had not his Desire; for it was decreed through all *Asia*, that his Name should never be mentioned in *History*, or any *Publick Writings*.

It is also recorded of a certain Governor of a City in *Italy*, that being on the Top of a high Tower, with only the *Pope*, the *German Emperor*, and an *Ambassador* from *Venice* in his Company, he was tempted to throw the two former over the Bailements, as they were taking a Survey of the City; which he might easily have done, for they were both aged, and incapable of resisting his Strength. This Passage he confessed to his *Ghostly Father*; and being ask'd what induc'd him to think of such a horrid Treason? he answer'd, *That it might be said he did a thing which never was done before; and in all Probability would never be done again; since no Prince, having heard such a Story, would ever venture himself into the same Danger, without a sufficient Guard of his own.* But however, he had not Resolution enough to go through with his Project.

Such also was the cruel Action of a certain *French* Nobleman of the Prince of *Cande's* Party, who being closely pursued by some of the King's Horse, and himself excellently well mounted, leap'd Hedges and Ditches to avoid Captivity. At length they had chas'd him into a Corner of the Land, from whence it was impossible for him to escape, but by swimming over a small Arm of the Sea. What Risques will not a Man run for the Love of Liberty? This Person, like an overheated Stag, perceiving his Hunters close at his Heels, boldly leap'd on Horseback into the Sea, chusing rather to perish in the Waters, than to fall into his Enemies Hands. None were so hardy as to follow him through the uncertain Waves. However, his Horse being of matchless Strength, carried him safe over to the opposite Shore. As soon as he arrived at the next Town, where he had many Friends, he related this wonderful Passage; but instead of cherishing his Horse for so faithful and invaluable a Service, he drew his Sword, and immediately kill'd the Beast that sav'd his Life, saying, he did it for the Sake
of

of Fame, being resolv'd that his Horse should never perform the like Service to any other Mortal.



LXXV.

*The remarkable Story of a certain Cardinal's
Charity and Generosity.*

THE *French* relate a pretty Passage of a certain Cardinal, a very good Man, and one, who by the Multitude of his generous Actions gave Occasion to the World to call him the *Patron* of the *Poor*.

This *Ecclesiastick* Prince had a constant Custom, once or twice a Week, to give publick Audience to all indigent People in the Hall of his Palace, and to relieve every one according to their various Necessities, or the Motions of his own Bounty.

One Day a poor Widow, encouraged with the Fame of his Generosity, came into the Hall of this Cardinal, with her only Daughter, a beautiful Maid, about fifteen Years of Age. When her turn came to be heard, among the Crowd of Petitioners, the Cardinal discerning the Marks of an extraordinary Modesty in her Face and Carriage, as also in her Daughter, he encouraged her to tell her Wants freely. She blushing, and not without Tears, thus addressed herself to him: " My Lord, I owe for
" the Rent of my House five Crowns, and such is my
" Misfortune, that I have no other means to pay it,
" save what would break my Heart, since my Landlord
" threatens to force me to it ; that is, to prostitute this
" my only Daughter, whom I have hitherto educated
" with great Care in Virtue, and Abhorrence of that
" odious Crime. What I beg of your Eminence is, that
" you would interpose your sacred Authority, and protect us from the Violence of this cruel Man, till by our
" Industry we can procure the Money for him,

The

The Cardinal, mov'd with Admiration of the Woman's Virtue and innocent Modesty, bid her be of good Courage. Then he immediately wrote a Billet, and giving it into the Woman's Hands, Go, said he, *to my Steward with this Paper, and he shall deliver the five Crowns to pay thy Rent.*

The poor Widow overjoyed, and returning the Cardinal a thousand Thanks, went directly to his Steward, and gave him the Note; which when he had read, he told her out fifty Crowns. She, astonish'd at the Meaning of it, and fearing it was only the Steward's Trick to try her Honesty, refused to take above five, saying, *She ask'd the Cardinal only for five, and she was sure it was some Mistake.*

On the other Side, the Steward insisted on his Master's Orders, not daring to call it in question. But all the Arguments he could use, were insufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five Crowns. Wherefore, to end the Controversy, he offered to go back with her to the Cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that *Munificent Prince*, and he was fully inform'd of the Business; "'Tis true, said he, I mistook in writing fifty Crowns; give me the Paper, and I will rectify it." Thereupon he wrote again, saying thus to the Woman: "So much Candour and Virtue deserves a Recompence; here, I have ordered you five hundred Crowns; what you can spare of it, lay up as a Dowry to give with your Daughter in Marriage." If I mistake not, this Cardinal was called *Farnese*; but, whatever his Name was, this was an Action truly heroick, and which has but few Parallels.

LXXVI.

A pleasant Story of PANCRATES, an Egyptian Physician.

I Believe *Lucian*, an ancient Writer, who never spoke seriously of any thing, scarce believed himself, when he related the Story of *Panocrates*, a famous Magician of *Egypt*, who by *Talismans* was able to transform *inanimate things* into the Appearance at least of *living Creatures*. Thus he would turn a Stick or Piece of Wood into a seeming Man, who would walk, discourse, and perform all the Actions of a *rational Being*. The Story is as follows :

A certain Stranger travelling with him once to *Memphis*, and lying with him in the same Caravansary, as soon as they were alighted from their Camels, *Panocrates* took a Plank of Oak, and having touched it with his *Talisman*, and pronounc'd two or three Syllables, incontinently the Stick moved, stood upright, walk'd, and taking the Camels by the Bridle, led them to the Stables : After which this Wooden-Man came in and prepared their *Pillow*, went on whatsoever Errands *Panocrates* sent him ; and when they departed, the *Magician* using a certain private Ceremony, this officious Servant return'd to a *Plank* again. This was his Practice all along the Road.

One Day his Fellow-Traveller, being resolv'd to try the Experiment, took Advantage of the *Magician's* Absence, who was gone to the *Temple*, and had left his *Talisman* behind him. The curious Traveller, having been often an Eye-witness of this Trick, takes a Piece of Wood, and touches it with *Panocrates's Talisman*, repeating the Syllables he had heard him utter. Immediately the *inanimate Timber* became a *Man*, asking his Pleasure. The Traveller astonish'd at the Event, commanded his new Servant to bring him a Bucket of Water. The enchanted Spark obeys. The Traveller told him it was enough, and bid him return to a Piece of *Wood* again ;
but,

Astonish'd above Measure at this unexpected Reply, the vain Bigot resolv'd to find out this Man, and learn of him what Method he took to please the *Divinity*. He hasten'd therefore to *Methydrium*; and when he first came within View of it, he despis'd the Meanness of the Place, judging it impossible that one Man, or all the Town, could be able to present the Gods with more magnificent Oblations than he. Having found out *Clearchus*, he ask'd him, what Sacrifices he us'd to make to *Apollo*? To whom *Clearchus* replied, "I am a poor
 " Man, and when I go to *Delphos*, I carry neither
 " Silver nor Gold, but only a Basket of Fruit, the best
 " that my Farm affords, which I freely offer to the
 " Powers which govern all Things, and from whom I
 " receive whatsoever I enjoy. Moreover, I keep the
 " appointed *Holidays*, and my poorer Neighbours go
 " chearful from my Table. I never *kill'd* any thing;
 " nor have I done to another, that which I would not
 " have done to myself. I pray to *Jupiter* every Morn-
 " ing before the Sun arises, and at Night when he goes
 " down. I keep myself and my Cottage clean. In all
 " things else I live like the *Beasts*." That is, according to Nature.

You may perceive by this, that Simplicity and Innocence are the most acceptable Sacrifices to the *Supremely Merciful*; and that the Most High God takes no Pleasure in the Smoak of Burnt-Offerings, or the pompous Addresses of the Great; but the pure Flames of a devout Heart, the Integrity of a just Man, void of Deceit and Guile.

LXXVIII.

A remarkable Instance of Gallantry in the Garrison of Merdin.

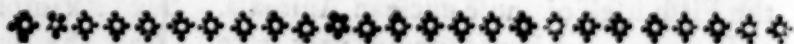
OUR modern Soldiers are only stout while well fed; not knowing what it is to endure the Rigours of Famire, and other into'erab'e Hardship. Where, in
 any

any modern History will you match the Bravery of a Garrison in the impregnable Castle of *Mirdin*, famous in the *Turkish Annals* for sustaining a seven Year's Siege, where the mighty *Timurleng* lay before it with an invincible Army. That Scourge of Heaven, to terrify the Besieg'd, and give them an Earnest of his Resolution, caus'd all the old Trees round about this Place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater Numbers; declaring, at the same time, " That he would not raise the Siege, till those Trees should be mature enough to bear Fruit." When that Time came, he sent a Present of the Fruits to the Governor of the Garrison; as likewise of Mutton, with this Message, " That he took Pity on so brave a Man, fearing lest he should starve for want of Necessaries." As soon as the Governor had received these Presents, turning to the Messenger, he said, " Go tell thy Master, I thank him for his Present of Fruits; but for the Flesh we shall have no Occasion, so long as our Ews afford us Milk enough to sustain the whole Garrison: And that thy Master may be assur'd we are not in want of that, I will send him a Present of Cheeses made of the same." Accordingly he commanded four Cheeses to be delivered to the Messenger; which when *Timurleng* saw, and had heard the Words of the Governor, he despair'd of reducing that Place, though he had lain before it seven Years wanting only two Months. But had he understood what sort of Cheeses these were, he would, no doubt, have chang'd his Resolution: For, it seems, they were made of the Milk of *Bitches*, and were the very last Sustenance the Garrison had, except the Flesh itself of those unclean Animals. Such Examples of Patience and Fortitude are very rare. And this was the more remarkable, in that it was the first Place where that invincible General's Hand met with a Repulse.

LXXIX.

*The Story of a Chinese Captain, who in Despair
stabs his Wife and three Children.*

IN the Province of *Quientong*, in *Cbina*, a certain Nobleman who had serv'd in the Wars, and acquir'd great Fame and Honour, was envied by one of his Neighbours, who likewise had been a Captain, and much in Favour at the Court. Their Emulations carried them to many ill Offices, and at last to open Defiance. The Emperor being made sensible of the Hatred that was between these two Officers, and being unwilling their Fury should precipitate them to the Ruin of each other, became himself an Arbitrator of their Quarrel; laying his Command on them to embrace and eat together, which is an assured Token of Reconciliation and Friendship in that Country. They obey'd the Will of their Sovereign. But sitting up late one Night at Dice, it was the Captain's ill Fortune to lose all he had with the Nobleman. Mad at his unlucky Chance, and in hopes to retrieve his Loss, he sends for his Wife and three young Sons, who, with himself, he pawn'd to the Nobleman for a considerable Sum of Money, and sell afresh to Play: But *Fate* was his Enemy; he lost all. Whereupon, in Despair, he stabs his Wife and three Children, and lastly falls on his own Sword, glorying, that he and his Family should thus escape a hated Captivity to his old Enemy.

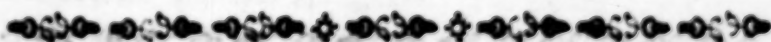


LXXX.

The Story of HELAH, an Arabian Physician.

I Have read (says my Author) in a certain Manuscript, penn'd by *Ibrabim*, the Son of *Helah*, a renown'd Physician at *Bagdat*, this Memoir of his Father. On a certain Day, says he, that my Father had administ^red
Phyick

Physick to the Emperor *Tasan*, for which he was presented with a Royal *Vest*, rewarded with five thousand *Piaſtres*, and by the Emperor's Command was carried through the Streets in State ; I observ'd that he was pensive amidst all those Honours, and troubled in Mind, when I thought he had the greatest Reason to rejoice. Therefore I said to him, " My Father, how came it to pass, that you were thus dejected at a Time when all the World expected to see you dissolv'd in Pleasure ? " He answer'd, " Son, he that has bestowed these Honours on me is a Fool, and does things preposterously without Reason, and therefore I cannot rejoice at these untimely Favours he has shewn me, being sensible they are not the Effects of his Judgment, but of his Ignorance. I gave him a Cathartick Potion, which work'd so strongly with him, that it excoriated his Bowels, and brought forth Blood ; so that I was forced to use a different Method, both to remove his Distemper, and stop the violent Flux. In the mean while, he ignorantly believing that the voiding of so much Blood procur'd him the present Ease and Health he feels, ordered these extraordinary Honours to be done me which thou seest. Now that which saddens me, is my Fear, lest some time or other he may, through his Ignorance, commit as great an Error on the contrary side, and suspect that I have done him an Injury, when there is no Ground for it, and so put me to Death.



LXXXI.

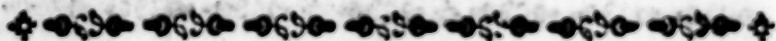
The Romantick History of DOMINGO GONSALES's Journey to the Moon.

THIS *Domingo Gonsales* was a certain Spaniard, who, in a Passage to the *Indies*, being by Shipwreck cast ashore on the Island of *St. Helena*, with a

Negro his Slave, they were put to their Shifts so far as to divide that unpeopl'd and desolate Island between them out of pure Necessity, that they might both find Provision enough to keep them from starving (for it seems there was great Scarcity of Things that serv'd the Uses of Life.)

In this Condition, Necessity, the Mother of cunning Devices, taught them to hold Correspondence with one another, though living at opposite Angles of the Isle, by the Help of certain wild Swans, which they took out of their Nests very young, and brought them up as they do Pigeons at *Babylon* and *Aleppo*, to be Letter-Carriers.

Afterwards, as the Story goes, *Domingo* trying several Experiments on his Birds, and finding all successful, at last got four and twenty of them together, and having brought them up to his Lure, he ventur'd his Carcase with them in the Air, fastening them together with Ropes and other Materials. But the extravagant Animals one Day took Wing, and carried their Master to the Moon, where he resided a considerable Time, saw and conversed with divers Inhabitants of that neighbouring Globe, visited the Courts of several Lunar Princes, and was kindly receiv'd by them all. And having been presented with three Stones of matchless Virtue, and other rich Gifts, he had his Audience of *Congé*, and came down to the Earth again, where he publish'd a Journal of his Travels, out of which I have extracted this short *Epitome*; not thinking it worth the while to trouble you with the entire Relation of his ingenious Whimfies.



LXXXII.

*The true Story of a Woman and her Daughter
that were immur'd seventeen Years by a
SCRIBE in Naples.*

IN the late Tumults at *Naples*, which were headed by *Massianello* the Fisherman, as they were marching up and down the Streets, burning the Custom-houses, and the

the Habitations of those who had been concern'd in gathering the Taxes, they enter'd the House of a certain *Notary*, or *Publick Scribe* of that City, who had been represented to them as a Promoter of those unreasonable *Impositions*: They seiz'd on the Man, and began to carry his Goods out into the Street, to be burnt; but rummaging in an Apartment which was towards the Gardens, they heard a great Shrieking, as of a Woman affrighted; and perceiving the Voice to proceed from within a Wall in the Room where they were, they search'd about for a Door to enter into that Place, but finding none, they broke through the Wall; where they found two Women, with their Hair hanging down to their Ankles, and their Nails grown like the Talons of an Eagle. Enquiring of them how long they had been there, and on what Occasion? the eldest of the Women made this Answer: "The Master of this House is my own Brother, who, when my Father died, was entrusted by him to pay me six hundred Ducats, which he bequeathed me as a Legacy for my Maintenance, my Husband being dead: But my Brother, instead of doing me this Justice, immur'd both me and my Daughter, whom you see here, between these Walls, where we have liv'd these seventeen Years, being allowed by this cruel Man no other Food but Bread and Water."

The People, incens'd above measure at so barbarous a Cruelty, hang'd up the *Notary*, and gave all his Estate to this Widow and her Daughter. An exemplary Piece of Justice perform'd by these *Mutineers*, which could not have been done by the Law, the Crime not reaching his Life; though, in the Sense of all Men, he merited Death. This is an Argument that *Destiny* had a Hand in this Insurrection; and that *Maffianello* the Fisherman was the Executioner of God.

LXXXIII.

A Stratagem of the Philosopher ATHENODORUS to restrain the Lust of AUGUSTUS the Roman Emperor.

IT was a Part of the Character of *Augustus* the Roman Emperor, that he never spar'd any Woman in his Lust ; but if he cast his Eye on a beautiful Lady, tho' her Husband was of the first Quality of the Empire, he would immediately send his Officers to bring her to him by fair Means or by foul.

The Philosopher *Athenodorus*, who was very intimate with this Monarch, took a pretty Method to reform this Vice in his Master. For, when the Emperor had one day sent a close Sedan, or Chair, for a certain Noblewoman of the House of the *Camilli*, the Philosopher, fearing some Disaster might ensue (for that Family was very popular, and highly respected in *Rome*) goes before to the Lady's Palace ; and acquainting her with it, she complain'd to her Husband of the Indignity that was offered to her. He boiling with Anger, threaten'd to stab the Messengers of the Emperor when they came. But the prudent Philosopher appeased them both, and only desir'd a Suit of the Lady's Apparel, which was granted him. He soon put it on, and hiding his Sword under his Robes, enter'd the Sedan, personating the Lady. The Messengers, who knew no other, carried him away to the Emperor. He heighten'd with Desire, made haste to open the Sedan himself, when *Athenodorus* suddenly drawing his Sword, leap'd forth upon him, saying, " Thus mightest thou have been murder'd : Wilt thou " never quit the Vice which is attended with so much " Danger ? Jealousy and Revenge might have substituted an Assassin in my Room ; but I took Care of thy " Life, henceforth take Warning." The Emperor, pleas'd with the Philosopher's Stratagem, gave him ten Talents of Gold, thanking him for this seasonable Correction, and from that time began to refrain from unlawful Pleasures.

LXXXIV.

*A true and remarkable Story of the Perjury
of one HATTO a German Bishop.*

THIS Prelate had a Cousin, who was accused of Treason against the Emperor ; on which Account he was closely besieged by the Imperial Forces, in a Castle seated on the Top of an impregnable Rock. So that the Emperor, despairing to take him by Force, had withdrawn his Army ; when this Bishop came to him, and for a Sum of Money promised to betray his Kinsman into the Emperor's Hands.

The Bargain being concluded, the Bishop went to visit his Cousin at the Castle, persuading him to go and humble himself to the Emperor, and he would engage to procure his Pardon : binding himself with a solemn Oath, that if he would rely on him, as he carried him safe out of the Castle, so he would bring him back alive and safe again.

His Kinsman, deluded with these fair Pretences, and seduced by the Sanction of an Oath, trusts himself to the Conduct and Fidelity of the Prelate.

When they had rode about half a League from the Castle, the Bishop pretending he had forgot some Papers of Moment, which he had left behind him in his Chamber, they returned back to the Castle ; and when they had found the Papers, they set forward again towards the Emperor's Camp. Being arriv'd there, the impious Wretch delivered his Kinsman to the Emperor, who condemn'd him to die. He sending for the Bishop, reproaches him with the Violation of his Oath ; but the perfidious Bishop sought to acquit himself, by saying, *He had perform'd his Promise, in carrying him back safe to the Castle, when he return'd to seek his Papers.* Thus was his Kinsman betray'd by a Quibble, and lost his Head : The Bishop acquiring for that impious Deed, the odious Title of *Hatto the Traytor*. And the Germans report, that he was afterwards carried away by Devils, and thrown

alive into the Mouth of *Mount Etna*: A Voice being heard at the same instant in the Air, saying, *This is the Reward of Perjury.*



LXXXV.

A Story of the extravagant Revenge of an Italian Captain.

REVENGE is sweet, even to those who having receiv'd no Injury in their own Persons, yet are touched to the Quick with the Violence that is done to another. This will appear in the Humour of the *Italians*, who prosecute their Enemies with irreconcilable Hatred and Malice, whole Families being often engaged in executing the Resentments of two single Persons, who first began the Quarrel: But much more forcible is this Passion in those, who have been notoriously hurt themselves. And the Revenge of a certain Captain was extravagant; who being inform'd that his General had debauch'd his Wife, took an Opportunity to single him out from all other Company, pretending to walk in the Fields. When he had him there alone, he clapp'd a Pistol to his Breast, threatening to kill him forthwith, if he mov'd Hand or Foot. Then he upbraided him with what he had done, in such Language, as convinc'd the General his Life was in extream Danger; wherefore he humbled himself, and confess'd his Crime, begging of the Captain to spare his Life, and he would prefer him forthwith to the best Office in the Army next his own. But the furious *Italian* would not sell his Honour so cheap; he forc'd him to deny God, and utter many Blasphemies, in hopes of saving his Life: And when he had thus done, the Captain said, *Now my Revenge is complete, since I shall send thee Body and Soul to the Devil*; with that he pistol'd him.

LXXXVI.

A remarkable Story of the Continnence of an Italian Marquis.

THIS young Lord fell in Love with a Duchess of singular Beauty, but knew not how to make her sensible of it. At length *Fortune* favour'd him with an Opportunity beyond his Expectation. One Evening as he return'd from Hawking, he pass'd through the Fields of that Duchess, bordering on the Palace. The Duke her Husband, and she, were walking together as the young Lord came by. The Duke seeing his Train, and what Game they had been at, ask'd him some Questions concerning their Sport ; and being of an hospitable Disposition, invited him into his Palace to take a Collation. Nothing could be more agreeable to the young Lover. He accepted the Offer, and here commenc'd an Acquaintance, which made way in time for an Assignation between the Duchess and him. He was let into the Gardens one Night, and so conducted privately to her Chamber, where she lay ready in Bed to receive him. After some Compliments, the Duchess said, " My Lord, " you are oblig'd to my Husband for this Favour ; who, " as soon as you were gone from our House, the first " time we saw you, gave you such Commendations, as " made me conceive an immediate Passion for you." " Is " it true, Madam ? (replied the young Lover already " half undress'd) Then far be it from me to be so un- " grateful to my Friend." With that he put on his Garments again, and took his Leave.

LXXXVII.

A Story of the smart Reproof given by a rich Merchant's Widow to an Indian MOGUL, reproving his Avarice.

THE Indian Moguls, as soon as any of their Om-rabs or Great Men die, cause all their Estates and Goods to be seized to their own proper Use : Whereby it comes to pass, that the Widow and Children of the Deceas'd are reduc'd to the lowest Condition of Poverty, being many times forced to beg for a Subsistence. 'Tis true, this is an Oppression not to be justified, and it was a notable Piece of *Raillery* with which the Widow of a rich Merchant reproved this unreasonable Custom in an *Indian Mogul*. Her Husband had heap'd together an infinite Treasure by Trading and Usury ; and when he died, left her worth two hundred thousand *Roupies*. Her Son, some Years after coming of Age, demanded of her a Stock sufficient to set up with as a Merchant ; which she, either out of Avarice, or for other Ends, refus'd him ; furnishing him only with such small Sums as serv'd to nourish his Discontent, and tempt him to a lewd careless Life. But at length not being able to prevail on his Mother to part with so much as would answer his Expectations, he complain'd to the *Mogul*, disclosing also what an Estate his Father had left. The *Mogul*, being inform'd of so much Riches, sent for the young Man's Mother, and commanded her to send him half her Money, ordering, that the other Half should be divided between herself and her Son. The Widow, not being at all surprized or cast down at this unjust Proposal, made the *Mogul* this short Reply : O King, may the Gods make thee happy. My Son has some Reason to require a Share of his Father's Estate, having his Blood running in his Veins ; but I desire to know, what Relation thou art to my Husband or me, that thou claimest a Share in his Inheritance ? The Prince abashed at so smart and bold an Address, commanded her to give her Estate to her Son, and so dismissed her.

LXXXVIII.

A remarkable Amour of Cardinal MAZARINI's, formerly Prime Minister of France.

CARDINAL Mazarini had none of the worst Faces, and a proportionate Elegance in his Shape: Much addicted also to the Love of Women, yet he manag'd his Intrigues with that Caution and Privacy, as not to expose the Honour of his Function. Among the rest, he had frequent Access to the Chamber of a certain Countess Dowager, her Husband being lately deceas'd. This was not carried so privately, but that 'twas whispered about, that a Man was seen often to come out of this Lady's Chamber a little before Day; but nobody knew who it was, (for the Cardinal went disguised.) At length it came to the Queen's Ear, who was resolv'd to unravel this Intrigue. She caus'd Spies to be plac'd at a convenient Distance from the Lady's Chamber-door, which open'd into a Gallery of the *Royal Palace*, with Orders to trace him home. That Night the design'd Watch was first set, it fortun'd that the Cardinal being in the Countess's Chamber, her Maid, who was privy to his Amour, overheard these Spies talking to each other concerning her Lady, which made her more attentive (being in a Place where she could not be seen) till at length she plainly discovered, that they lay in wait to find out who it was that had been seen coming out of the Chamber. She quickly acquaints the Countess with this News. She consults the Cardinal what was best to be done to avoid Discovery. In fine, it was agreed between them, that the Countess should put on the Cardinal's Disguise, and he a Suit of her Cloaths; that she should go out at the usual Hour of his Retreat, and walk in the Gardens; that, if examin'd, she should pretend this Disguise was to guard her from the rude Attempts of Men, who if they found a Lady alone in the Night-time, would not fail to offer some Incivilities; that soon after her Departure, the Cardinal should go forth in her Dress, and shift for himself. This was per-

form'd accordingly. The Countess walk'd into the Gardens in the Cardinal's Disguise, follow'd by the Spies, whilst he goes to an intimate Friend's House (an *Italian*, whose Fortune depended on this Minister) and changes his female Accoutrements for the proper Apparel of his Sex. The Countess having walk'd about half an Hour in the Garden, was seiz'd on by some of the Guards, under Suspicion of some ill Design. She was carried before the Queen and examin'd. She then discovered herself, begging the Queen's Pardon, and telling her, that a particular Devotion had oblig'd her to take that Course for several Mornings; but if it offended her Majesty, she would hold herself dispensed with, and would forbear. The Queen seeming satisfied with this Answer, dismissed her.

Thus the Amours of the Cardinal and the Countess still remain'd a Secret.

LXXXIX.

A remarkable Instance of the Hardiness of a French Officer.

THIS Officer being sent from the Camp with Letters to the King and Queen at *Paris*, arrived at the Court the 24th of *February*, whilst the Ground was yet frozen hard. After he had delivered his Message, the *Chamberlain* of the *Royal Household* appointed him a Lodging for that Night in the *King's Palace*, he being to return to *Flanders* the next Day. But he generously refus'd it, saying, *It became not him to lye on a Bed of Down, when his General, with the whole Army, were forced to sleep on the frozen Earth.* Therefore causing some Straw to be brought out of the Stables, he took his Repose thereon in the open Air. The young King extremely pleased with his Gallantry, ordered him a hundred Pieces of Gold, and recommended him to the Duke of *Orleans*, as one of the bravest Men in his Army.

XC.

The Story of a Spanish CAVALIER, that murder'd himself, his Servants, and his Wife, out of Jealousy.

THIS *Spanish* Cavalier had a very virtuous and beautiful Wife, which, you will say, are two rare Companions. He kept a *Moor* in his House, whom the Lady had one time caused to be severely beaten. The *Moor* secretly vowed Revenge. He had an Intrigue with one of the Lady's Women, to whom he imparted his Mind. They conspired together, to accuse the Lady of Lightness and Infidelity to her Husband's Bed. The Cavalier, their Master, was naturally jealous, as generally are all the *Spaniards*; these two possessed him with a Belief, that the Gardener had frequent Access to his Lady's Chamber, and undertook to make him an Eye-witness of it. Whereupon one of them goes privately to the Gardener, and tells him that the Lady would speak with him; whilst the other runs to the Lord, and bids him *make Haste*; for that the Gardener was at that Instant with his Lady. The impatient Cavalier hastens up Stairs, and meeting the Gardener coming out of the Door of his Chamber, stabs him to the Heart, without any farther Expostulation; and rushing furiously into the Chamber, serves his Wife in the same Manner. But coming down again, the Maid struck with Remorse at so black an Event, fell down at his Feet, confessing her Crime, and declaring that her Lady was innocent. The *Spaniard*, raging at a Conjunction of so many Misfortunes, stabs the Maid and the *Negro*; and last of all, to compleat the Tragedy, kills himself.

XCI.

*The remarkable Death of a Soldier in the Duke
of ANGUINEN's Army.*

WHO will not say that *Fate* had a hand in the Death of that Soldier in the Duke of *Anguinen's* Army, who maliciously and wrongfully accused his Comrade of raising a Mutiny? For the incens'd General took a *Fusée*, and discharg'd it at the innocent Person, thinking to have kill'd him on the Spot; but it prov'd otherwise, the Bullet passing through some part of his Body, and through half a Dozen Tents, smote the Slanderer in the Pan of the Knee, which put him into so violent a Fever, that he died in two Days: While the other (whom before his Death he declared to be innocent) lives yet a Witness of this remarkable Stroke of *Divine Nemesis*.



XCII.

*A remarkable Story of certain Merchants, who
were burnt to Death in their Inn, being
over greedy to save their Money.*

CERTAIN considerable Merchants coming to the City of *Paris*, and lodging at an Inn, the House being full of Guests, they were forced to be content with an upper Room, where, entertaining each other with pleasant Discourse, to pass away the Time till Supper, on a sudden the Kitchen was all in a Flame, unfortunately increased with combustible Matter lying near the Chimney. Some say there was a great Quantity of Oil and Gun-powder (an odd Storehouse to lay such Commodities in.) However, the Fire appear'd so sudden and violent, that in a Moment all the Floor under them was seiz'd with it.

These

These Gentlemen, who were two Stories high, in a Chamber towards the Street, as soon as they heard the Cry of *Fire*, began to make towards their Trunks and Portmanteaus, which were locked up in a large Coffer, the Key of which hung at their Hostess's Girdle. They were for going down to fetch it, but the Fire had in a manner consum'd all beneath them. While they were busied in trying to break open the Coffer, and to take out every Man his own, their Chamber became instantly so full of Smoak, as was like to choak them. They could neither save themselves by going up or down, the House being all over in a Flame. Moreover, their Neighbours, seeing their own Houses in Danger, were so concern'd for themselves, that they had no time to pity others. So that few People attempted to succour these poor Gentlemen, who on their side endeavoured with great Pieces of Wood to force a Passage; but the Walls and Windows were too strong to give Way to their Efforts, being secur'd with thick Iron Bars fasten'd to the Stones. In this lamentable Condition, having this inexorable Flame before their Eyes, which had already seized on the Chamber, tearing the Hair off their Heads, and stamping on the Ground, they sent forth such dreadful Shrieks, as mov'd all that heard them to extream Compassion.

They threw their Gold and Silver into the Streets in vain, crying for Help; the Fire being so increased, that before the People could bring Ladders and other Instruments to break a way into the Chamber, these poor Wretches miserably perish'd in the Flames.

XCIII.

The Tragical History of an Adulterous NEGRO in Maryland.

IN an Out-Plantation upon the Borders of *Potuxen*, a River in *Maryland*, there lived a Planter, who was Master of a great number of *Negro* Slaves. The Increase

crease of these poor Creatures is always an Advantage to the Planters, their Children being always born Slaves ; for which reason the Owners are very well pleased when any of them marry. Among these *Negroes* there happen'd to be two who had always liv'd together, and contracted an intimate Friendship, which went on for several Years in an uninterrupted Course. Their Joys and their Grievs were mutual ; their Confidence in each other was entire ; Distrust and Suspicion were Passions they had no Notion of. The one was a Batchelor, the other marry'd to a Slave of his own Complexion, by whom he had several Children. It happen'd that the Head of this small Family rose early one Morning, on a leisure Day, to go far into the Woods a hunting, in order to entertain his Wife and Children at Night with some Provisions better than ordinary. The Batchelor Slave, it seems, had for a long time entertain'd a Passion for his Friend's Wife ; which, from the Sequel of the Story, he had endeavour'd to stifle, but in vain. The Impatience of his Desires prompted him to take this Opportunity, of the Husband's Absence, to practise upon the Weakness of the Woman ; which accordingly he did, and was so unfortunate as to succeed in his Attempt. The Hunter, who found his Prey much nearer home than usual, return'd some Hours sooner than was expected, laden with the Spoils of the Day, and full of the pleasing Thoughts of Feasting and Rejoicing with his Family, over the Fruits of his Labour. Upon his entering his Shed, the first Objects that struck his Eyes were his Wife and Friend asleep in the Embraces of each other. A Man acquainted with the Passions of human Nature will easily conceive the Astonishment, the Rage, and the Despair that overpower'd the poor *Indian* at once : His Cries and broken Accents awaken'd the guilty Couple, whose Shame and Confusion were equal to the Agonies of the injur'd Husband. After a considerable Pause on both sides, he expostulated with his Friend in Terms like these : " My
 " Wrongs are greater than I am able to express ; and
 " far too great for me to bear. My Wife !—but I
 " blame not her.—After a long and lasting Friendship,
 " exercis'd

" exercis'd under all the Severities of a most irksome
 " Captivity ; after mutual repeated Instances of Affec-
 " tion and Fidelity ; could I suspect my Friend, my
 " Bosom-Friend should prove a Traitor ? I thought
 " myself happy, even in Bondage, in the Enjoy-
 " ment of such a Friend and such a Wife ; but can-
 " not bear the Thoughts of Life with Liberty, after
 " having been so basely betray'd by both. You both
 " are lost to me, and I to you. I soon shall be at rest ;
 " live and enjoy your Crime. Adieu." Having said
 this, he turn'd away and went out with a Resolution to
 die immediately. The guilty *Negro* follow'd him, touch'd
 with the quickest Sense of Remorse for his Treachery.
 " 'Tis I alone (said he) that am guilty ; and I alone who
 " am not fit to live. Let me intreat you to forgive your
 " Wife, who was overcome by my Importunities. I
 " promise never to give either of you the least Disquiet
 " for the future : Live, and be happy together, and
 " think of me no more. Bear with me but for this
 " Night, and to-morrow you shall be satisfied." Here
 they both wept, and parted. When the Husband went
 out in the Morning to his Work, the first thing he saw
 was his Friend hanging upon the Bough of a Tree before
 the Cabbin Door.

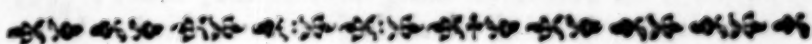
XCIV.

The Story of a German Count and his Mistress.

A BOUT ten Years ago there liv'd at *Vienna* a *Ger-*
man Count, who had long entertain'd a secret
 Amour with a young Lady of a considerable Family.
 After a Correspondence of Gallantries which had lasted
 two or three Years, the Father of the young Count,
 whose Family was reduced to a low Condition, found
 out a very advantageous Match for him, and made his
 Son sensible that he ought in common Prudence to close
 with it. The Count, upon the first Opportunity, ac-
 quainted

quainted his Mistress very fairly with what had pass'd, and laid the whole Matter before her with such Freedom and Openness of Heart, that she seemingly consented to it. She only desired of him that they might have one Meeting more, before they parted for ever. The Place appointed for this their Meeting was a Grove, which stands at a little distance from the Town. They conversed together in this Place for some time, when on a sudden the Lady pulled out a Pocket-Pistol, and shot her Lover into the Heart, so that he immediately fell down dead at her Feet. She then return'd to her Father's House, telling every one she met what she had done. Her Friends, upon hearing her Story, would have found out Means for her to make her Escape; but she told 'em, she had kill'd her dear Count, because she could not live without him; and that for the same Reason she was resolv'd to follow him by whatever way Justice should determine. She was no sooner seized but she avowed her Guilt, rejecting all Excuses that were made in her Favour, and only begg'd that her Execution might be speedy. She was sentenced to have her Head cut off, and apprehensive of nothing but that the Interest of her Friends should obtain a Pardon for her. When the Confessor approached her, she asked him where he thought was the Soul of the dead Count? He replied, that his Case was very dangerous, considering the Circumstances in which he died. Upon this, so desperate was her Frenzy, that she bid him leave her, for that she was resolved to go to the same Place where the Count was. The Priest was forced to give her better Hopes of the Deceased, from Considerations that he was upon the point of breaking off so criminal a Commerce, and leading a new Life, before he could bring her Mind to a Temper fit for one who was so near her End. Upon the Day of her Execution she dress'd herself in all her Ornaments, and walked towards the Scaffold more like an expecting Bride than a condemned Criminal. My Friend tells me, that he saw her placed in the Chair, according to the Custom of that Place, where after having stretch'd out her Neck with an Air of Joy, she called upon the
Name

Name of the Count, which was the appointed Signal for the Executioner, who, with a single Blow of his Sword, sever'd her Head from her Body.

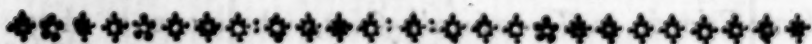


XCV.

The Story of a Porter who was wrongfully suspected of Laziness.

TH E R E are a thousand Wretches that are always working the Marrow out of their Bones for next to nothing, because they are unthinking and ignorant of what the Pains they take are worth ; while others, who are cunning, and understand the true Value of their Work, refuse to be employed at under Rates, not because they are of an unactive Temper, but because they will not beat down the Price of their Labour. A Country Gentleman sees at the Backside of the *Exchange* a Porter walking to and fro with his Hands in his Pockets. Pray, says he, Friend, will you step with this Letter as far as *Bow Church*, and I'll give you a Penny ? *I'll go with all my Heart*, says t'other, *but I must have two Pence, Master*. Which the Gentleman refusing to give, the Fellow turn'd his Back, and told him, he'd rather play for nothing than work for nothing. The Gentleman thought it an unaccountable piece of Laziness in a Porter, rather to saunter up and down for nothing, than to be earning a Penny with as little Trouble. Some Hours after he happen'd to be at a Tavern with some Friends in *Threadneedle-street*, where one of them calling to mind that he had forgot to send for a Bill of Exchange that was to go away with the Post that Night, was in great Perplexity, and immediately wanted somebody to go for him to *Hackney* with all the Speed imaginable. It was after Ten, in the middle of Winter, a very rainy Night, and all the Porters thereabout were gone to Bed. The Gentleman grew very uneasy, and said, Whatever it cost him, somebody he must send. At last one of the Drawers seeing him so pressing, told him, that

that he knew a Porter who would rise, if it was a Jobb worth his while. *Worth his While!* said the Gentleman very eagerly; *Don't doubt of that, good Lad: If you know of any body, let him make what haste he can, and I'll give him a Crown if he be back by Twelve o'Clock.* Upon this the Drawer took the Errand, left the Room, and in less than a Quarter of an Hour came back with the welcome News that the Message would be dispatch'd with all Expedition. The Company in the mean time diverted themselves as they had done before; but when it began to be towards Twelve, the Watches were pulled out, and the Porter's Return was all the Discourse. Some were of opinion he might yet come before the Clock had struck; others thought it impossible; and now it wanted but three Minutes of Twelve, when in comes the nimble Messenger smoaking hot, with his Cloaths as wet as Dung with the Rain, and his Head all over in a Bath of Sweat. He had nothing dry about him but the Inside of his Pocket-Book, out of which he took the Bill he had been for, and by the Drawer's Direction presented it to the Gentleman it belong'd to; who being very well pleased with the Dispatch he had made, gave him the Crown he had promis'd, while another filled him a Bumper, and the whole Company commended his Diligence. As the Fellow came nearer the Light to take up the Wine, the Country Gentleman I mentioned at first, to his great Admiration, knew him to be the same Porter that had refused to earn his Penny, and whom he thought the laziest Mortal alive.



XCVI.

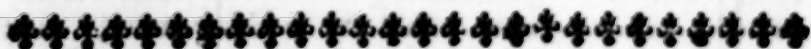
The Story of two Merchants who both took advantage of their Intelligence.

DE C I O, a Man of great Figure, that had large Commissions for Sugar from several Parts beyond the Sea, treats about a considerable Parcel of that Commodity

modity with *Alcander* an eminent *West-India* Merchant. Both understood the Market very well, but could not agree. *Decio* was a Man of Substance, and thought nobody ought to buy cheaper than himself: *Alcander* was the same, and not wanting Money, stood for his Price. While they were driving their Bargain at a Tavern near the *Exchange*, *Alcander's* Man brought him a Letter from the *West-Indies*, that inform'd him of a much greater Quantity of Sugars coming for *England* than was expected. *Alcander* now wish'd for nothing more, than to sell at *Decio's* Price before the News was publick; but being a cunning Fox, that he might not seem too precipitant, nor yet lose his Customer, he drops the Discourse they were upon, and putting on a jovial Humour, commends the Agreeableness of the Weather; from whence falling upon the Delights he took in his Gardens, invites *Decio* to go along with him to his Country-House, that was not above twelve Miles from *London*. It was in the Month of *May*, and, as it happened, upon a *Saturday* in the Afternoon. *Decio*, who was a single Man, and would have no Business in Town before *Tuesday*, accepts of the other's Civility, and away they go in *Alcander's* Coach. *Decio* was splendidly entertain'd that Night and the Day following; the *Monday* Morning, to get himself an Appetite, he goes to take the Air upon a Pad of *Alcander's*, and coming back he meets with a Gentleman of his Acquaintance, who tells him News was come the Night before, that the *Barbadoes* Fleet was destroyed by a Storm, and adds, that before he came out it had been confirmed at *Lloyd's* Coffee-house, where it was thought Sugars would rise 25 *l. per Cent.* by Change-time. *Decio* returns to his Friend, and immediately resumes the Discourse they had broke off at the Tavern. *Alcander*, who thinking himself sure of his Chap, did not design to have mov'd it till after Dinner, was very glad to see himself so happily prevented; but how desirous soever he was to sell, the other was yet more eager to buy; yet both of them afraid of one another, for a considerable time counterfeited all the Indifference imaginable; till at last *Decio*, fir'd with what he had heard,

thought

thought Delays might prove dangerous, and throwing a Guinea upon the Table, struck the Bargain at *Alcander's* Price. The next Day they went to *London*; the News prov'd true, and *Decio* got five hundred Pounds by his Sugars. *Alcander*, whilst he had strove to over reach the other, was paid in his own Coin: Yet all this is call'd Fair-Dealing; but I am sure neither of them would have desired to be done by, as they did to each other.



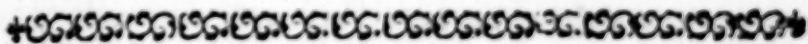
XCVII.

The Astrolological Doctor.

SONS of *Galen* (pardon the Epithet,) there was a Physician who was an Astrologer, who cast the Nativity of *Colin* his Servant (a brisk, fresh, vigorous young Fellow) and according to his Scheme found plainly, that he and his Man should both die in one Day. He calculated it an hundred times, and tumbled over many a learned Volume, and still their Destiny was the same; he scarce should live an Hour after his *Colin*. Now judge you, if *Colin's* Health was not dear to the Doctor. He was always with him, and never let him stir a step out of his Sight. How is it, Child? How fares thy Health? May Heaven long continue it to thee! Nay, he would see him eat, and filled out his Wine for him; and if he slept ill, he was sure to give him betimes in the Morning an anodyne Clyster. By this exact Regimen the learned Doctor did so much to poor *Colin*, that partly by Diet, partly through Vexation, the Flower of his Youth and Vigour wither'd away. At last the poor meagre Boy was attack'd by a slight Colick; the Doctor opens a Vein, a Fever ensues, then he must be vomited: His Malady redoubles on a sudden, he grows light-headed, and through too much Care poor *Colin* dies.

The Doctor is alarm'd, his Blood freezes in his Veins, he has but an Hour longer to breathe; he sends for the Attorney, and makes his Will; in short, the fatal Hour
passes

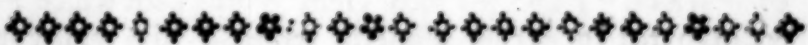
passes away, then a whole Day and Night, nay, a whole Week, and still the Doctor lives. Experience at last opens his Eyes, and he abjures the Doctrine both of *Cardan* and *Hippocrates*, being convinced that both Arts are founded on Error and Folly. Happy for him, to be cur'd at once both of Physick and Astrology.



XCVIII.

A Story of old CROSS the Player.

ALTHO' the Infirmities of Nature are not proper Subjects of Ridicule, yet when People take a great deal of Pains to conceal what every body sees, there is nothing more ridiculous. Of this sort was old *Cross* the Player, who being very deaf did not care that any body should know it. Honest *Joe Miller* going with a Friend one day along *Fleetstreet*, and seeing old *Cross* on the other Side the Way, told his Acquaintance he should see some Sport. So beckoning to *Cross* with his Finger, and stretching open his Mouth as wide as ever he could, as if he halloo'd to him, tho' he said nothing, the old Fellow comes puffing from t'other Side of the Way; *What a fox*, said he, *do you make a Noise for? Do you think one can't hear?*

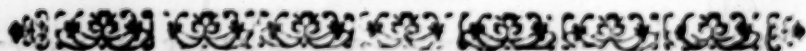


XCIX.

A Story on Sir RICHARD STEEL.

WHEN Sir *Richard Steel* was sitting up his great Room in *York Buildings*, for Publick Orations, he happen'd at a time to be pretty much behind-hand in his Payments to his Workmen; and coming one day among them to see how they went forward, he order'd one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and make a Speech, that

that he might observe how it could be heard. The Fellow mounting and scratching his Pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no Orator. Oh! said the Knight, no matter for that, speak any thing that comes uppermost. *Why here, Sir Richard,* says the Fellow, *we have been working for you these six Weeks, and cannot get one Penny of Money. Pray, Sir, when do you design to pay us?* Very well, very well, said Sir Richard; pray come down; I have heard enough; I cannot but own you speak very distinctly, tho' I don't admire your Subject.



C.

A true Story of the Punishment of a Busy Body.

THERE is hardly a Night passes in the populous City of *Paris*, wherein some Murder is not committed in the Streets. One Night in particular, a Man was found dead on the Ground; whereupon a Multitude was gather'd about his bleeding Carcase. Amongst the rest, a Fellow came crowding in, inquisitive what should be the Matter. Those who stood by observing his Cloaths bloody, which he was not sensible of himself, seiz'd on him as the Murderer. His wild Looks increas'd their Jealousy; and the incoherent Words with which he endeavoured to excuse himself, render'd him guilty in the Judgment of the Rabble. They carried him before a Justice, by whom he was strictly examin'd: He stoutly denied the Fact, and no Proof could be brought against him but his stain'd Cloaths. 'Tis the Custom here to put to the Torture Persons suspected of capital Crimes, in order to draw a Confession of the Truth. This they did to this poor Wretch, and in the Extremity of his Pains, he acknowledged he had kill'd his Wife that Evening, but was altogether innocent of this poor Man's Death who was murder'd in the Streets. All the Torments they inflicted could force no other Confession from him, save that

that which his real Guilt prompted him to make. For which he was condemned to Death, according to the Laws. You may see by this, that had he gone about his Business, without prying into other Mens Matters, he might have escap'd a Discovery. But that meddling Itch of the Imprudent betray'd him (not without the particular Direction of *Fate*) to a Death which indeed he merited, but not on the Score of the murder'd Man, whom he went out of his Way to see.

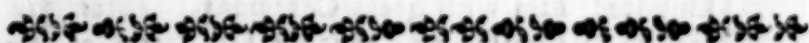
CI.

The Husband turn'd Confessor.

SIR ARTHUR FEARLESS went to the Wars in *Italy*, in the Reign of that mighty Monarch *Francis I.* He behaved so gallantly in Fight, and exposed himself to such signal Dangers, that at last his General knighted him with great Ceremony. After this our Chevalier was persuaded, that the first Baron of the Realm ought to give Way to him; and accordingly he return'd, greatly improv'd in Pride and Haughtiness, to the Village in which he usually resided, where he did not find his Wife at Prayers. At his quitting the Country, he had left her alone; but at his Return he finds the good Lady in jovial Company, dancing, capering, leading a merry Life, and attended by a great Number of Gallants. This did not any ways please Sir *Arthur*, who revolving in his Mind what was best to be done on this Occasion: Suppose, says he, since my leaving our Town, I should have been doubly rais'd; to the Honour of Cuckoldom, and that of Knighthood.—This is too much by half. — I'll therefore examine the Matter, and, if possible, find out the Truth.

For this Purpose, one Saint's Day he takes it into his Head to disguise himself in a Priest's Habit, and play the Confessor. And now his Wife comes, when kneeling before him, the good Lady begins with confessing the petty Sins she had committed; but afterwards the great ones coming in their Turn, she was oblig'd to change her

Note.—“ Father, says she, I have had criminal Correspondence with a Gentleman, a Knight, and a Priest.”—Had the Husband kept his own Counsel, and not discovered himself, the good Woman was going much farther, and would have repeated a Catalogue of Sins of a very immoderate Length. But here our Husband interrupted her. Faithless Wretch! says he, a Priest, say you! Why, who do you think you are talking to? To my Husband, replied the false Creature, who got herself out of the Scrape. I saw you, says she, steal into the Confessional, upon which I suppos’d you would play the Wag with me.—She continued, — ’Tis vastly surprizing, considering how learned a Clerk you are, that you have not yet found out the Riddle. You have been created, as you say, a Knight, before that you were a Gentleman, and in this Habit you are a Priest.—The Lord be prais’d for this, said the Knight.—How stupid was I not to find it out myself!



CII.

Men cannot always guard against Accidents.

A Certain jealous-pated Creature, who slept but with one Eye, forbid his Wife all kind of Company. And in order to prevent his Lady from playing him a Trick, he had made a very large Collection of all the Artifices which the fair Sex employ.—Poor ignorant Creature! as tho’ these were not, to speak frankly, a kind of *Hydra*.—Our good Man watch’d his Wife very narrowly; would know even the Number of her Hairs; caus’d her to be attended every Moment, and in all Places, by an antiquated Female, who had as many Eyes as *Argus*, and follow’d her close as her Shadow. Her Simpleton of a Husband kept his Collection very close, and carried it about with him as tho’ it had been a *Psalter*; firmly persuaded, that it would now be impossible for any Gallant to play him a Trick. However, one day as the
Lady

Lady in question was coming from Church, she pass'd by a House, whence some one threw upon her, as *à propos* as possible, a Pan full of *Sir Something*. The People of the House begg'd a thousand Pardons, and the poor Lady being in a most terrible Pickle, was forced to go into the House. There she stripped herself, having sent her Female *Argus*, the Instant she was got in, for fresh Cloaths. The old Woman ran to *Monsieur*, and was so out of Breath, that she was scarce able to tell him the sad Accident. Plague on't, says he, this Artifice isn't in my Book, and I am fairly bit. *Old Nick* take the Collection, say I.—His Exclamation was very just; for the Wags had thrown this Filth on the Lady, and spoil'd her Cloaths merely that she might have some plausible Excuse to be absent some time from her Keeper. Immediately a Gallant of her's, who was very intimate with the People of the House, made his Advantage of the Stratagem.—How narrowly soever we watch the Fair, 'twill be to no Purpose, it being impossible for us to guard against all sinister Accidents.—Ye Husbands, such of ye as are inclin'd to Jealousy, be persnaded, that the best thing ye can do, is, to burn your Collection.

CIII.

The Story of CIMON ; or the River Scamander.

I Have read that an Orator, nam'd *Cimon*, who was highly esteem'd in *Greece*, formerly the Seat of polite Arts, being banish'd his native Country, was desirous to visit the Place where the Ruins of *Troy* still subsisted. Being arriv'd there, as he was walking one Day not far from the River *Scamander*, an innocent Maiden came to the same Place, to taste the delicious Coolness which prevails on those ever verdant Banks. Her Veil was the Sport of every wanton Zephyr. Her Dress was plain and unadorn'd by Art; she had the Air of a Shepherdess, a complete Beauty, and an easy Shape. *Cimon*

was surpriz'd at this Assemblage of Charms, and fancied that *Venus* was come to display her brightest Treasures on those Banks. Not far from them was a Cave, which the innocent Maiden, equally simple and lovely, enters into, without harbouring the least Suspicion. Immediately the Heat of the Season, the Solitude she was in, and some malicious Deity prompted her to bathe. Seeing this, our Exile hides himself; he contemplates, he admires, and does not know which Beauty to make Choice of. His Eyes drink in a thousand Graces, and they make no less Impression on his Heart. As the People of that Age believ'd the Existence of the Deities, which Fiction includes in her Empire, *Cimon* meditates how he may best take Advantage of these Errors. He therefore assumes the Air of a River God. He wets his Garments, crowns his Head with Bull-rushes and watery Weeds; and lastly invokes the Aid of *Mercury* and the *God of Love*. How was it possible for a simple, innocent Maiden, to secure herself from so many Snares? Our beautiful Virgin at last reveals a Foot, which boasted so delicious a Whiteness, that *Galatea* would have been jealous at the Sight. She afterwards plunges it in the Silver Stream, then gazes upon her snowy Frame, but not without some Confusion. Whilst this Object attracts her Eye, *Cimon* advances towards her, upon which she runs to hide herself in the most gloomy Part of the Rock. I am, says *Cimon*, the Deity who presides over this Flood. Be thou the Goddess of it, and come and share my Kingdom with me. Few River Gods could bestow so exalted a Dignity on thee, in their deep Grottoes. My Stream is vastly pure, but my Heart is much more so. For thy Sake I'll strew this Bank with Flowers, thrice happy, if thou wilt but condescend to honour it with thy Steps, and view thine own Beauties at the Bottom of my Stream. All thy Maiden Companions shall, by my Power, become Nymphs either of the Mountains or of the Waters: for all that thine Eye can see around, are subject to my Empire. The Eloquence of the God and the Fear of displeasing him, (in Spight of the Virgin's Struggles, which whisper'd to her the Danger she was in) soon concluded the

the Affair. What a Multitude of Accidents does Superstition give Birth to ! — We are told that *Cupid* was a Party concern'd on this Occasion.

Our Exile, puff'd up with his Success, bids her farewell. Return, says he, to the Shades, but be sure don't tell one Soul of our Marriage, for I am obliged to keep it secret for some time. However, after I have mentioned it to the Council of the Gods, who assemble at *Olympus*, it shall then be made publick. Our new Goddess, after these Words, withdrew ; but whether satisfied or not, *Cupid* is the best Judge. The Lovers spent a Month or two in this manner, and all that time not a Creature in the Village had the least Notion of their amorous Intercourse. — Ye Mortals ! is it said that Excess of Bliss shall make you lose it ? — Our banish'd Man, without taking a Word of Notice, visits the Cave less frequently than he us'd to do. At last there happened to be a Wedding, when all flock'd under an Elm Tree to see it pass by. Immediately our charming Lass spies her Man, and cries, *Look ye, look ye ; there's Scamander, the River God.* — The Spectators, surpriz'd at this Exclamation, enquir'd into the Meaning of it ; when she, (simple Creature !) assures them that her Nuptials would soon be concluded in the Skies. The People, (as how could they do otherwise ?) laugh'd at her Story, and some threw Stones at the God, who ran away as fast as his Legs could carry him. — Others only laugh'd at the Scene ; though, I believe *Scamander* would have fared but poorly in our Days. But in those Times Crimes of this Nature were easily pardoned. Every Age has its peculiar Customs. *Scamander's* Wife, after having been rallied a little, heard no more of the Matter : Nay, one of her Lovers, fancying it had added new Lustre to her Charms (such is the Taste of some Men) offered to marry her. — 'Tis impossible the Gods should invitiat any thing ; nay, should a Maiden prove something worse for passing through their Hands, 'tis only giving her a Portion, and she'll infallibly meet with a Husband. *Money covers every Imperfection.*

CIV.

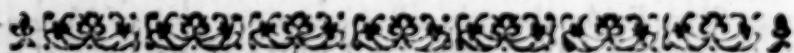
*An Account of the miraculous Preservation of
some Colliers, who were bury'd under Ground
for ten Days.*

ON Friday the 7th of November, 1735, as *Joseph Smith*, aged upwards of sixty, *Edward Peacock*, *Abraham Peacock*, his Son, all in the Parish of *Beeton*, and *Thomas Hemins* of *Mangotsfield*, all Coal-miners, were wedging out the Coal in a Coal-mine, near *Mile-Hill* in *King's-Wood*, near *Bristol* (rented by Lease of *Thomas Chester*, Esq; by *Joseph Jeffries*, *Edward Wilmot*, and *Thomas Nash*) on a sudden a prodigious Torrent of Water bursted out of a Vein, that all of them were in immediate Danger of Death, not knowing whither to go to avoid their dreaded Fate, for want of their Lights, which were all extinguish'd by the Water; every Man therefore shifted for himself as Providence directed him. Such was their Consternation and Horror, that, go which Way they would, Danger was near them, either of drowning, or breaking their Necks, the Mine being sixteen Fathom deep, with many Slants and craggy Places. In this Distress they crawl'd, sometimes on their Hands and Knees, from Place to Place to avoid the Water; and getting to a rising Ground, they continued there some time, when proceeding farther, they at length came to what they call a *Hatching*, a high Slant from whence Coal had been dug, and in which the Boy had secur'd himself, making lamentable Moan, and giving himself up to Death. The three Men came together to each other. In their Way to the *Hatching*, *Joseph Peacock* found a Bit of Beef and a Crust of Bread, weighing, as they suppos'd, in all about four Ounces, which they equally divided. The Boy's Situation being the most secure, they continued there to the Time of their Relief, and made the Boy fetch them Water in his Hat, as best knowing the Way, which was but a poor little by the time he return'd

turn'd with it; but the Water falling considerably, it became so dangerous to have a Supply, that the Boy could not be prevail'd upon to fetch any more, which forc'd them to the Necessity of drinking their own Urine, and chew some Chips, which *Joseph Smith* had cut from a Coal Basket which he accidentally found; which being all gone, and the old Man losing his Knife, they could get no more from this Basket. Being all ready to perish for want of Moisture, *Joseph Smith* chew'd a Piece of his Shoe, which not answering his End, he took a Resolution of endeavouring to come at the Water; in which Attempt he tumbled twice, and would have been drown'd each time, had not *Edward Peacock* ventur'd to save him. What with the Heat of the Place they were in, the Smell of their Urine, the nauseous Fumes of their own Bodies, their Want of Water, Meat, &c. during so long a Time, cannot be look'd upon otherwise than a Miracle at their being alive. One would think it impossible four Persons should sustain Life after so long a Hardship, and with only the small Portion of four Ounces of Meat and Bread.

Towards the Close of their deplorable Misery, which was from *Friday* the 7th, till *Monday* the 17th of *November*, 1735, ten Days from the bursting of the Vein, they were taken out of their dismal Cell; the old Man, *Joseph Smith*, began to yield to Nature, and grew delirious; and indeed the rest gave over all Hopes of Relief, and began to decline too by Weakness; though being healthy young Persons, could have held out several Days longer. At the first bursting of the Vein, there were four other Boys in the same Place, but being at what they call the *Tip of the Work*, and hearing the Noise of the Water, made the best of their way to a Rope, crying to the People on the Surface to pull them up, which was not done so speedy but the Water was at the last Boy's Heels, who as the other three were haling up, catch'd hold of one of his Companion's Feet, and all got safe to the Top. This being nois'd in the neighbouring Hamlets, great Numbers of People resorted daily to the Pit, and divers Colliers ventur'd down at different Times, in order to relieve their unfortunate Brethren; but perceiving a Black

Damp in the Work, which they reckon the most dangerous, and admitting no lighted Candle, were as often oblig'd to return, till Providence had order'd others to a more successful Attempt, viz. *Sampson Phipps*, *Thomas Somers*, *Moses Reynolds*, and *Thomas Smith*, Son to old *Joseph Smith*, who prudently carried down a Parcel of Coals on Fire, which so draughted the Damp, that they got out their miserable Brethren, except *Thomas Balifon*, who was all the time missing, and suppos'd to be drown'd. When they were brought into the open Air, their Sight entirely fail'd them for some time, and were all weak and feeble; but after having some comfortable Refreshment, they all walk'd to their respective Homes, to the great Surprize of the People present. Being told the long time of their Calamity, they were under a Consternation, not thinking it had been above five or six Days. The Morning after their never-to-be-forgotten Preservation, *Thomas Smith*, Son to old *Joseph Smith*, intended to bespeak a Coffin for his Father; and his Mother had made Preparation for his Funeral.



CV.

A Story of a Young Woman, now in Bedlam.

I Lately went to see *Bedlam Hospital*, and after walking it for some time, the first Object particularly remark'd, was a beautiful, genteel young Girl, about 17 Years of Age, whose Madness proceeded from an Excess of Pride and Love. The first Cause was evidently seen in every Gesture; for she walk'd with an extraordinary Air of Grandeur, and her Eyes discovered the Scorn of her Heart; but when her slighted Affection gain'd the Ascendant, her Pride fell like the Tail of a Peacock, and she melted into Tears and Lamentations. I was very much mov'd at her Misfortune; for the Struggles which Nature must endure, when an extravagant slighted Love, and intolerable Pride, are the Antagonists, must certainly be

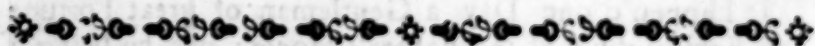
be very great. What surpriz'd me very much was, that the People made Sport of her, and insulted her Loss of Reason ; which, I must confess, shock'd me extreamly.

I made very particular Enquiry how it happen'd that this young Beauty was slighted in Love ; for I think she was as fine a Woman as ever I beheld. I was inform'd, that her Father liv'd in a reputable manner, and had bestow'd upon his Daughter a very genteel Education. She was not insensible of her Charms, and being of a haughty Disposition, thought of nothing less than some Man of Figure for a Husband. Her Fortune indeed was small ; but she imagin'd her Beauty made sufficient Amends for her Want of Money. She likewise dress'd exceeding well ; which is a Method the young Women make use of to allure Men of Fortune : But, where one Woman makes her Fortune this way, I verily believe twenty are made Whores. The young Maid, who is my present Subject, look'd down with Scorn and Contempt upon every Man in an equal Station of Life with herself ; which wrong way of thinking I have observ'd to prove very prejudicial to the *English* Women ; for by this means they frequently overstand their Market, and die old Maids, or take up with much worse than they before had despis'd : And sometimes, when they can get nobody to marry them, they will rather submit to be Whores, than not be made as wise as their Mothers.

It happen'd one Day a Gentleman of great Fortune and Family din'd at the Father's House ; and he being a gay brisk Man, in the Flower of his Youth, seeing a pretty Girl at Table, made several fine Speeches concerning her Beauty ; and complimented the Father upon his having so beautiful a Daughter. The Mother being dead, and she the eldest, was House-keeper and Mistress in Chief, and liv'd without Controul : In these Circumstances she was left at Liberty to act as she pleased ; she began not to be so pert about the House, and left the Family Affairs unregarded. She devoted her Time chiefly to reading Romances, and talk'd of nothing but Love. The Impression this young Gentleman had made in her Mind, began now to spring up apace ; and she was ever
I 5 talking

talking of him. In short, her Love grew to such a Pitch at last, that she could no longer conceal it : She imagin'd all this Gentleman had said to her was the pure Effects of a tender Passion for her ; but he thought of her no more : For it is the Custom of the *English* young Gentlemen to make fine Speeches to all the Women they converse with ; and the Weakness of their Sex, mix'd with some Share of Vanity, makes them believe all these fine Speeches due to their Beauty and Merit ; for none think themselves ugly, and therefore believe any thing. This unhappy Maiden waited with Impatience Day after Day, expecting her Beloved to repeat his Compliments and Tokens of Affection ; but, alas ! all in vain : No longer able to contain the violent Emotions in her Breast ; she was at last compell'd to unfold the Secret of her Soul, and write him a Letter to declare the Violence of her Love.

This of itself was enough to make a proud Woman distracted. But what can be imagin'd after the Gentleman had read her Letter, seal'd it up again, and sent it back with this Answer at the Bottom, *I am surpriz'd at your Impertinence !* Horror and Despair seiz'd her at once, she could no longer maintain her Reason. Her Countenance was a Mixture of Rage and Tenderness, Pride and Love were for ever struggling, and had got entire Possession of her : In a word, she directly ran distracted.



CVI.

Friar PHILIP's Geese : Dedicated to the
FAIR SEX.

LADIES,

YOUR numberless Charms would, in the Imagination of a *Youthful Solitary*, have surpass'd the Beauties of the *Spring*, and the blushing *Aurora* : And had our *Youthful Solitary* seen them in his tender Years, he'd have preferred them to the dazzling Splendor of the Skies, and the lovely Prospects of the Meads. And indeed, he no sooner beheld your numberless Charms, but he felt the Force

Force of them ; you far excell'd all other Objects, and they immediately faded in his Eye. The Sight of the most magnificent Palaces, no longer invited his Curiosity. In a Word, he discover'd infinite more Lustre in your Persons, than in the Jewels which adorn a Crown. This *Youth* had, from his Infancy, inhabited the Woods and Groves, where the winged Choristers were his only Companions, whose delightful Harmony us'd sometimes to cheer his lonely Hours : Their innocent Melody was his sole Delight, notwithstanding that he was wholly unacquainted with the Meaning of their tuneful Language. To this rural School his Father had brought him up in his Infancy, immediately after the Death of his Mother ; and the tender Babe was no sooner born, than he remov'd him far from the Sight of any human Creature. And for many Years he had not the least Idea that there were any such in the World ; and imagin'd there were no other Creatures than the Tenants of the Forest he dwelt in ; such as Birds, Wolves and others, who enjoy only a sensitive Life, and are not endowed with any of the rational Faculties.

The two Motives which prevail'd with his Father to shun all human Commerce, were these following ; which whether they were well or ill grounded, I shall not take upon me to determine. The first was, his great Abhorrence of Mankind in general ; the second, his Fear. And from the time his dear Consort had left the World, and wing'd her Way to Heaven, he detested the Society of his Fellow Creatures. When grown weary with the Sighs he himself vented, with his continual Moan, and the repining of all those he met with ; the Death of his better Half made him both hate, as well as fear, the rest of her Sex ; so that he resolv'd to turn *Hermit*, and to bring up his Son in the same Way of Life. Upon this, having distributed his Wealth among the Indigent, he set out unaccompanied, except with his Infant Son, whom he carried in his Arms, and striking down into a lonely Forest, he stops in the most solitary Part of it.

The Name of this Man, as History informs us, was *Philip*. Here our *Hermit* studiously conceals a hundred

Particulars from the Child ; and that not from a Severity and Gloominess of Temper, but Piety ; and takes the utmost Care, not to let the least Word drop from him, which might intimate that there were any such Creatures in the World as *Women* ; or such things as Desires or Passions, particularly that of *Love*. In this Solitude, he instructed his Mind in things proportionable to his Age. Having attain'd his fifth Year, he taught him the Names of Flowers and Animals ; talk'd to him of the little Birds they heard and saw ; and would now and then intermix with these infantine Discourses, which were very pleasing to the Child, some Account of the *Devil*, who, he told him, was an ill-shap'd, hideous Creature : And indeed the first Lesson which Children are generally taught is *Fear*. Being now ten Years of Age, Things of a more deep and abstruse Nature were brought upon the Carpet, and he reveal'd to him some few Particulars relating to the other World ; but not a Word about *Woman* : At fifteen he taught him every thing his Mind was susceptible of ; gave him an Idea of the Creator of all Things, but forbore to speak of the most lovely Part of his Works : That Topic would be unseasonable to Persons devoted to a Life of Solitude, and 'twould be idle to give them the least Notion of it. Being now twenty, his Father thought proper to take him with him to a neighbouring City ; for the old Man was very much oppress'd with the Infirmary of his Years, and scarce able to walk thither to procure the Necessaries of Life ; upon which he thus argued with himself : What will my poor, dear Boy do when I am dead ? How will it be possible for him to subsist ; he, who is unknown to all the World ? It is not in the Nature of Wolves to be humane and charitable. *Friar Philip* knew, that all the Lad would inherit of him, was a Wallet and a Staff, which, God knows, was but a very poor Pittance ; and to these Considerations, he added that of his extream old Age. There were indeed but very few People who did not give him a little Loaf ; so that, had he been of a covetous Temper, he might have heap'd up considerable Wealth. He was known to all the little Children, who us'd, whenever they saw him,

him, to set up their Throats, and cry, *Your Aims, your Aims*; Friar Philip's *a coming*. In a Word, our Solitary being very much beloved in the City, had a great Number of charitable Friends there; but not one *Female* among them; for these he carefully avoided. Our good Anchoret no sooner thought, that the Things he had instill'd into his Son were firmly rivett'd in his Mind, than he carries him to visit such good Persons, as were charitably dispos'd, and makes a Trial of Fortune. However, Tears gush'd from his Eyes when he considered the Temptations to which the Lad would be expos'd. But now our two *Hermits* are set out upon their Journey, and arrive at the City, which was magnificent and finely built, and where the King kept his Court.

Here he met with ten thousand Objects unknown to him before; when our harmless and innocent Youth, in amaze, like one who was dropt from the Clouds, cries out, *What do you call that thing there?* A Courtier, replies the Father. *And those out yonder?* Palaces, my Dear. *These here?* Statues. He was gazing on these several Objects, when some young beautiful Girls, with piercing Eyes, and exquisite Features, skudded along before him; and immediately they alone drew all his Attention. For now he no longer views the Palaces, and the other Objects he had a Moment before admir'd: But, luckless Lad! is seiz'd with another kind of Admiration; for all in Rapture at this enchanting Sight, he cries out, *Oh Father! what's that so prettily dress'd? how is it call'd?* The good old Man, who did not in the least relish this Question, answers, 'Tis a Bird call'd a Goose, Child. Sweet, pretty Bird! cries the Lad in the utmost Transport, *pristhee sing a little; let's hear some of thy Musick; could not I get a little acquainted with thee?* Dear Father, I intreat you, if you love me, to let us carry one of them into our Forest.

CVII.

The Story of FLORIO and FLORELLA.

THERE was a Country Woman, who, upon her Intimacy with a *Fairy*, desir'd her to come and assist at her Labour. The good Woman was deliver'd of a Daughter ; when the *Fairy* (taking the Infant in her Arms) said to the Mother, " Make your Choice ; the Child, if you have a mind, shall be exquisitely handsome, excell in Wit even more than Beauty, and be Queen of a mighty Empire, but withal unhappy : Or, if you had rather, she shall be an ordinary, ugly Country Creature, like your self, but contented with her Condition." The Mother immediately chose Wit and Beauty for her Daughter, at the Hazard of any Misfortunes. As the Child grew, new Beauties open'd daily in her Face, till in a few Years she surpass'd all the rural Lasses that the oldest People had ever seen. Her Turn of Wit was genteel, polite, and insinuating ; she was of a ready Apprehension, and learn'd every thing so fast, as soon to excell her Teachers. Every Holiday she danced upon the Green with a superior Grace to any of her Companions. Her Voice was sweeter than any Shepherd's Pipe ; and she made the Songs which she used to sing. For some time she was not apprized of her own Charms ; till diverting herself with her Play-fellows on the green flowery Borders of a Fountain, she was surpris'd with the Reflection of her Face. She observ'd how different her Features and her Complexion seem'd from the rest of her Company, and admir'd herself. The Country flocking from day to day to obtain a Sight of her, made her still more sensible of her Beauty. Her Mother, who relied on the Predictions of the *Fairy*, began already to treat her as a Queen, and spoiled her by Flatteries. The young Damsel would neither sow nor spin, nor look after the Sheep : Her whole Amusement was to gather Flowers to dress her Hair with, to sing, and to dance in the Shade.

The

The King of the Country was a very powerful King, and he had but one Son, whose Name was *Florio*; for which reason his Father was impatient to have him married. The young Prince could never bear to hear the mentioning of any of the Princesses of neighbouring Nations, because a *Fairy* had told him, that he should find a Shepherdess more beautiful and more accomplish'd than all the Princesses in the World. Therefore the King gave Orders to assemble all the Village Nymphs of his Realm, who were under the Age of Eighteen, to make a Choice of her who should appear most worthy of so great an Honour. In pursuance of the Order, when they came to be sort'd, a vast Number of Virgins whose Beauty was not extraordinary, were refused Admittance, and only thirty picked out, who infinitely surpass'd all others. These thirty Virgins were ranged in a great Hall, in the Figure of a Half Moon, that the King and his Son might have a distinct View of them together. *Florella* (our young Damsel) appear'd in the midst of her Competitors like a Lily among Marigolds; or, as an Orange-Tree in Blossom shews amongst the Mountain Shrubs. The King immediately declared aloud, that she deserved his Crown; and *Florio* thought himself happy in the Possession of *Florella*. Our Shepherdess was instantly desired to cast off her Country Weeds, and to accept of a Habit richly embroider'd with Gold. In a few Minutes she saw herself cover'd with Pearls and Diamonds, and a Number of Ladies were appointed to wait upon her. Every one was attentive to prevent her Desires before she spoke; and she was lodged within the Palace in a magnificent Apartment, where, instead of Tapestry, there were large Pannels of Looking-Glasses from the Floor to the Cieling, that she might have the Pleasure of seeing her Beauty multiplied on all sides, and that the Prince might admire her where ever he cast his Eyes. *Florio* in a few Days quitted the Chace, and all the manly Exercises in which before he delighted, that he might be always with his Mistress. The Nuptials were concluded, and soon after the old King died. Thereupon *Florella* becoming Queen, all the Councils and the Affairs

Affairs of State were directed by her Wisdom. The Queen-Mother, whose Name was *Invideffa*, grew jealous of her Daughter-in-Law. She was an artful, perverse, cruel Woman; and Age had so much aggravated her natural Deformity, that she resembled one of the Furies. The Youth and Beauty of *Florella* made her appear yet more frightful; she could not bear the sight of so fine a Creature. She likewise dreaded her Wit and Understanding, and gave herself up to all the Rage of Envy. You want the Soul of a Prince (would she often say to her Son) or you could not have married this mean Cottager. How can you be so abject as to make an Idol of her? Then she is as haughty as if she had been brought up in the Palace where she lives. You should have followed the Example of the King your Father, when you thought of taking a Wife. He prefer'd me, because I was the Daughter of a Monarch equal to himself. Send away this insignificant Shepherdess to her Hamlet; and take to your Bed and Throne some young Princess, whose Birth is answerable to your own. *Florio* continued deaf to all the Instances of his Mother. But one Morning *Invideffa* got a Billet into her Hands, which *Florella* had writ to the King: This she gave to a young Courtier, who by her Instructions shew'd it to the King, pretending to have received a Letter from the Queen with such Marks of Affection as were due only to his Majesty. *Florio*, blinded by Jealousy, and the malignant Insinuations of his Mother, immediately order'd *Florella* to be imprison'd for Life, in a high Tower built upon the Point of a Rock which stood in the Sea. There she wept Night and Day, not knowing for what supposed Crime she was so severely treated by the King, who had so passionately loved her. She was permitted to see no Person but an old Woman, to whom *Invideffa* had entrusted her, and whose Business it was to insult her upon all Occasions.

Now *Florella* called to mind the Village, the Cottage, the sweet Privacy, and the rural Pleasures she had quitted. One day as she sat in a pensive Posture overwhelm'd with Grief, and to herself accused the Folly of her Mother,

who

who chose rather to have a beautiful unfortunate Queen, than an ugly contented Shepherdess; the old Woman who was her Tormentor, came to acquaint her, that the King had sent an Executioner to take off her Head, and that she must prepare to die. *Florella* replied, that she was ready to receive the Stroke. Accordingly the Executioner (sent by the King's Order at the Persuasion of *Invidessa*) appeared with a drawn Sabre in his Hand, ready to perform his Commission, when a Woman stepped in, who said she came from the Queen-Mother, to speak a Word or two in private with *Florella* before she was put to Death. The old Woman, imagining her to be one of the Ladies of the Court, suffer'd her to deliver her Message: But it was the *Fairy* who had foretold her Misfortunes at her Birth, and who had now assumed the Likeness of one of *Invidessa*'s Attendants. She desir'd the Company to retire a while, and then spoke thus to *Florella* in secret: "Are you willing to renounce that Beauty which has proved so fatal? Are you willing to quit the Title of Queen, to put on your former Habit, and to return to your Village?" *Florella* was transported at the Offer; thereupon the *Fairy* applied an enchanted Mask to her Face; her Features instantly became deform'd, all the Symmetry vanished, and she was now as disagreeable as she had been handsome. Under this Change it was not possible to know her; and she passed without difficulty through the Company who came to see her Execution. In vain did they search the Tower; *Florella* was not to be found. The News of this Escape was soon brought to the King and *Invidessa*, who commanded diligent Search to be made after her throughout the Kingdom, but to no purpose.

The *Fairy* by this time had restored *Florella* to her Mother, who would never have been able to recollect her alter'd Looks, had she not been let into the Circumstances of her Story. Our Shepherdess was now contented to live an ugly, poor, unknown Creature in the Village, where she tended Sheep. She frequently heard People relate and lament over her Adventures: Songs were made upon them, which drew Tears from all Eyes.

She

She often took a Pleasure in singing those Songs with her Companions, and would often weep with the rest. But still she thought herself happy with her little Flock, and was never once tempted to discover herself to any of her Acquaintance.



CVIII.

The History of King ALFARUTE.

THERE was a King whose Name was *Alfarute*; fear'd by all his Neighbours, and lov'd by all his Subjects. He was wise, good, just, valiant; and deficient in no Quality requisite in a good Prince. A *Fairy* came to him one day, and told him that he would soon find himself plunged into great Difficulties, if he did not make use of a Ring which she then put on his Finger. When he turn'd the Stone of the Ring to the Inside of his Hand, he became invisible; and when he turned the Diamond outwards, he became visible again. He was mightily pleased with this Present, and soon grew sensible of the inestimable Value of it. When he suspected any one of his Subjects, he went into that Man's House and Closet, with his Diamond turn'd inward, and heard and saw all the Secrets of the Family without being perceived. When he mistrusted the Designs of any neighbouring Potentate, he would make a long Journey unaccompanied, to be present in his most private Councils, and learn every thing without the Fear of being discovered. By this means he easily prevented every Intention to his Prejudice; he frustrated several Conspiracies formed against his Person, and disconcerted all the Measures of his Enemies for his Overthrow. Nevertheless he was not thoroughly satisfied with his Ring; and he requested of the *Fairy* the Power of conveying himself in an Instant from one Country to another, that he might make a more convenient and ready Use of the Ring. The *Fairy* replied, "You ask too much.
" Let

" Let me conjure you not to covet a Power, which I
 " foresee will one day be the Cause of your Misery, tho'
 " the particular Manner thereof be conceal'd from me."

The King would not listen to her Intreaties, but still urged his Request. " Since then you will have it so, (said she) " I must necessarily grant you a Favour, of " which you will dearly repent." Hereupon she chafed his Shoulders with a fragrant Liquor, when immediately he perceived little Wings shooting at his Back. These little Wings were not discernible under his Habit; and when he had a mind to fly, he needed only to touch them with his Hand, and they would spread so as to bear him through the Air swifter than an Eagle. When he had no farther Occasion for his Wings, with a Touch they shrunk again to so small a Size, as to lie concealed under his Garment. By this Project *Alfarute* was able to convey himself in a few Moments wherever he pleas'd. He knew every thing, and no Man could conceive how he came by his Intelligence; for he would often retire into his Closet, and pretend to be shut up there the whole Day, with strict Orders not to be disturbed; then making himself invisible with his Ring, he would enlarge his Wings with a Touch, and traverse vast Countries. By this Power he enter'd into very extraordinary Wars, and never fail'd to triumph. But as he continually saw into the Secrets of Men, he discovered so much Wickedness and Dissimulation, that he could no longer place a Confidence in any Man. The more redoubted and powerful he grew, the less he was beloved; and he found that even they, to whom he had been most bountiful, had no Gratitude nor Affection towards him.

In this disconsolate Condition he resolv'd to search through the wide World till he found a Woman compleat in Beauty and all good Qualities, willing to be his Wife; one who should love him, and study to make him happy. Long did he search in vain; and as he saw all without being seen, he discover'd the most hidden Wiles and Failings of the Sex. He visited all the Courts, where he found the Ladies unsincere, fond of Admirers, and so enamour'd of their own Persons, that their Hearts

were

were not capable of entertaining any true Love for a Husband. He went likewise into all the private Families : He found one was of an inconstant, volatile Disposition, another was cunning and artful, a third haughty, a fourth capricious ; almost all vain, faithless, and full of Idolatry to their own Charms.

Under these Disappointments he resolved to carry his Enquiry even to the lowest Conditions of Life. Whereupon at last he found the Daughter of a poor Labourer, fair as the brightest Morning, but simple and ingenuous in all her Beauty, which she disregarded, and which in reality was the least of her Perfections ; for she had an Understanding and a Virtue which outshone all the Graces of her Person. All the Youth in the Neighbourhood were impatient to see her ; and more impatient, after they had seen her, to obtain her in Marriage, none doubting of being compleatly happy with such a Wife. King *Alfarute* beheld her, and he loved her : He demanded her of the Father, who was transported with the Thoughts of his Daughter's becoming a great Queen. *Clarinda* (so was she called) went from her Father's Hut into a magnificent Palace, where she was received by a numerous Court. She was not dazled nor disconcerted at the sudden Change. She preserved her Simplicity, her Modesty, her Virtue, and forgot not the Place of her Birth when she was in the Height of her Glory. The King's Affection for her increased daily, and he believed he should at last arrive at perfect Happiness : Neither was he already far from it ; so much did he begin to confide in the Goodness of his Queen. He often render'd himself invisible, to observe her, and to surprise her ; but he never discover'd any thing in her that was not worthy of his Admiration ; so that now there was but a very small Remainder of Jealousy blended with his Love.

The *Fairy*, who had foretold the fatal Consequences of his last Request, came so often to warn him, that he thought her Importunity troublesome. Therefore he gave Orders, that she should no longer be admitted into the Palace, and enjoined the Queen not to receive her

Visits

Visits for the future. The Queen promis'd to obey his Commands; but not without much Unwillingness, because she lov'd this good *Fairy*. It happen'd one day when the King was upon a Progress, that the *Fairy*, desirous to instruct the Queen in Futurity, enter'd her Apartment under the Appearance of a young Officer, and immediately declared in a Whisper who she was; whereupon the Queen embraced her with Tenderness. The King, who was there invisible, perceived it, and was instantly fir'd with Jealousy. He drew his Sword, and pierced the Queen, who fell expiring into his Arms. In that Moment the *Fairy* resumed her true Shape; whereupon the King knew her, and was convinced of the Queen's Innocence. Then he would have killed himself; but the *Fairy* with-held his Hand, and strove to comfort him: When the Queen, breathing out her last Words, said, *Tho' I die by your Hand, I die wholly yours.*

Too late now *Alfarute* cursed his Folly, that put him upon wresting a Boon from the *Fairy*, which proved his Misery. He returned the Ring, and desired his Wings might be taken from him. The remaining Days of his Life he pass'd in Bitterness and Grief, knowing no other Consolation, but to weep perpetually over *Clarinda's* Tomb.

CIX.

MELESICHTON and PROXINOË; or, the
Rural Oeconomists.

MELESICHTON was a Native of *Megaris*, and a Gentleman of an illustrious Family in *Greece*. When young, the heroic Actions of his Ancestors took up all his Thoughts; and he gave early Demonstrations of his Courage and Conduct in several bold and hazardous Engagements: But as he was too fond of Grandeur, his high and expensive way of Living soon plunged him into a Sea of Troubles. He was obliged to fly with his
Wife

Wise *Proxinoë* to a Country Seat on the Sea-shore, where they lived together in a profound Solitude. *Proxinoë* was a Lady highly esteemed for her Wit, Courage, and stately Deportment. Many, who were in much better Circumstances than *Melichiton*, had made their Addresses to her on account of her Birth and Beauty; but true Merit alone made him the Object of her Choice. Though their Virtue and Friendship were inviolable; though *Hymen* for many Years had never yoked a happier Pair; yet their mutual Fondness and Indulgence proved now but an Aggravation of their Arrows. *Melichiton* could have born with less Impatience the severest Frowns of Fortune, had he suffered alone, without so tender a Partner as *Proxinoë*; and *Proxinoë* with Concern observed, that her Presence augmented the Pains of her *Melichiton*. Their sole Comfort arose from the Reflection, that Heaven had blessed them with two Children, beauteous as the *Graces*. The Son's Name was *Melibæus*, and the Daughter's *Pæmenis*. *Melibæus*, tho' young, was very active, strong, and courageous; in every Gentleman-like Exercise he excelled all the neighbouring Youth. He rang'd around the Forests, and his Arrows were as fatal and unerring as those of *Apolla*: However, the Arts and Sciences (those nobler Rays of Deity) were more the Objects of his Contemplation than his Bow was his Diversion. *Melichiton*, in his Retirement, laid before him all the Advantages of a liberal Education, and imprinted on his Mind betimes the Love of Virtue and good Manners. *Melibæus*, in his Air and Mein was unaffected, soft, and engaging; yet his Aspect was noble, bold, and commanded Respect. His Father cast his longing Eyes upon him, and wept over him with a Paternal Fondness. *Pæmenis* was by the Mother instructed with equal Care in all the various Arts with which *Minerva* has obliged Mankind; and to those curious Accomplishments were added the Charms of Musick. *Orpheus* never sung, or touch'd his Lyre more softly than *Pæmenis*. At first sight she appeared like the young Goddess *Diana*, just risen from her native floating Island. Her silver Tresses were tied with a careless Air behind; whilst some few Hairs, unconfin'd,

play'd

play'd about her Ivory Neck, at the Breath of every gentle *Zephyr*. Her Dress was a thin loose Gown, tucked up with a Girdle, that she might move with greater Freedom. Without the Advantage of Dress, no Nymph was ever so beautiful, so free from Pride, so little conscious of her own Charms. She was never so vain or curious, as to examine her Features in any transparent Stream. The Conduct and Oeconomy of the Family was her whole Employment. But *Melesichton*, whose Thoughts were ever dark and gloomy, whose Hopes of a Return from a State of Banishment were now all lost, sought every Opportunity to be alone. The Sight of *Proxinoë* and his Children now aggravated his Sorrows: He would often steal out to the Sea-shore at the Foot of a large Rock, full of tremendous Caverns, and there a while bemoan his wayward Fate: From thence repair to a thick shady Vale, where (even at Mid-day) the Sunbeams never enter'd. There would he sit by the side of a purling Stream, and ruminate on all his Ills. Soft downy Sleep ne'er closed his weary Eye-lids; his Words all terminated in Sighs; in short, he grew negligent of Life, and sunk under the Weight of his Misfortunes.

One day as he was reclined on a Bank in his favourite solitary Vale, tir'd and fatigued with Thought, he fell asleep; and in a Dream he saw the Goddess *Ceres* crown'd with golden Sheaves, who approached him with an Air of Majesty and Sweetness. "Why, *Melesichton*," said she, art thou thus inconsolable? Why art thou thus overwhelmed with Misfortunes?" "Alas! reply'd he, I am abandon'd by my Friends; my Estate is all lost; Law-Suits and my Creditors for ever perplex me. The thoughts of my Birth, and the Figure I have made in the World, are all Aggravations of my Misery: And to tug at the Oar like a Gally-Slave for a bare Subsistence, is an Act too mean, and what my Spirit never can comply with." "Does then Nobility," replied the Goddess, consist in the Affluence of Fortune? No, *Melesichton*, but in the heroic Imitation of thy virtuous Ancestors. The just Man alone is truly Great and Noble. Nature is sufficed with a little: "Enjoy

" Enjoy that little with the Sweat of thy Brow : Live
 " free from Dependence, and no Man will be nobler than
 " thyself. Luxury and false Ambition are the Ruin of
 " Mankind. If thou wantest the Conveniences of Life,
 " who can better supply thee than thyself? Art thou
 " terrified at the Thoughts of attaining them by Industry
 " and Application?" (she said) and immediately presented
 him with a golden Plough-share and an Horn of
 Plenty. *Bacchus* next appeared, crown'd with Ivy,
 grasping his *Thyrsis* in his Hand, attended by *Pan* play-
 ing on his rural Pipe, whilst the *Fauns* and *Satyrs* danced
 to the melodious Music. *Pomona* next advanced, laden
 with Fruits, and *Flora* dress'd in all her gayest, sweetest
 Flowers. In short, all the Rural Deities cast a favoura-
 ble Eye on *Melesichton*.

He waked fully convinced of the Application and
 moral Use he ought to make of this celestial Dream. A
 Dawn of Comfort all on a sudden shot through his Soul,
 and he found new Inclinations rise for the Labours of
 the Plain. He communicated his Dream to the fair
Proxinoë, who rejoiced with him, and approved of his
 Interpretation. The next day they lessened their Reti-
 nue; the Valet and Waiting woman were immediately
 discharged, and all their Equipage and Grandeur at once
 resigned. *Proxinoë* with *Pæmenis* spun whilst they tended
 their Sheep, and at convenient Hours weav'd their own
 Cloth and Stuffs; and cut out and contrived every thing
 to the best Advantage for themselves and the rest of the
 Family. All their fine Needle-works (in which *Minerva*
 herself could never be more curious) were now no more
 regarded; and the glazing Tent was now resigned for the
 more advantageous Distaff. Their daily Provisions were
 the Product of their own Ground, and dress'd with their
 own Hands. They milked their own Kine, which now
 began to supply them with Plenty. They purchased no-
 thing without doors; every thing was got ready with
 Decency and without Hurry. Their Food was plain and
 simple, and enjoyed with that true Relish which is inse-
 parable from Toil and hard Labour. In this rural man-
 ner they lived, and every thing was neat and decent
 round

round about them. All the costly Tapestry was dispos'd of, yet the Walls were perfectly white, and no part of the House either dirty or in Disorder. None of their Goods were in the least soil'd with Dust. The Beds, tho' not of Down, were clean and proper for Repose. The very Furniture of the Kitchen (which you will seldom find in great Families) was as bright as Silver; and nothing stood out of its proper Place. At Times of Publick Entertainment *Proxime* made the best of Pastry. She kept Bees, whose Honey was sweeter than that which trickled from the Trunks of Oaks in the golden Age. Her Cows made her willing Presents of large flowing Bowls of Milk. Her Garden was plentifully stor'd with Variety of Plants for Service and Delight in their proper Season; and by her Industry and Skill, she was the first of all her Neighbours that could produce them in Perfection. Her Collection of Flowers too was very curious; part of which she sold, after she had reserved a sufficient Quantity for the Ornament of her House. *Pamnis* trod in the Steps of her industrious Mother; she was ever cheerful at her Work, and sung as she went along to pen her Sheep. No Neighbour's Flock could rival her's; no contagious Distemper, no ravenous Wolves durst ever approach them. Her tender Lambkins danced upon the Plains to her melodious Notes, whilst all the *Ecboes* round about with Pleasure repeat the dying Sounds. *Melesiebtin* till'd his own Grounds, drove his own Plough, sow'd his Seed, and reap'd his Harvest with his own Hand. He is now fully convinced that the Husbandman's Life is less laborious, far more innocent and advantageous than the Soldier's. No sooner had he cock'd and got in his Hay, but *Ceres* with her yellow Fruits invited him to the Field, and with large Interest repaid the Debt she owed him. Soon after, *Bacchus* supplied him with Nectar worthy the Table of the Gods. *Minerva* too complimented him with the Fruit of her favourite salutary Tree. Winter was the Season for Repose, when all the Family met together, were innocently gay, and thankful to the Gods for all their harmless unambitious Pleasures. They ate no Flesh but at their Sacrifices, and their Cattle never

died but upon their Altars. *Melibæus* was thoughtful and sedate beyond his Years ; he took on himself the whole Care and Management of the larger Cattle ; he hew'd down large Oaks in the Forests ; dug Aqueducts for the more convenient watering of the Meadows, and with indefatigable Industry would ease his Father. His Diversions at his leisure Hours were Hunting and Coursing with the young Gentlemen his Neighbours, or improving himself in his Studies, of which *Melesichon* had laid the solid Foundation.

In a little time *Melesichon*, by a Life thus led in Simplicity and Innocence, was in better Circumstances than at first : His House was stored with all the Conveniences of Life, tho' there was nothing in it useless or superfluous. The Company he kept, for the most part, was within the Compass of his own Family. They liv'd together in perfect Love and Harmony, and contributed to each other's Happiness. They liv'd far from Court, where Pleasures bear so high a Price. Their Enjoyments were sweet, innocent, easy to be attained, and attended with no Dangers in the Pursuit. *Melibæus* and *Pæmenis* were thus brought up and inur'd to rural Labours : Thus their former Characters serv'd only to inspire them with greater Courage, and make them easy under the Frowns of Fortune. The Increase of their Stock introduced no new and luxurious Course of Life. Their Diet was still as frugal as before, and their Industry continued with equal Vigour. *Melesichon's* Friends now press'd him (since Fortune had once again prov'd propitious) to resume his former Post, and shine again in the busy World. To whom he replied, " Shall I again give way to Pride " and Extravagance, that were the fatal Cause of all " my Misfortunes ; or spend my future Days in rural " Labours, which have not only made me rich again, " but, what is more, compleatly happy ? " To conclude, one day he took a Tour to his old solitary Shade, where *Ceres* had thus kindly directed his Conduct in a Dream, and reposed himself on the verdant Grass with as much Serenity of Mind, as before with Confusion and Despair. There he slept again ; and again the Goddess

Ceres

Ceres in the like friendly manner approached, and thus address'd him : ' True Nobility, *Melesicbton*, consists
' in receiving no Favours from any one, and bestowing
' them with a liberal Hand on all. Have your Depend-
' ence on nothing but the fruitful Bosom of the Earth,
' and the Works of your own Hands. Never resign that
' for Luxury and empty Show, which is the natural and
' inexhaustible Foundation of true Happiness.



CX.

The History of POLYDORE.

IN the Reign of *Charles I.* King of *England*, lived two Gentlemen, whose true Names I will conceal under the feign'd Names of *Acasto* and *Septimius*. They were Neighbours, their Estates lay together, and they had a Friendship for each other, which had grown up from their earliest Youth. *Acasto* had an only Son, whom we will call *Polydore*; and *Septimius* an only Daughter, named *Emilia*. Tho' the Boy was but fourteen Years old, and the Girl but twelve, the Parents were so desirous of contracting an Alliance between their Families, and of uniting the two bordering Estates, that they married them before either of them were at Age to consummate the Marriage, or even to understand the Nature of their Contract. As soon as the Ceremony was perform'd, they sent the young Gentleman abroad to finish his Education. After four Years, which he had spent in *France* and *Italy*, he was recall'd by the News of his Father's Death, which made it necessary for him to return to *England*.

Emilia, who was now about sixteen, began to think he had been absent long enough, and received him with a great deal of Satisfaction. She had heard a fine Character of him, from those who knew him in his Travels; and when she saw him, his Person was so improv'd, that she thought herself the happiest of Women in being his

Wife. But his Sentiments towards her were very different.

There was in his Temper a Spirit of Contradiction, which could not bear to have a Wife imposed upon him. He complained that his Father had taken Advantage of his tender Age to draw him into an Engagement, in which his Judgment could possibly have no part. He confess'd he had no Objections to the Character or Person of *Emilia*; but insisted on a Liberty of Choice, and declared that he look'd upon his Marriage to be forc'd and null. In short, he absolutely refused to consummate it, in spite of all the Endeavours of their Friends and the conjugal Affection of the poor young Lady, who did her utmost to vanquish his Aversion. When she found that all her Kindness was thrown away, the natural Pride of her Sex made her desire to be separated from him, and she joined with him in a Petition for a Divorce. The first Parliament of the Year 1640 was then sitting: The Affair was brought before them, and it was believed that a Divorce would have been easily obtained at their mutual Demand. But the Bishops opposed it with great Violence, as a Breach of the Law of God, which, they said, would admit of no Divorce but in Cases of Adultery. They were answered, that the Marriage was not compleat; and that the ceremonious Part, which was all that had passed between them, might as properly be dispensed with by the Legislature, as any other Form of Law: That the young Gentleman's Aversion was *invincible*, and inconsistent with the Obligation laid upon him: That therefore it would not well become the Fathers of the Church to put him under a manifest Temptation of committing Adultery: And that nothing could be imagin'd more unjust, than to condemn the Lady to perpetual Virginity, under the Notion of a Marriage, which, it was plain, was a meer Illusion. These Arguments seem'd convincing to all the World except the Bishops; but they persisted in their *usual Unanimity*, and were so powerful, by the Favour of the Court, that they carried their Point in the House of Lords; and the unfortunate *Polydore* and *Emilia* were declared to be *one Flesh*, tho' no Union had
ever

ever been between them, either in Body or Mind. — The Husband immediately paid back his Wife's Portion to her Father ; and firmly resolv'd from that time forward he would never see her more. His natural Obstinacy was irritated by the Constraint that was put upon him, and he took a Pride to shew the World there was no Power Ecclesiastical or Civil, which could oblige him to act like a married Man against his Inclination. The poor Lady retir'd to a Seat of her Father's in the Country, and endeavour'd, by long Absence from her Husband, to forget that he had ever pleas'd or offended her. — Two Years afterwards the Civil War broke out between the King and Parliament. *Polydore* was so enrag'd against the Bishops for obstructing his Divorce, that it determin'd him in chusing his Party, and made him take Arms against the King. *Septimius*, the Father of *Emilia*, was as zealous a Royalist, to which his Hatred of *Polydore* contributed as much as any thing ; for it was hardly possible that two such bitter Enemies should be of the same Side. In the Course of the War the King being worsted, the Estates of many of his Party were confiscated ; and *Septimius* having been one of the most active, as also one of those that suffered most, he was compell'd to retire into *France*, with what he could save out of the Wrecks of his Estate, and carried with him his Daughter, who was quite abandon'd by her Husband and his Family.

In the mean while the Army of the Parliament began to form itself into different Factions: *Cromwell*, at the Head of the Independents, acquir'd by Degrees such an Influence, that the *Presbyterians* were no longer a Match for him. *Polydore*, who was devoted to that Sect, threw up his Commission in Discontent ; and, happily for his Reputation, had no Share in those violent Proceedings, which ended in the Destruction of the King and the antient Constitution. He continued quite unactive for some Years ; but at length growing weary of a Life, which agreed so ill with his Vivacity, he determin'd to go and serve in the *Low Countries* under the great Prince of *Conde*, who, in the Year 1654, commanded the Armies of *pain*

against his Country.—Two Reasons inclin'd *Polydore* to this Party ; *First*, the Desire he had to learn his Trade under a General of so great Reputation ; and, *Secondly*, because *Cromwell* had refus'd to enter into an Alliance with that Prince, though most agreeable to the Interests of *England*.—He found his Highness employed in besieging *Arras*, and was received by him with high Marks of Esteem. During the Siege he often signalized his Courage, and supported the Opinion that was spread all over *Europe* of the Valour of the Parliament-Officers. But the Marshal *Turenne*, with *La Ferte* and *Hoguincourt*, having attack'd the Besiegers in their Lines, reliev'd *Arras*, and would have destroyed the *Spanish* Army, had not the Prince of *Conde* sav'd them by a Retreat, which was one of the greatest Actions of his Life. In this Battle *Polydore* was taken Prisoner, and sent to *Paris*, with many other *Spanish* Officers, to continue there till they should be ransom'd or exchange'd in the Journey. He contracted a great Intimacy with the Count d' *Aguilar*, Brigadier under the Count *Fuensaldagna*, and one of the first Gentlemen in *Spain*. As they travelled together several Days, they very naturally acquainted one another with the principal Incidents of their Lives. *Polydore* related to *Aguilar* the whole Story of his Marriage with *Emilia*, and declaimed with great Heat against the Folly of tying two People thus together, who wish nothing so much as to be loose. No doubt, said the Count, it is most absurd ; but, to say the Truth, I find nothing in the whole Affair of Marriage, as we have made it. I don't know what it may be to other Men, but to me it seems horribly unnatural, to be confin'd to any single Woman, let her be ever so agreeable. If I had chose a Woman freely, answered *Polydore*, I could be always constant to her with Pleasure ; but to have a Companion for Life forc'd upon me, I had rather row in the Gallies than submit to it. You are mistaken, my dear *Polydore*, replied the Count, in fancying it so easy to be constant, even to a Wife of one's own chusing ; I have had some Experience of that kind, and know that the first Choice is only good till we have made

made a second. To prove this to you, I need only give the History of my Amours ; — which he did as follows :



CXI.

The History of the Amours of the Countess
d'AGUILAR.

THAT you may not think I am entertaining you with a Romance, I will begin where Romances always end, with the Article of my Marriage. I was married at 24 to a Lady, whom I chose for her Beauty and good Sense, without troubling myself about her Fortune, which was but small. The three or four first Years that we liv'd together, was the happiest Period of my Life: I preserv'd all the Ardour of a Lover, with the Freedom and Tenderneſs of a Husband. She lov'd me still more fondly than I did her ; and if I had not left her till she gave me Occasion, I believe I should have been constant to this Day. — But I was not able to hold out any longer : All her Charms were become so familiar to me, that they could not make the least Impression, and I went regularly to her Bed as I did to Supper, with an Appetite quite pall'd by too much Plenty. In this dull Way I drudg'd on for a tedious Twelvemonth, till the Sight of a Relation of my Wife's, who came opportunely to lodge in my own House, rous'd me out of my Lethargy. It was a beautiful Creature of eighteen, just taken out of a Convent to be married. She knew nothing of the World, but had a natural Quickneſs that went farther than Experience. However as there was something a little awkward on her *Exterior Carriage*, the Countess d'Aguilar thought it proper to keep her with her for some time before her Marriage, till she had instructed her how to behave herself in Publick. I thought my Instructions might be of use to her as well as my Wife's ; to teach

her how to behave herself in *Private* ; and had the good Fortune to make them more agreeable. She lik'd me better and better every Lesson, and in Proportion as her Passion increas'd for me, conceived a stronger Aversion for the Man who was design'd for her Husband : And indeed she had no great Reason to be fond of him, for he was a peevish, stupid, bigotted old Fellow, who did nothing Day or Night but pray or scold. Her Friends press'd the Conclusion of her Marriage, and as unwilling as she was to come into it, she could not resist their Importunities. Yet, to comfort me, she very fairly let me know, that she would give her Virginity to me in spite of all their Teeth ; and moreover, that I should have it on the *Wedding Night*. I represented to her the Improbability of her performing such a Promise at such a Time ; but she bid me trust to her Management, and I should be satisfied. The Wedding-Night came ; and when the Company was retir'd, the Bridegroom was surpriz'd to see the Bride dissolv'd in Tears. He begg'd to know the Cause of her Affliction, but she would not tell him, except he swore that when he knew it, he would do his utmost to remove it. The poor Man, in the Vehemence of his Love, assur'd her that he would do any thing to make her easy, that was not contrary to the *Honour of a Cavalier*, or the *Injunctions of our holy Mother Church*. No ; said she, the Thing I require of you will recommend you extreamly to the Church, as it is only to give me leave to accomplish a Vow I made to the blessed Virgin, in a Fit of Sickness, when my Life was in great Danger. Heaven forbid, my pretty Child, replied the Don, that I should hinder you from performing a sacred Vow, to the Hazard of your Soul. Well then, said she, I will own to you, that in my Fright I vow'd that if I could but get well again, and live to be married, I would consecrate my Wedding-Night to the blessed Virgin, by passing it in the Bed of my Waiting-Woman, the virtuous *Isabella*. And this very Morning while I slept, our Lady appear'd to me in a Dream, and threaten'd me with another Fit of Sickness if I did not keep my Word. If it be so, replied the Husband, there is no doubt but the Virgin must
 Le

be serv'd before me, and so my Dear, I wish you a good Night.

Now you must know, that the virtuous *Isabella* was trusted with all the Secrets of her Mistress, and had gone between them thro' the whole Course of our Amour. Accordingly Madam went to Bed with her Waiting-Woman, who had taken Care to inform me of this Design, and conceal'd me in a Closet in her Chamber ; from whence, as soon as every Body was asleep, I was admitted to the Place of *Isabella*, and receiv'd the full Acquittance of a Promise I little expected to see performed. The Singularity of this Adventure so delighted me, that I could not help, in the Vanity of my Heart, discovering it to the Duke *d' Infantada*, the most intimate of my Friends. He was very thankful for the Confidence I repos'd in him, and to reward me for it, betray'd it instantly to my Wife, whom, it seems, he long had made Love to without Success. As he thought that the greatest Obstacle to his Desires was her Fondness of me, he hop'd to remove it by convincing her of my Falseness ; but though the News of it had like to have broke her Heart, it was not capable to change it. She reproach'd me in a manner that made my Fault appear much more inexcusable. I might complain, said she, of the Affront you have done my Honour in debauching my Relation ; but alas ! I am only sensible to the Injury you have done my Love. You are grown weary of me, and I know it is impossible to regain your Heart, since the single Reason of your Dislike must still continue, which is, that I am your Wife. If any Part of my Behaviour had offended you, I might have chang'd it to your Satisfaction ; but this is a Fault which in Spite of all my Care will grow worse every Day — I endeavoured to pacify her by Assurances of my future Fidelity ; and really I was so affected by her Behaviour, that I seriously meant to keep my Word. — But our Inclinations are very little in our Power : My Resolutions soon yielded to the Charms of the Countess *Altamira*, one of the handsomest Women about the Court, but the vainest, the most interested, and the most abandon'd. She made it a Point of Honour to seduce

me, out of a Desire to mortify my Wife, with whom she had quarrell'd upon some female Competition of Precedency or Dress. Her Avarice was equal to her Pride, and she made me pay dearly for her Favours, tho' her Husband was one of the richest Men in *Spain*. I hardly ever went to her without a Present of some kind or other, and my Fortune begun to suffer by my Expence ; yet I was so bewitched to her, that though I heartily despis'd her, I could not help loving her to Madness.

One day, when I came to see her after an Absence that had rais'd my Desires to the highest Pitch, she receiv'd me with a Sullenness and Ill-humour that tortur'd me beyond Expression. I conjur'd her to acquaint me with the Cause of it, and she told me, " That the last
 " time she was at Court, she had seen the Countess *Aguilar* with a Diamond Necklace on, which I had given
 " her the Day before : That my making such Presents
 " to another Woman in the midst of our Intrigue, was
 " an Insult she was determin'd not to bear ; and that since
 " I was grown so fond a Husband, she could not but
 " make Conscience of disturbing our conjugal Felicity." I offer'd any Satisfaction she would ask ; and the malicious Devil had the Impudence to tell me, that nothing could satisfy her, but my taking away that Necklace from my Wife, and giving it to her. — I intreated her to accept another of twice its Value ; but she replied, that her Honour was concern'd, and in short she would have that, and that alone. — Overcome with her Importunities, I went home and stole it from her ; but made her promise me solemnly to be very cautious that my Wife should never see it in her Possession. About three Days after Word was brought me, that the Countess *d'Aguilar* had fainted away in the Anti-chamber of the Queen, and was gone home in great Disorder to her Mother's the Countess of *Pacbeco*. I went immediately thither in such a Fright, as convinc'd me I lov'd her better than I thought I did ; but imagine my Confusion, when she inform'd me, that she had fainted at the Sight of her own Diamonds on the Neck of the Countess *Altamira*. She added, that it was no Mystery to her,

her, nor to any Body else, how that Lady came by 'em ; and that to save herself the Mortification of any more such publick Affronts, she would no longer live with me as my Wife, but leave me at full Liberty to please myself, as my licentious Inclinations should direct. I us'd my utmost Eloquence to prevail on her to come home to me again ; but she remain'd inflexible, and said no more to all my Protestations, but that if her past Conduct had not been able to fix my Heart, she despair'd of doing it for the future. After living without her half a Year, I was ordered to my Regiment in *Flanders*, and was very glad of an Occasion to leave *Madrid*, where the Regret of her Separation was such a Pain to me, that it entirely sunk my Spirits. Since my Arrival in the Army, I have writ to her three or four Letters, but she disdain'd to make me any Answer ; and I have Reason to believe, that her high Spirits has, by this time, got the better of her Love. For my part, I endeavour to amuse myself the best I can with other Women ; and I desire, my dear *Polydore*, that we may be always reciprocal Confidants of every Intrigue that we engage in during our Stay in *France*. —

Polydore thank'd him, and assur'd him that on his Part he shou'd meet with no Reserve. When they came to *Paris*, his first Care was to enquire, what was become of *Septimius* and *Emilia*, whom he had heard no Account of for many Years ? He was inform'd, that *Septimius* was dead, and his Daughter gone from *Paris*. His Curiosity made him write to his Friends in *England*, to ask if she was there ? they answered, That every Body believed she was dead in *France*, having received no News of her a great while. *Polydore* was mightily pleased with this Account, and fancy'd himself very happy in being a Widower, tho' he had given himself no Trouble to support the Character of a Husband. — The two Friends had not resided long at *Paris*, before they were exchang'd for some *French* Officers who were taken Prisoners by the Prince of *Condé*. They returned to the Army, but the Season not permitting them to come to any Action, they agreed to pass the Winter at *Brussels*, in the Court of

the Arch-duke. They had not been there above a Month before *Aguilar* acquainted his *English* Friend, that he had begun an Intrigue with a *French* Lady, who liv'd in a very retir'd manner, which he believ'd was owing to her Circumstances ; That he had seen her two or three times, by means of a Woman at whose House she lodg'd, for whose good Offices she had secured a handsome Bribe. He added, that he would carry *Polydore* to see her the next Visit that he made. Accordingly they went together to Mademoiselle *Dalincourt's* (for that was the Name of *Aguilar's* new Mistress.) At their coming in, *Dalincourt* seem'd much surpriz'd, chang'd Colour, and was not able to speak a Word. The Count, alarm'd at her Disorder, suspected some Lover had been with her, and told her, with an Air of Discontent, that he was sorry he came at so wrong a time. She endeavour'd to shake off her Confusion, and replied, that he was always very welcome : But that the Gentleman he brought with him had so much Resemblance of a Brother of her's who was kill'd in *Flanders*, that at first Sight she could not help being struck with it in the manner they had seen ; she added, that if the Gentleman was so like her Brother in Mind, as he was in Form, she should be mightily pleas'd with his Acquaintance. She spoke this with such an Air of Sincerity, that the Count began to think his Jealousy was without Foundation.

After some general Discourse, she applied to *Polydore*, and ask'd how long he had been engag'd in the *Spanish* Service, with many other more particular Enquiries, which seem'd to intimate a Desire to know him better. *Polydore* was very glad of it, in hopes to serve his Friend ; and the Count, who had no Suspicion on that Side, did his utmost to engage them in a Friendship, which he imagin'd would turn to his Advantage. At Night, when the two Gentlemen were at home, *Aguilar* ask'd his Companion, what he thought of *Dalincourt's* Person and Understanding ? Better of the last than the first, answer'd he, tho' both are certainly agreeable. I cannot help thinking, continued he, that her Person is not quite new to me ; but I can't recollect where I met with her,

her, except it was at *Paris*, when I was there a Boy. — You will do well to improve your Acquaintance now, replied the Count, and to give you an Opportunity of doing it, I'll send you there to-morrow to make my Excuses for being obliged to hunt with the Archduke, instead of waiting upon her, as I intended. I know my dear *Polydore* will employ all his Wit and Eloquence to set his Friend's Passion in the best Light, and while he is with her, I shall have less Uneasiness in being away. *Polydore* promis'd him all the Services he could do him, but said, he wish'd he had got a Mistress too, to make the Party even.

The next Day he went to her, and said a great deal in Praise of *Aguilar*, to discover what she thought of him: She answer'd him with Terms of a cold Esteem, but nothing that gave him the least Encouragement to believe she was in Love. He then endeavour'd to persuade her of the Violence of the Count's Passion for her; but she assur'd him, that this was the only Subject she did not care to hear him talk of. — He return'd to his Friend quite discourag'd at her manner of Proceeding, and told him there was nothing to be hop'd for. The Count shew'd him a Letter he had just receiv'd from his Confident, the Lady of the House; which advis'd him not to think of gaining *Dalincourt* by a timorous Respect; but to offer her at once a handsome Settlement, which the Streightness of her Fortune would make her listen to much more kindly than she did to his fine Speeches. This indeed may do something, said *Polydore*; for I found by her Discourse, that she had been reduc'd by a Series of Misfortunes, to a Condition very much beneath her Birth. — In Conclusion they agreed to make a Trial, whether she was to be bought or not; and *Polydore* was made the Bearer of a Letter, which contain'd a very liberal Proposal. She read it, look'd at *Polydore* some time without saying a Word, and at last burst out into a Flood of Tears. I thought, said she, recovering her Voice, that it had not been in the Power of my ill Destiny to make me more unhappy: But now I find, that my Misfortunes have sunk me lower than I ever was aware of,

since

since two Gentlemen, whose Esteem I wish'd to gain, think so meanly of me, as to imagine me a proper Person to receive such a Letter. But know, Sir, that I am as much a Stranger to Infamy, as I am to Happiness; and have a Spirit superior to all the Wrongs that your insulting Sex can put upon me. Had not you disgrac'd yourself by the scandalous Employment of endeavouring to seduce me with a dirty Bribe, I should have been happy in seeing you often here; but must now desire you to trouble me no more, and to tell your Friend, as my Answer to his Letter, that I would sooner give myself to a Footman, than sell myself to a Prince.

Polydore was infinitely struck with this Reception: Every Word she utter'd pierc'd him to the Heart; and he look'd upon her as a Miracle of Virtue, such as he never had any Notion of before.—He return'd to the Count in great Confusion, and acquainted him with the ill Success of his Commission. *Aguilar*, more in Love with her than ever, writ a most submissive Letter to beg her Pardon, but she instantly sent it back unopened. When he found all his Courtship was ineffectual, he left *Brussels* in Despair, and retir'd to a Villa of one of his Friends, where he resolv'd to stay till the Opening of the Campaign. In the mean while *Polydore*, who continued still at *Brussels*, was in a Situation little easier than his Friend. *Mademoiselle Dalincourt* took up all his Thoughts; he repeated to himself a thousand times the last Words he heard her speak, and admir'd the Spirit that appear'd in them to a Degree of Adoration. Not being able to bear her Absence any longer, he sent to beg that he might see her once again, upon a Business wholly relating to himself. She admitted him, and begun the Conversation, by strictly forbidding him not to name the Count in any thing he had to say to her. — I have no Inclination to name him, replied he; for I would willingly forget that ever I knew him. I am sensible that I wrong him, in declaring to you, that I love you more than Life; yet, as his Passion is quite destitute of Hope, why should not I solicit you for a Heart to which he has no Pretensions? But, be my Conduct right or not in regard to him, to
you,

you, Madam, it shall ever be most honourable. I come to offer you my whole Fortune upon such Terms, as your Virtue need not blush at. I am a Widower, and free to marry whom I please ; my Estate is sufficient for us both, and I am happy to think it in my Power to raise you to that Rank to which you were born to. This, Madam, is the only Reparation by which I can atone for the Affront I did your Character ; and, if you refuse to accept of it, my Despair will be equal to my Love.

—The Lady answer'd him with Blushes, that she was highly sensible of the Sentiments he expressed for her ; that she lik'd his Person, and admir'd his Understanding ; but that, to her Misfortune, she was married already, and therefore could say nothing to his Proposal. —Good Heaven, cried *Polydore*, you married ! and who then is your Husband ? The most unworthy of Mankind, answer'd she ; One, who has abandoned me to the Malice of my Fortune, and doe snot know at this Time what is become of me, nor troubles himself about it. He is indeed unworthy, replied the Lover, who is possess'd of such a Treasure, and can neglect it. But, Madam, imploy me in your Revenge. Command my Sword to pierce the Monster's Heart, and tear it from his Bosom. —No, said she, your Safety is more dear to me than the Desire of Revenge. All that I ask of you is, to swear that you will never be like that Husband ; but continue to love me equally when you know me better : Upon this Condition, I will grant you all the Favours which my Duty will allow, and perhaps, your future Conduct may prevail upon me to throw off all Restraint. —The happy *Polydore* swore every thing she desir'd, and she permitted him to see her when he pleased ; but, being inform'd by him of the Treachery of her Friend at whose House she lodg'd, they agreed to make their Appointments at another Place. They continued their Commerce for some time without Interruption, till the Count d'*Aguilar* had Notice of it from his Confident, who perceiv'd it in Spite of all their Caution.

Never was Rage equal to his at this Discovery. He writ to *Polydore*, reproaching him with his Breach of
Friendship

Friendship in the bitterest Terms, and required him to meet him with his Sword behind the Walls of a Nunnery that was situated about two Leagues out of *Brussels*. *Polydore* accepted of the Challenge, and met him at the Place appointed. He attempted to justify himself, but the Count had not the Patience to hear him out: They fought with great Fury a good While, till the Fortune of *Polydore* prevail'd and the Count fainted away with the Loss of Blood from two or three Wounds which he had received. The other seeing him fall, thought him dead, and made off with the utmost Precipitation. Just at that Instant came by a Coach and six, which was driving towards the Nunnery: A Lady who was in it seeing a Gentleman lie weltering in his Blood, stopp'd her Coach, and went to try if she could assist him: At the Sight of the Face she fetch'd a Scream, and fell upon the Body in a Swoon. Her Servants concluding it was somebody she was very much concern'd for, carried them both into the Nunnery, where the Lady soon came to herself, and the Count also began to shew Signs of Life, his Spirits being agitated by the Motion. He was immediately put to Bed, and a Surgeon sent for, who declared his Wounds to be dangerous, but not mortal. While they continued uncertain of his Cure, the Lady who brought him into the Nunnery, waited constantly, Day and Night at his Bed side, and nurs'd him with a Care that would not yield a Moment of Repose. Her Face was always covered with a Veil; he took her to be one of the Nuns, and was astonish'd at a Charity so officious. When he grew better, his Curiosity increased, and he ardently press'd her to let him know to whom he ow'd such great Obligations. Are you a Nun, Madam? said he: I hope you are not; for it would afflict me mightily, if I was never to see you more, after leaving a House where you have done me so many Favours.—The Lady for whom you fought, answered she, will make you soon forget the Loss of me; and though I am not a Nun, you will never see me out of the Limits of these Walls. How, Madam! said he, was you not out of them, when you found me on the Ground and sav'd my Life? Yes, replied she; I was returning

returning from a Visit to a Convent in the Town: But I will take care not to stir from hence while you are at *Brussels*, because you are the Man in the World I would avoid. This Speech so surprized him, that for some time he was not able to make her any Answer. At last he told her, that her Actions and Words entirely disagreed; and that he could not think himself so hateful to her as she said, when he reflected how kindly she had us'd him. These Riddles shall be clear'd to you, answered she, when you are perfectly recovered: Till then, content yourself with knowing that I cannot hate you, but am as much determin'd to avoid you, as if I could. Thus ended a Conversation, which left the Count in a Perplexity not to be describ'd. He saw her no more for a few Days; but when she heard that his Strength was quite return'd, she came to him one Morning, and spoke thus:

If you would know who she is that was so afflicted when your Life was in danger; that nurs'd you so carefully in your Illness; and is resolv'd to quit you for ever when you are well, think of your former Gallantries at *Madrid*, of your present Passion for a Mistress that despises you, and your Ingratitude to a Wife that always lov'd you; think of all this, and you will not wonder any longer at my Actions or my Words.—Yes, *Aguilar*, I am that Wife, whose Fate it is to be acquainted with all your Infidelities, and to smart for all your Follies. As she said this, she lifted up her Veil, and shewed the astonish'd Count a well-known Face, which he little expected to have seen in *Flanders*; all the Passions that can agitate the Heart of Man, as Shame, Remorse, Love, Gratitude, Esteem, invaded him in that Moment. He threw himself at her Feet, and with many Tears implor'd her to forgive him. She rais'd him, and assur'd him of her Pardon, nay more, of her Affection: But my Person, said she, I am determin'd, shall ever be separated from you. I have had too many Proofs of your Inconstancy, to hope that any Obligations can engage you: You will never be faithful to me alone, and I disdain to share you with another. It is Happiness enough for me
that

that I have been the Instrument of preserving your Life, though you risqued it for the Sake of another Woman ; and all the Return I ask of you is, to think of me sometimes with Kindness, but never to attempt to see me more.

Aguilar was on the Rack to hear her talk in so resolute a Stile ; but he flattered himself it was owing to her Jealousy of *Mademoiselle Dalincourt* : Being impatient to make her easy on that Head, he dispatch'd one of his Servants with a Letter to acquaint that Lady with his Recovery. He begg'd her earnestly to come to him at the Nunnery ; and, if possible, to bring her Lover along with her. *Polydore* had absconded a few Days, till he heard that the Count was out of Danger, after which he continued very publickly his Addresses to *Dalincourt*. While the Messenger was bringing them to the Nunnery, *Aguilar* demanded of his Wife, by what Accident she came into *Flanders* ? You know, said she, that after my Discovery of your Amour with the Countess *Atamira*, I retir'd to my Mother's House, and remain'd there till your Departure for the Army. Soon afterwards, I had the Misfortune to lose my Mother, and what particularly aggravated my Grief, was the Knowledge that her Concern at your ill Usage of me had hasten'd her Death. These Afflictions had made *Madrid* so uneasy to me, that I could not bear to stay in it any longer. Luckily about that time I receiv'd a Letter from my Cousin *Donna Eugenia de Montalegre*, a Religious of this House, to inform me of her being elected Abbess. It instantly occur'd to me, that no Place could be more proper for my Retreat, than a Monastery of which she was the Head. So, as soon as I could settle my Affairs, I left *Spain*, and put myself into a Pension under the Government of *Donna Eugenia* ; in which manner I have liv'd ever since. She had scarce finish'd this Account, when they were interrupted by the Arrival of *Polydore* and *Dalincourt*. Madam d'*Aguilar* chang'd Colour at the Sight of her ; but her Husband embracing *Polydore*, assur'd him, that he no longer look'd upon him as a Rival, but was glad to resign his Mistress to a Friend who so well deserv'd

serv'd her. Then he related to him the Manner in which his Wife had tended and preserv'd him, and expressed so much Gratitude, so much Love, that if any thing could have shaken her Resolution, this would certainly have done it.—*Mademoiselle Dalincourt* seem'd much affected at this Relation, and told the Countess, she was infinitely concern'd that she had been the innocent Cause of her Husband's Danger ; but that she hop'd this Accident would be a Means of making them happy for the future, and put an End to his Infidelities, and her Resentment. My Happiness too, added she, is now at stake ; and I have need of your Friendship to support me in a Discovery which I tremble to begin, but which, in Justice to my Honour, I am obliged to delay no longer.

At these Words she knelt down, and taking hold of *Polydore's* Hands : “ Behold (said she) my dear Husband, “ in that *Dalincourt* whom you have sworn to love eternally, behold your Wife *Emilia*, whom you left a “ Bride and a Virgin at sixteen ; whom you imagin'd “ dead, and who will not live a Moment if you refuse “ to acknowledge and receive. You cannot now complain that I am a Wife imposed upon you ; you “ chose me freely out of pure Inclination ; our Parents “ had nothing to do in it ; Love only engaged us, and “ from Love alone I desire to possess you. This is my “ Claim, and if you are willing to allow it, I am blest “ to the Height of all my Wishes.—*Polydore* gaz'd on her with a silent Admiration, he examin'd every Feature over and over, then throwing his Arms over her Neck, and almost stifling her with Kisses ; Are you really *Emilia*, (cries he) and have I confirm'd my former Marriage by a new Choice, by a Choice which I never will depart from, and which makes me the happiest of Men ? O my Angel, what Wonders do you tell me ! how is it possible that I find you here at *Brussels*, when I thought you in your Grave ? Explain all this to me, and let me know how much I wrong'd you formerly, that I may try to repair it all by my future Conduct. Count *Aguilar* and his Lady joining with him in a Desire to know her History, she related it as follows.

CXII.

The History of EMILIA.

YOU may remember, *Polydore*, that as soon as we were parted, I went to live in the Country with my Father, being ashamed to appear in Publick after the Affront your capricious Aversion had put upon me. My Pride was deeply wounded, but with Shame I own it, my Love was the Passion that suffer'd most. I was bred up to consider you as my Husband ; I had learn'd to love you from a Child ; and your Person was so wonderfully agreeable, that I could not look upon you with Indifference. Nay, such was my Partiality in your Favour, that I could not help admiring you for your Spirit, in asserting the Freedom of your Choice, and justified you in my Heart for a Proceeding which openly I was obliged to disapprove. In this wretched State of Mind I remained some Years, till the unfortunate Event of the Civil Wars deprived my Father of his Estate, and drove him out to seek Refuge in a foreign Country. We settled at *Paris*, where with three or four Thousand Pounds which we found Means to carry off, part in Money, and the rest in Jewels, we maintained ourselves well enough in a private Way, which pleased my Melancholy better than any other. In this Retreat, where we saw no Company but two or three *French* Women that lodg'd in the House with us, I amused myself with learning the *French* Tongue, which I had some Knowledge of before I came to *France* ; and by speaking nothing else for three or four Years, I became so very perfect in it, that it was difficult to discover by my Accent I was not born at *Paris*. I mention this, because it has since been of use to me, in making me pass the more easily upon you for the *French* Woman I personated. The third Year of our Residence at *Paris*, my Father became acquainted with a Widow Lady, the true Madam *Dalincourt*, whose Name has since made me full Amends for many Injuries I have to charge her with in the sequel of my Story.

This

This Woman was a Native of *Brabant*, but married a *French* Gentleman, who dying young, left her in very narrow Circumstances. She had a Sister much younger than herself, but not so handsome, who liv'd with her at *Paris*. My Father was at that time near threeſcore, and the Widow turn'd of forty ; yet her Charms were ſtill powerful enough to engage him in a Paſſion for her, which nothing but Doatage could excuſe. It went ſo far, that ſhe drew him in to marry her, and to ſettle upon her three thouſand Pounds, leaving me no more than the Worth of my own Jewels, which ſcarce amounted to a thouſand. But her Avarice was not ſatisfied with all this. There was a *French* Nobleman who had long courted me for a Miſtreſs, and not finding me ſo complying as he wiſh'd, thought the beſt way was to buy me of my Mother-in-Law, whom he knew to be capable of ſuch a Bargain. He offer'd her a Preſent of two thouſand Crowns to introduce him by Night to my Apartment. The wicked Creature accepted of his Bribe, and taking her Opportunity when my Father was gone into the Country, brought him late one Night into my Chamber, where ſhe imagin'd he would find me aſleep. But it happen'd, that I and Mademoiſelle *Du Freſne*, the Siſter of *Dalincourt*, had been engaged in reading a Romance, which kept us up beyond our uſual Hour ; and as her Room was on the other Side of the Houſe, not to diſturb the Family in paſſing through, ſhe went to Bed to me. The Romance ran ſo ſtrongly in my Head, that I could not ſleep for thinking of it ; and perceiving that the Moon ſhone very bright, I got up, ſlipped on a Night-Gown, and went out to take a Walk in a little Garden that lay contiguous to my Chamber. I had not been there above half an Hour, before I heard *Du Freſne* call out for Help ; and coming in to her Aſſiſtance, ſaw my Lover ſtruggling with her to ſuch Advantage, that I was almoſt afraid I came too late. I join'd my Cries to her's, and the Noiſe we made ſo alarm'd the Marquis, that he thought it beſt to retire as ſoon as poſſible ; eſpecially when he diſcover'd his Miſtake, and that my infamous Mother-in-Law had put him
to

to Bed to her own ugly Sister instead of me. But, to be revenged of her for what he took to be a Design of imposing upon him, he revealed to us the Part she had in this Affair, and bid me tell her, that he did not think the Enjoyment of *Mademoiselle Du Fresne* worth a quarter of the Money he had given her. After making this Confession he went off, and was hardly got safe out of the House, when two or three of our Servants came in to know what was the matter. The Story soon reach'd my Father's Ears; and I was so angry at my Stepmother for her Intention against my Honour, that in the Heat of my Passion I told him all that the Marquis had revealed, and *Du Fresne* confirm'd it; which Imprudence we had both Reason to repent of. My Father was so shock'd and afflicted at it, that it threw him into a Fever, which prov'd mortal. He was no sooner dead, but his loving Widow turn'd her Sister and me out of Doors; and it was with great Difficulty that I carried off my Money and necessary Apparel. In this Distress, which was the greatest I ever knew, *Du Fresne* propos'd to go with me to *Brussels*, where she had an old Aunt whom she expected something from, and who would be willing to receive us. I gladly accepted her Proposal, my Spirit being too high to return to *England* in the Condition I was reduced to. When we came to *Brussels*, we found that her Aunt was dead, but had left her the best Part of what she had, which amounted to a reasonable Subsistence. We agreed that I should board with her under the Name of *Mademoiselle Dalincourt*, and pretend I was a Relation of her former Brother-in-Law's, she not caring to say any thing of the last Alliance, which had been attended with such ill Consequences to us both. Upon this foot I liv'd with her very quietly, till the Count *d'Aguiar* found me out, and, by corrupting my mercenary Friend, obtained more frequent Access to me than I desired. You remember the Disorder I was in when he brought you first to see me: I knew you instantly; for my Love had traced your Image too strongly in my Mind to be effaced by any Length of Time; whereas your Indifference quickly made you lose
all

all Memory of me; and the Alteration of almost fifteen Years had chang'd my Person intirely from what it was when you saw me last. I thought I should have died with the Surprize, and was going, as soon as I could speak, to discover myself to you; but perceiving that you did not remember me, I check'd myself, and invented a Pretence to cover my Confusion. It struck me, that I might possibly make some Advantage of the Disguise in which you saw me; at least, I was sure of the Satisfaction of conversing with you freely, and knowing what had happen'd to you since our parting. When you came to me again as the Confident of the Count *d'Aguiar*, it was no small Revenge and Pleasure to me, to see you ignorantly helping another Man to debauch your own Wife; and I could have found in my Heart to have let you succeed in your friendly Mediation, as a Punishment for the Injuries you had done me: But my Virtue soon rejected that Temptation, and I thought of nothing but how to gain your Esteem.

When you brought me the base Proposal of the Count *d'Aguiar*, it appear'd to me such a Mark of your Contempt, that I fully resolv'd not to see you any more. But when you express'd a Repentance of that Fault, and declared a respectful Passion for me, even to the offering of Marriage, I yielded to the Dictates of my Love, and admitted you to all Freedoms but one alone: That, I told you, your future Conduct might obtain; and I believe (said she blushing) you will hardly now have the same Reluctance to accept it as you had formerly. But though I had thus engaged you by your Promise, and still more by your Inclination, my Happiness was far from being fixed. While the Name of *Emilia* was concealed, I could not tell how the Knowledge of it might affect you. It was still in your Power to make me miserable, by being angry with my innocent Deceit; but since you have been so good to approve it, and acknowledge me for your Wife, I shall make it my whole Study and Ambition to deserve that Title; and never think of my past Misfortunes, but to enhance my present Happiness.— Thus *Emilia* ended her Narration, and received the

Compli-

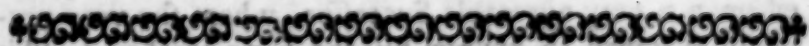
Compliments of Count *Aguilar* and his Lady, who both expressed the highest Joy at her good Fortune. *Polydore*, on his side, endeavoured to perswade the Countess to follow the Example of *Emilia*, and be reconciled to her Husband. She answered him coldly, that she had had too much Experience of the Temper of the Count, to trust to a sudden Fit of Fondness, which would wear itself out in a few Months. That she was neither so young nor so handsome now, as before their Separation; how then could she flatter herself, that he would like her better, when she was really less amiable? That what she had done for him, might secure her his Esteem; but she had received abundant Proof, that his Esteem could but ill secure his Love. I know, said she, the Weakness of my Heart: Were I to live with him again, I should be jealous of him, even tho' he did not give me Cause; and that would certainly make us both unhappy. It is better for me to leave him to his Pleasures, and endeavour to secure my own Tranquillity, by retiring from a World which I am unfit for. *Polydore* finding it in vain to argue with her, and admiring the Greatness of her Mind, took his leave of the Countess and return'd to *Brussels*, where his Marriage with *Emilia* was consummated almost twenty Years after it was contracted.

CXIII.

*An Instance of the noble British Genius, in the
Story of VALENTINE and UNNION.*

AT the Siege of *Namur* by the Allies, there were in the Ranks of the Company commanded by Captain *Pincent*, in Colonel *Frederick Hamilton's* Regiment, one *Unnion* a Corporal, and one *Valentine* a private Centinel: There happened between these Men a Dispute about a Matter of Love, which, upon some Aggravations, grew to an irreconcilable Hatred. *Unnion* being the Of-
ficer,

sicer of *Valentine*, took all Opportunities even to strike his Rival, and profess the Spite and Revenge which mov'd him to it. The Centinel bore it without Resistance; but frequently said, he would die to be reveng'd of that Tyrant. They had spent whole Months thus, one injuring, the other complaining; when in the midst of this Rage towards each other, they were commanded upon the Attack of the Castle, where the Corporal received a Shot in the Thigh, and fell. The *French* pressing on, and he expecting to be trampled to Death, called out to his Enemy, *Ab! Valentine, can you leave me here?* *Valentine* immediately ran back, and in the midst of a thick Fire from the *French*, took the Corporal upon his Back, and brought him through all that Danger as far as the Abby of *Salsias*, where a Cannon-Ball took off his Head. His Body fell under his Enemy whom he was carrying off. *Union* immediately forgot his Wound, rose up, tearing his Hair, and then threw himself upon the bleeding Carcass, crying, "Ah, *Valentine!* was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He was not by any means to be forced from the Body, but was removed with it bleeding in his Arms, and attended with Tears by all their Comrades, who knew their Enmity. When he was brought to a Tent, his Wounds were dressed by Force; but the next Day, still calling upon *Valentine*, and lamenting his Cruelties to him, he died in the Pangs of Remorse and Despair.



CXIV.

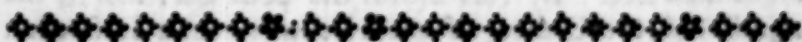
The humorous Story of a Lady's Contrivance to govern her Husband; and how she was in her turn governed by her second Husband.

A Fine Town-Lady was married to a Gentleman of antient Descent in one of the Counties of *Great Britain*, who had good Nature to a Weakness, and was

that sort of Person of whom it is usually said, he is no Man's Enemy but his own : One who had too much Tenderness of Soul to have any Authority with his Wife ; and she too little Sense to give him Authority for that Reason. His kind Wife observ'd this Temper in him, and made proper Use of it. But knowing it was below a Gentlewoman to wrangle, she resolv'd upon an Expedient to save Decorum, and wear her Dear to her Point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into Fits whenever she was repuls'd in a Request, or contradicted in a Discourse. It was a Fish-Day, when in the midst of her Husband's good Humour at Table, she bethought herself to try her Project. She made Signs that she had swallowed a Bone. The Man grew pale as Ashes, and ran to her Assistance, calling for Drink. No, my Dear, said she recovering, it is down ; don't be frighten'd. This Accident betray'd his Softness enough. The next Day she complained a Lady's Chariot, whose Husband had not half his Estate, had a Crane-Neck, and hung with twice the Air that her's did. He answer'd, Madam, you know my Income ; you know I have lost two Coach-Horses this Spring.—Down she fell.—*Hartshorn ! Betty ! Susan ! Throw Water in her Face.* With much Care and Pains she was at last brought to herself, and the Vehicle in which she visited was amended in the nicest manner to prevent Relapses ; but they frequently happen'd during the Husband's whole Life, which he had the good Fortune to end in a few Years after. The Disconsolate soon pitched upon a very agreeable Successor, whom she very prudently design'd to govern by the same Method. This Man knew her little Arts, and resolv'd to break through all Tenderness, and be absolute Master as soon as Occasion offer'd. One day it happened that a Discourse arose about Furniture ; he was glad of the Occasion, and fell into an Invektive against *China*, protesting he would never let five Pounds more of his Money be laid out that way as long as he breathed.—She immediately fainted.—He starts up as amazed, and immediately calls for Help. The Maids ran to the Closet ; he chafes her Face, bends
her

her forwards, and beats the Palms of her Hands: Her Convulsions increase, and down she tumbles on the Floor, where she lies quite dead, in spite of what the whole Family, from the Nursery to the Kitchen, could do for her Relief.

While every Servant was thus helping or lamenting their Mistress, he, fixing his Cheek to her's, seem'd to be following in a Trance of Sorrow, but secretly whispers her, " My Dear, this will never do. What is within my Power and Fortune you may always command, but none of your Artifices : You are quite in other Hands than those you pass'd these pretty Passions upon." This made her almost in the Condition she pretended ; her Convulsions now come thicker, nor was she to be held down. The kind Man doubles his Care, helps the Servants to throw Water in her Face by full Quarts ; and when the sinking part of the Fit came again, " Well, my Dear, said he, I applaud your Action ; but I must take my leave of you till you are more sincere with me. Farewel for ever : You shall always know where to hear from me, and want for nothing." With that he order'd the Maids to keep plying her with Hartshorn, while he sent for a Physician. He was scarce at the Stair-head, when she follow'd ; and pulling him into a Closet, thank'd him for her Cure ; which was so absolute, that she gave me this Relation herself, to be communicated for the Benefit of all the involuntary Invalids of her Sex.



CXV.

The History of the Platonic Ladies.

THERE were, some Years since, a Set of Ladies who were of Quality, and gave out that Virginity was to be their State of Life during this mortal Condition, and therefore resolv'd to join their Fortunes, and erect a Nunnery. The Place of Residence was pitch'd

upon; and a pretty Situation, full of natural Falls and Rises, of Waters with shady Coverts and flowery Arbors, was approved by seven of the Founders. There were as many of our Sex, who took the Liberty to visit the Mansions of intended Severity; among others, a famous Rake of that Time, who had the grave Way to an Excellence. He came in first; but seeing a Servant coming towards him, with a Design to tell him this was no Place for him or his Companions, up goes my grave Impudence to the Maid: "Young Woman, said he, if any
 " of the Ladies are in the way on this Side of the House,
 " pray carry us on the other Side towards the Gardens:
 " We are, you must know, Gentlemen that are travel-
 " ing *England*; after which we shall go into foreign
 " Parts, where some of us have already been." Then he bows in the most humble manner, and kiss'd the Girl, who knew not how to behave to such a sort of Carriage. He goes on: "Now you must know, we have an Am-
 " bition to have it to say, that we have a *Protestant*
 " Nunnery in *England*. But pray Mrs. Betty"——Sir, she replied, 'my Name is *Susan*, at your Service.'——
 " Then I heartily beg your Pardon."——'No Offence
 " in the least, says she, for I have a Cousin german
 " whose Name is *Betty*.'——"Indeed, said he, I protest to
 " you that was more than I knew; I spoke at Random.
 " But since it happens that I was near in the right, give
 " me leave to present this Gentleman to the Favour of a
 " Salute." His Friend advances, and so on, till they had all saluted her. By this means the poor Girl was in the middle of the Crowd of these Fellows, at a Loss what to do, without Courage to pass through them; and the *Platonics*, at several Peep-holes, trembling, pale, and fretting. Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep *Susy* in Chat with Questions concerning their Way of Life; when appeared at last *Madonella*, a Lady who had writ a fine Book concerning the Recluse Life, and was the Projectrix of the Foundation. She approaches into the Hall; and Rake knowing the Dignity of his own Mien and Aspect, goes Deputy from his Company. She begins: "Sir, I am
 " obliged

• obliged to follow the Servant, who was sent out to
 • know what Affair could make Strangers press upon a
 • Solitude which we, who are to inhabit this Place,
 • have devoted to Heaven and our own Thoughts?"

"Madam, (replies Rake with an Air of great Distance,
 mixed with a certain Indifference, by which he could
 dissemble Dissimulation) " your great Intention has made
 " more Noise in the World than you design it should ;
 " and we Travellers, who have seen many foreign Insti-
 " tutions of this Kind, have a Curiosity to see, in its
 " first Rudiments, the Seat of primitive Piety ; for such
 " it must be call'd by future Ages, to the eternal Ho-
 " nour of the Founders. I have read *Madonella's* excel-
 " lent and seraphick Discourse on this Subject." The
 Lady immediately answers, " If what I have said could
 • have contributed to raise any Thoughts in you, that
 • may make for the Advancement of intellectual and
 • divine Conversation, I should think myself extreamly
 • happy." He immediately fell back with the profound-
 est Veneration ; then advancing : " Are you then that
 " admired Lady ? If I may approach Lips which have
 " utter'd Things so sacred—— He salutes her : His
 Friends follow his Example. The Devoted within stood
 in Amazement where this would end, to see *Madonella*
 to receive their Address and their Company. But Rake
 goes on——" We would not transgress Rules ; but if
 " we may take the Liberty to see the Place you have
 " thought fit to chuse for ever, we would go into such
 " Parts of the Gardens, as is consistent with the Severi-
 " ties you have imposed on yourselves." To be short,
Madonella permitted Rake to lead her into the Assembly
 of Nuns, follow'd by his Friends, and each took his
 Pair One by the Hand, after due Explanation, to walk
 round the Gardens. The Conversation turn'd upon the
 Lilies, the Flowers, the Arbors, and the growing Vege-
 tables ; and Rake had the solemn Impudence, when the
 whole Company stood round him, to say, that he sin-
 cerely wish'd Men might rise out of the Ground like
 Plants ; and that our Minds were not of Necessity to be
 sullied with carnal Appetites for the Generation, as well

as Support of our Species. This was spoke with so easy and fix'd an Assurance, that *Madonella* answer'd, Sir, under the Notion of a pious Thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an Institution foreign to that of Providence. These Desires were implanted in us for reverend Purposes, in preserving the Race of Men, and giving Opportunities for making our Chastity more heroick. The Conference was continued in this celestial Strain, and carried on so well by the Managers on both Sides, that it created a second and third Interview; and without entering into farther Particulars, there was hardly one of them but was a Mother or Father that Day Twelvemonth.

CXVI.

The History of ELMIRA and OSMYN: Or the Civil Husband.

IT is now full fifteen Years since the beauteous *Elmira* was given into the Hands of the happy *Osmyn*, who, in the Sense of all the World, received at that time a Present more valuable than the Possession of both the *Indies*. She was then in her early Bloom, with an Understanding and Discretion very little inferior to the most experienc'd Matrons. She was not beholden to the Charms of her Sex, that her Company was preferable to any *Osmyn* could meet with abroad; for were all she said consider'd, without regard to her being a Woman, it would stand the Examination of the severest Judges. She had all the Beauty of her own Sex, with all the Conversation-Accomplishments of others. But *Osmyn* very soon grew surfeited with the Charms of her Person by Possession, and of her Mind through want of Taste; for he was one of those loose sort of Men, who have but one Reason for setting any Value upon the Fair Sex, who consider even Brides but as new Women, and consequently neglect them when they cease to be such. All the Merit of *El-*

mira

mira could not prevent her becoming a meer Wife a few Months after her Nuptials ; and *Osmyn* had so little Relish for her Conversation, that he complain'd of the Advantages of it. My Spouse (said he to one of his Companions) is so very discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know not what, that I think her Person is rather the Object of my Esteem than Love ; and there is such a thing as Merit, which causes rather Distance than Passion. But there being no Medium in the State of Matrimony, their Life began to take the usual Gradations to become the most irksome of all Conditions. They grew, in the first Place, very complaisant ; and having at Heart a certain Knowledge that they were indifferent to each other, Apologies were made for every little Circumstance which they thought betray'd their mutual Coldness. This lasted but few Months, when they shewed a Difference of Opinion in every Trifle ; and as a Sign of a certain Decay of Affection, the Word *Perhaps* was introduced in all their Discourse. " I have a mind to go to the Parks, says she, " but, *perhaps*, my Dear, you will want the Coach on " some other Occasion. He would very willingly carry " her to the Play ; but, *perhaps*, she had rather go to " Lady Centaure's and play at Ombre." They were both Persons of good discerning, and soon found that they hated each other, by their manner of hiding it. Certain it is, that there are some *Geni's* which are not capable of pure Affection, and a Man is born with Talents for it, as much as for Poetry, or any other Science.

Osmyn began too late to find the Imperfection of his own Heart, and us'd all the Methods in the World to correct it, and argue himself into Return of Desire and Passion for his Wife, by the Contemplation of her excellent Qualities, his great Obligations to her, and the high Value he saw all the World, except himself, did put upon her. But such is Man's unhappy Condition, that tho' the Weakness of the Heart has a prevailing Power over the Strength of the Head, yet the Strength of the Head has but small Force against the Weakness of the Heart. *Osmyn* therefore struggled in vain to revive departed Desire ; and for that Reason resolved to retire to one of his

Estates in the Country, and pass away his Hours of Wedlock in the noble Diversions of the Field; and in the Fury of a disappointed Lover, made an Oath, to leave neither Stag, Fox, or Hare living, during the Days of his Wife. Besides that Country Sports would be an Amusement, he hop'd also, that his Spouse would be half kill'd by the very Sense of seeing this Town no more, and would think her Life ended as soon as she left it. He communicated his Design to *Elmira* who receiv'd it (as now she did all Thing) like a Person too unhappy to be relieved or afflicted by the Circumstance of Place. This unexpected Resignation made *Osmyn* resolve to be as obliging to her as possible; and if he could not prevail upon himself to be kind, he took a Resolution at least to act sincerely, and communicate frankly to her the Weakness of his Temper, and excuse the Indifference of his Behaviour. He dispos'd his Household in the Way to *Rutland*, so as he and his Lady travelled only in the Coach for the Conveniency of Discourse. They had not gone many Miles out of Town, when *Osmyn* spoke to this Purpose:

“ My Dear, I believe I look quite as silly, now I am
 “ going to tell you I do not love you, as when I first told
 “ you I did. We are now going into the Country together, with only one hope for making this Life agreeable, *Survivorship's Desire* is not in our Power; mine is all gone for you. What shall we do to carry it with Decency to the World, and hate one another with Discretion?

The Lady answer'd without the least Observation on the Extravagance of the Speech:

“ My Dear, you have liv'd most of your Days in a Court, and I have not been wholly unacquainted with that sort of Life. In Courts, you see, Good-will is spoken with great Warmth, Ill-will cover'd with great Civility. Men are long in Civilities to those they hate, and short in Expressions of Kindness to those they love. Therefore, my Dear, let us be well-bred still, and it is no Matter, as to all who see us, whether we love or hate: And to let you see how much you are beholden

" beholden to me for my Conduct, I have both hated
 " and despised you, my Dear, for this half Year ; and
 " yet neither in Language nor Behaviour has it been vi-
 " sible but that I lov'd you tenderly. Therefore, as I
 " know you go out of Town to divert Life in Pursuit of
 " Beasts, and Conversation with Men just above them ;
 " so, my Life, from this Moment, I shall read all the
 " learned Cooks who have ever writ ; study Broths,
 " Plaisters, and Conserves, till from a fine Lady I be-
 " come a notable Woman. We must take our Minds a
 " Note or two lower, or we shall be tortur'd by Jea-
 " lously or Anger. Thus I am resolv'd to kill all keen
 " Passions, by employing my Mind on little Subjects,
 " and lessening the Easiness of my Spirit ; while you,
 " my Dear, with much Exercise, Ale, and ill Company,
 " are so good, as to endeavour to be as contemptible, as
 " it is necessary for my Quiet I should think you.

At *Rutland* they arriv'd, and liv'd with great, but se-
 cret Impatience for many successive Years, till *Osmyn*
 thought of a happy Expedient to give their Affairs a new
 Turn. One day he took *Elmira* aside, and spoke as
 follows :

" My Dear, you see here the Air is so temperate and
 " serene, the Rivulets, the Groves, and Soil so extremely
 " kind to Nature, that we are stronger and firmer in
 " our Health since we left the Town ; so that there is
 " no hope of a Release in this Place : But if you will be
 " so kind to go with me to my Estate in the Hundreds of
 " *Essex*, it is possible, some kind Damp may one Day
 " or other relieve us. If you will condescend to accept
 " of this Offer, I will add that whole Estate to your
 " Jointure in this County."

Elmira, who was all Goodness, accepted the Offer,
 removed accordingly, and left her Spouse in that Place to
 rest with his Fathers.

CXVII.

The Story of a Boatswain's Contrivance to save himself from being eaten.

IN the wild Searches which the Navigator *Dampier* was making, they happen'd to be out at Sea, far distant from any Shore, in want of all the Necessaries of Life, insomuch, that they began to look, not without Hunger, on each other. The Boatswain was a fat, healthy, fresh Fellow, and attracted the Eyes of the whole Crew. In such extream Necessity, all Forms of Superiority were laid aside: The Captain and Lieutenant were safe only by being Carrion; and the unhappy Boatswain in Danger, only by being worth eating. To be short, the Company were unanimous, and the Boatswain must be cut up. He saw their Intention, and desir'd he might speak a few Words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he deliver'd himself as follows:

“Gentlemen Sailors,
 “Far be it that I should speak it for any private Interest of my own, but I take it, that I should not die with a good Conscience, if I did not confess to you, that I am not sound. I say, Gentlemen, Justice and the Testimony of a good Conscience, as well as Love of my Country, to which I hope you will all return, oblige me to own, that *Black Kate* at *Deptford* has made me very unsafe to eat; and (I speak it with Shame) I am afraid I should poison you.”

This Speech had a good Effect in the Boatswain's Favour; but the Surgeon of the Ship protested, he had cur'd him very well, and offered to eat the first Stake of him himself. The Boatswain replied (like an Orator, with a true Notion of the People, and in hopes of gaining time) That he was heartily glad if he could be for their Service, and thank'd the Surgeon for his Information. However, said he, I must inform you for your own Good, that ever since

since my Cure I have been very thirsty and dropfical; therefore I presume it would be much better to tap me and drink me off, than eat me at once, and have no Man in the Ship fit to be drank. As he was going on with his Harangue, a fresh Gale arose, and gave the Crew Hopes of a better Repast at the nearest Shore, to which they arriv'd the next Morning.



CXVIII.

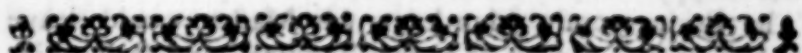
*The Tragical Story of the Shipwreck of a young
Cornish Gentleman.*

A Young Gentleman and Lady of antient and honourable Houses in *Cornwall*, had from their Childhood entertain'd for each other a generous and noble Passion, which had been long oppos'd by their Friends, by Reason of the Inequality of their Fortunes; but their Constancy to each other, and Obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their Relations, that these celebrated Lovers were at length join'd in Marriage. Soon after their Nuptials, the Bridegroom was oblig'd to go into a foreign Country, to take care of a considerable Fortune which was left him by a Relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate Circumstances. They received the Congratulations of all the Country on this Occasion; and I remember it was a very common Saying in every one's Mouth, *You see how faithful Love is rewarded.*

He took this agreeable Voyage, and sent home every Post fresh Accounts of his Success in his Affairs abroad; but at last (though he design'd to return with the next Ship) he lamented in his Letters, that Business would detain him some time longer from home; because he would give himself the Pleasure of an unexpected Arrival. The young Lady, after the Heat of the Day, walk'd every Evening on the Sea-shore, near which she liv'd, with a

familiar Friend, her Husband's Kinswoman, and diverted herself with what Objects they met there, or upon Discourse of the future Methods of Life, in the happy Change of their Circumstances. They stood one Evening on the Shore together in a perfect Tranquillity, observing the Setting of the Sun, the calm Face of the Deep, and the silent Heaving of the Waves, which gently roll'd towards them, and broke at their Feet; when at a Distance her Kinswoman saw something float on the Waters, which she fancied was a Chest; and with a Smile told her, she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of Jewels she had a Right to it. They both fix'd their Eyes upon it, and entertain'd themselves with the Subject of the Wreck, the Cousin still asserting her Right; but promising, if it was a Prize, to give her a very rich Coral for the Child of which she was then big, provided she might be God-mother. Their Mirth soon abated, when they observ'd, upon the nearer Approach, that it was a human Body. The young Lady, who had a Heart naturally fill'd with Pity and Compassion, made many melancholy Reflections on the Occasion. Who knows, (said she) but this Man may be the only Hope and Heir of a wealthy Family; the Darling of indulgent Parents, who are now in impertinent Mirth, and pleasing themselves with the Thoughts of offering him a Bride they have got ready for him? Or may he not be the Master of a Family that wholly depend upon his Life? There may, for aught we know, be half a Dozen Fatherless Children, and a tender Wife, now expos'd to Poverty by his Death. What Pleasure might he have promised himself in the different Welcome he was to have from her and them? But let us go away, 'tis a dreadful Sight! the best Office that we can do, is to take care that the poor Man, whoever he is, may be decently bury'd. She went away, when a Wave threw the Carcase on the Shore. The Kinswoman immediately shrieked out, Oh, my Cousin! and fell upon the Ground. The unhappy Wife went to help her Friend, when she saw her own Husband at her Feet, and dropt in a swoon upon the Body. An old Woman who had been the Gentleman's Nurse,

Nurse, came out about this time to call the Ladies in to Supper, and found her Child (as she always call'd him) dead on the Shore, her Mistress and Kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud Lamentations, and calling her young Master to Life, soon awaked the Friend from her Trance; but the Wife was gone for ever. When the Family and Neighbours got together round the Bodies, no one ask'd any Questions, but the Objects before them told 'em the Story.



CXIX.

The Tragical Story of a Lover that shot his Mistress.

A Gent'leman who had courted a most agreeable young Woman, and won her Heart, obtain'd also the Consent of her Father, to whom she was an only Child. The old Man had a Fancy they should be married in the Church where he himself was, in a Village in *Westmoreland*, and made 'em set out while he was laid up with the Gout at *London*. The Bridegroom took only his Man, and the Bride her Maid. They had the most agreeable Journey imaginable to the Place of Marriage; from whence the Bridegroom wrote the following Letter to his Wife's Father.

“ S I R,
 “ **A** F T E R a very pleasant Journey hither, we are
 “ preparing for the happy Day in which I am to
 “ be your Son. I assure you, the Bride carries it, in the
 “ Eye of the Vicar who married you, much beyond
 “ her Mother; though, he says, your open Sleeves,
 “ Pantalcons, and Shoulder Knots, made a much better
 “ Shew than the finical Dress I am in. However, I am
 “ contented to be the second fine Man this Village ever
 “ saw,

“ saw, and shall make it very merry before Night, be-
 “ cause I shall write myself from thence,

“ Your dutiful Son,

J. D.

“ The Bride gives her Duty, and is as handsome as
 “ an Angel.—I am the happiest Man living.

The Villagers were assembling about the Church, and the happy Couple took a Walk in a private Garden. The Bridegroom's Man knew his Master would leave the Place on a sudden after the Wedding, and seeing him draw his Pistols the Night before, took this Opportunity to go into his Chamber and charge them. Upon their Return from the Garden, they went into that Room; and after a little fond Raillery on the Subject of their Courtship, the Lover took up a Pistol, which he knew he had unloaded the Night before, and presenting it to her, said with most graceful Air, whilst she look'd pleas'd at his agreeable Flattery: Now, Madam, repent of all those Cruelties you have been guilty of to me; consider before you die, how often you have made a poor Wretch freeze under your Casement; you shall dye, you Tyrant, you shall die, with all those Instruments of Death and Destruction about you, with that enchanting Smile, those killing Ringlets of your Hair.—Give Fire, said he laughing. He did so, and shot her dead. Who can speak his Condition? but he bore it so patiently, as to call up his Man. The poor Wretch enters, and his Master lock'd the Door upon him. Will, said he, did you charge these Pistols? He answered, Yes. Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken Sobs, piercing Groans, and distracted Motions, he writ the following Letter to the Father of his dead Mistress.

“ S I R,
 “ I Who two Hours ago told you truly, I was the hap-
 “ piest Man alive, am now the most miserable.
 “ Your Daughter lies dead at my Feet, kill'd by my
 “ Hand,

“ Hand, through a Mistake of my Man's charging my
 “ Pistols unknown to me. Him I have murdered for it.
 “ Such is my Wedding-day. — I will immediately fol-
 “ low her to her Grave. But before I throw myself
 “ upon my Sword, I command my Distraction so far as
 “ to explain my Story to you. I fear my Heart will
 “ not keep together till I have stabb'd it. Poor good
 “ old Man! — remember, he that kill'd your Daugh-
 “ ter died for it. In the Article of Death I give you
 “ my Thanks, and pray for you, tho'I dare not for my-
 “ self. If it be possible, do not curse me.

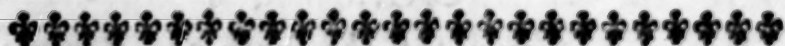


CXX.

*A humorous Account of the Birth and Parents
of LOVE.*

AT the Birth of *Beauty* there was a great Feast made,
 and many Guests invited: Among the rest, was the
 God *Plenty*, who was the Son of the Goddess *Prudence*,
 and inherited many of his Mother's Virtues. After a full
 Entertainment, he retir'd to the Garden of *Jupiter*,
 which was hung with a great Variety of ambrosial
 Fruits, and seem'd to have been a very proper Retreat
 for such a Guest. In the mean time an unhappy Female
 call'd *Poverty*, having heard of this great Feast, repair'd
 to it in hopes of finding Relief. The first Place she lights
 upon was *Jupiter's* Garden, which generally stands open
 to People of all Conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by
 Chance finds the God *Plenty* asleep in it. She was im-
 mediately fir'd with his Charms, laid herself down by
 his Side, and manag'd Matters so well, that she conceiv'd
 a Child by him. The World was very much in Suspence
 upon the Occasion, and could not imagine to themselves
 what could be the Nature of an Infant that was to have
 its Original from two such Parents; at last, the Child
 appears; and who should it be but *Love*. This Infant
 grew up, and prov'd in all his Behaviour what he really
 was,

was, a Compound of opposite Beings. As he is the Son of *Plenty* (who was the Offspring of *Prudence*) he is subtil, intriguing, full of Stratagem, and Devices; as the Son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a Threshold or beneath a Window. By the Father he is audacious, full of Hopes, and conscious of Merit, and therefore quick of Resentment. By the Mother he is doubtful, timorous, mean spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in Submissions. In the same Hour you may see him transported with Raptures, talking of immortal Pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a God; and immediately after, as the Mortal Mother prevails in his Composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.



CXXI.

The Story of PHILANDER and CLOE.

CLARINDA and CLOE, two very fine Women, were bred up as Sisters in the Family of *Romeo*, who was the Father of *Cloe*, and the Guardian of *Clarinda*. *Philander*, a young Gentleman of a good Person and charming Conversation, being a Friend of old *Romeo's*, frequented his House, and by that means was much in Conversation with the young Ladies, though still in the Presence of the Father and the Guardian. The Ladies both entertained a secret Passion for him, and could see well enough, notwithstanding the Delight which he really took in *Romeo's* Conversation, that there was something more in his Heart, which made him so assiduous a Visitant. Each of them thought herself the happy Woman; but the Person beloved was *Cloe*. It happened that both of them were at a Play in a Carnival Evening, when it is the Fashion there, as well as in most Countries of *Europe*, both for Men and Women to appear in Masks and Disguises. It was on that memorable Night in the Year 1679, when the Playhouse by some unhap-

py Accident was set on fire. *Philander*, in the first Hurry of the Disaster, immediately ran where his Treasure was, burst open the Door of the Box, snatch'd the Lady up in his Arms, and with unspeakable Resolution and good Fortune carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the Crowd, but he set her down; and grasping her in his Arms with all the Raptures of a deserving Lover, "How happy am I (says he) in an Opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things! and of shewing you the Sincerity of my Passion at the very first Declaration of it!" "My dear, dear *Philander*, says the Lady pulling off her Mask, this is not a Time for Art; you are much dearer to me than the Life you have preserv'd; and the Joy of my present Deliverance does not transport me so much, as the Passion which occasioned it." Who can tell the Grief, the Astonishment, the Terror, that appear'd in the Face of *Philander*, when he saw the Person he spoke to was *Clarinda*? After a short Pause, "Madam, says he with the Looks of a dead Man, we are both mistaken;" and immediately flew away without hearing the distressed *Clarinda*, who had just Strength enough to cry out, "Cruel *Philander*! why did not you leave me in the Theatre?" Crowds of People immediately gather'd about her, and after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the House of the good old unhappy *Romeo*. *Philander* was now pressing against a whole Tide of People at the Doors of the Theatre, and striving to enter with more Earnestness, than any there endeavour'd to get out. He did it at last, and with much Difficulty forced his Way to the Box where his beloved *Cloe* stood, expecting her Fate amidst this Scene of Terror and Distraction. She revived at the Sight of *Philander*, who fell about her Neck with a Tenderness not to be expressed, and amidst a thousand Sobs and Sighs told her his Love, and his dreadful Mistake. The Stage was now in Flames, and the whole House full of Smoak: The Entrance was quite barr'd up with Heaps of People, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavour'd to get out. Swords were drawn; Shrieks heard on all Sides; and in short, no Possibi-

Possibility of Escape for *Philander* himself, had he been capable of making it without his *Cloe*. But his Mind was above such a Thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his Arms. The Fire surrounds them, while—I cannot go on—



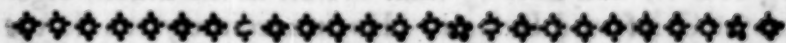
CXXII.

The Story of ROSICRUCIUS's Sepulchre.

A Certain Person having Occasion to dig somewhat deep into the Ground, where this Philosopher lay interr'd, met with a small Door having a Wall on each side of it. His Curiosity, and the Hopes of finding some hidden Treasure, soon prompted him to force open the Door. He was immediately surprized by a sudden Blaze of Light, and discovered a very fair Vault: At the upper End of it was the Statue of a Man in Armour sitting by a Table, and leaning on his left Arm. He held a Truncheon in his right Hand, and had a Lamp burning before him. The Man had no sooner set one Foot within the Vault, than the Statue erecting itself from its leaning Posture, stood bolt upright; and upon the Fellow's advancing another Step, lifted up the Truncheon in his right Hand. The Man still ventured a third Step, when the Statue with a furious Blow broke the Lamp into a thousand Pieces, and left his Guest in a sudden Darkness.

Upon the Report of this Adventure, the Country People soon came with Lights to the Sepulchre, and discover'd that the Statue, which was made of Brass, was nothing more than a Piece of Clock-work; that the Floor of the Vault was all loose, and underlaid with several Springs, which, upon any Man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened. *Rosicrucius*, say his Disciples, made use of this Method, to shew the World
he

he had re-invented the ever-burning Lamps of the Ancients, tho' he had resolved no one should reap any Advantage from the Discovery.



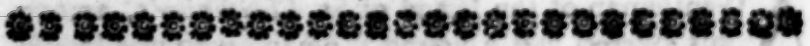
CXXIII.

The Story of Two NEGRO Friends.

A Gentleman of the Island of St. *Christopher's*, among his *Negroes* had a young Woman, who was look'd upon as a most extraordinary Beauty, by those of her own Complexion. He had at the same time two young Fellows, who were likewise *Negroes* and Slaves, remarkable for the Comeliness of their Persons, and for the Friendship which they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened, that both of them fell in Love with the Female *Negro* above mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her Husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the Man. But they were both so passionately in Love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his Rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his Friend's Consent. The Torments of these two Lovers were the Discourse of the Family to which they belong'd; who could not forbear observing the strange Complication of Passions which perplex'd the Hearts of the poor *Negroes*, that often dropt Expressions of the Uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long Struggle between Love and Friendship, Truth and Jealousy, they one Day took a Walk together into a Wood, carrying their Mistress along with them; where, after abundance of Lamentations, they stabbed her to the Heart, of which she immediately died. A Slave, who was at his Work not far from the Place where this astonishing piece of Cruelty was committed, hearing the Shrieks of the dying Person, ran to see what

what was the Occasion of them. He there discover'd the Woman lying dead upon the Ground, with the two *Negroes* on each side of her, kissing the dead Corps, weeping over it, and beating their Breasts in the utmost Agonies of Grief and Despair. He immediately ran to the *English* Family with the News of what he had seen; who upon coming to the Place saw the Woman dead, and the two *Negroes* expiring by her with Wounds they had given themselves.



CXXIV.

The Story of the Emulous Preachers.

A Couple of Preachers, in a Country Town, endeavour'd which should outshine one another, and draw together the greatest Congregation. One of them, being well vers'd in the Fathers, us'd to quote now and then a *Latin* Sentence to his illiterate Hearers, who it seems found themselves so edify'd by it, that they flock'd in greater Numbers to this learned Man than to his Rival. The other finding his Congregation mouldering every *Sunday*, and hearing at length what was the Occasion of it, resolv'd to give his Parish a little *Latin* in his Turn; but being unacquainted with any of the Fathers, he digested into his Sermons the whole Book of *Quæ Genus*, adding however such Explications to it as he thought might be for the Benefit of his People. He afterwards enter'd upon *As in præfenti*, which he converted in the same manner to the Use of his Parishioners. This in a very little thicken'd his Audience, fill'd his Church, and routed his Antagonist.

CXXV.

The Story of WILL TRAP and JACK STINT.

WILL TRAP and JACK STINT were Chamber-Fellows in the *Inner-Temple*. They one Night sat in the Pit together at a Comedy, where they both observ'd and lik'd the same young Woman in the Boxes. Their Kindness for her enter'd both their Hearts deeper than they imagin'd. *Stint* had a good Faculty at writing Letters of Love, and made his Addresses privately that way; while *Trap* proceeded in the ordinary Course, by Money and her Waiting-maid. The Lady gave them both Encouragement, receiving *Trap* into the utmost Favour, and answering at the same time *Stint's* Letters, and giving him Appointments at third Places: *Trap* began to suspect the Epistolary Correspondence of his Friend, and discover'd also that *Stint* open'd all his Letters, which came to their common Lodgings, in order to form his own Assignations. After much Anxiety and Restlessness, *Trap* came to a Resolution, which he thought would break off their Commerce with one another, without any hazardous Explanation. He therefore wrote a Letter in a feign'd Hand to Mr. *Trap* at his Chambers in the *Temple*. *Stint*, according to Custom, seiz'd and open'd it, and was not a little surpriz'd to find the Inside directed to himself, when, with great Perturbation of Spirit, he read as follows:

“MR. STINT,

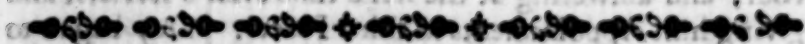
“**Y**OU have gain'd a slight Satisfaction at the Expence of doing a very heinous Crime. At the Price of a faithful Friend you have obtain'd an instant Mistress. I rejoice in this Expedient I have thought of to break my Mind to you, and tell you, you are a base Fellow, by a means which does not expose you to the Affront except you deserve it. I know, Sir, as criminal as you are, you have still Shame enough to avenge yourself against the Hardi-

“ nefs

“ nels of any one that should publickly tell you of it. I
 “ therefore, who have receiv’d so many secret Hurts from
 “ you, shall take Satisfaction with Safety to myself. I
 “ call you base, and you must bear it, or acknowledge
 “ it. I triumph over you that you cannot come at me;
 “ nor do I think it dishonourable to come in Armour to
 “ assault him, who was in Ambuscade when he wounded
 “ me. What need more be said to convince you of be-
 “ ing guilty of the basest Practice imaginable, than that
 “ it is such as has made you liable to be treated after this
 “ Manner, while you yourself cannot in your own Con-
 “ science but allow the Justice of the Upbraidings of

“ Your injur’d Friend,

“ RALPH TRAP.



CXXVI.

The Loves of LUDOVICO and HONORIO.

THE City of Genoa has been always fam’d above
 any Town in Europe for the Refinement of its Gal-
 lantry. It is common there for a Gentleman to profess
 himself the humble Servant of a handsome Woman, and
 wait upon her to every publick Place for twenty Years
 together, without ever seeing her in private, or being
 entitled to any greater Favours than a kind Look, or a
 Touch of her fair Hand. Of this fighting Tribe, the
 most enamour’d, the most constant, and the most re-
 spectful, was Seignior *Ludovico*.

His Mistress, *Honorio Grimaldi*, only Daughter to a
 Senator of that Name, was the greatest Beauty of the
 Age in which she liv’d, and at the same time the coyest
 and most reserved. So great was her Nicety in the point
 of Love, that altho’ she could not be insensible to the Ad-
 dresses of Seignior *Ludovico*, yet she could not bring her-
 self to think of marrying her Lover, which, she said,
 was admitting him to Freedoms entirely inconsistent with

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the Respect that Character requires. In vain did he tell her of the Violence of his Passion for her ; she answer'd, that her's for him was no less violent ; but that it was his Mind, she lov'd, and could enjoy that without going to Bed to her. *Ludovico* was ready to despair at these Discourses of his Mistress : He could not but admire such fine Sentiments, yet he wish'd she had not been quite so perfect. He writ her a very melancholy Letter, and she return'd him one in Verse, full of sublime Expressions about Love, but not a Word that tended to satisfy the poor Man's Impatience. At last he applied himself to her Father, and, to engage him to make use of his Authority, offer'd to take *Honorio* without a Portion. The Father, who was a plain Man, was mightily pleas'd with this Proposal, and made no Difficulty to promise him Success. Accordingly he very roundly told his Daughter, that she must be married the next Day, or go to a Nunnery. This Dilemma startled her very much. In Spite of all her Repugnance for the Marriage-Bed, she found something about her still more averse to the Idea of a Cloister : An absolute Separation from *Ludovico* was what she could not bear, it was even worse than an absolute Conjunction. In this Distress she did not know what to do ; she turn'd over above a hundred Romances to search for Precedents ; and, after many Struggles with herself, resolv'd to surrender upon Terms. She therefore told her Lover, that she consented to be his Wife, provided she might be so by Degrees, and that after the Ceremony was over, he would not pretend at once to all the Rights and Privileges of a Husband, but allow her Modesty Leisure to make a gradual and decent Retreat. *Ludovico* did not like such a Capitulation, but rather than not have her, he was content to pay this last Compliment to her Caprice. They were married, and at the End of the first Month, he was very happy to find himself at full Enjoyment of her Lips.

While he was thus gaining Ground, Inch by Inch, his Father died, and left him a great Estate in the Island of *Corfica* : His Presence was necessary there, but he could not think of parting from *Honorio*. They embark'd
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 together,

together, and *Ludovico* had good Hopes, that he should not only take Possession of his Estate, but of his Wife too at his Arrival. Whether it was that *Venus*, who is said to be born out of the Sea, was more powerful there than at Land, or from the Freedom which is usual aboard a Ship, it is sure, that during the Voyage he was indulg'd in greater Liberties than ever he had presum'd to take before; nay, it is confidently asserted, that they were such Liberties, as have a natural and irresistible Tendency to overcome all Scruples whatsoever. But while he was sailing on with a fair Wind, and almost in the Port, Fortune, who took a Pleasure to persecute him, brought an *African* Corsair in their way, that quickly put an End to their Dalliance, by making them his Slaves.

Who can express the Affliction and Despair of this loving Couple at so sudden and ill-tim'd a Captivity! *Ludovico* saw himself depriv'd of his Virgin Bride on the very Point of obtaining all his Wishes; and *Honorio* had reason to apprehend, that she was fallen into rougher Hands than his, and such as no Considerations could restrain. But the Martyrdom she look'd for in that Instant was unexpectedly deferred till they came to *Tunis*. The *Corsair* seeing her so beautiful, thought her a Mistress worthy of his Prince, and to him he presented her at their Landing, in Spite of her own and her Husband's Tears.—O unfortunate End of all her pure and heroic Sentiments! was it for this that her Favours were so long and so obstinately deny'd to the tender *Ludovico*, to have them ravish'd in a Moment by a rude *Barbarian*, who did not so much as thank her for them? But let us leave her in the Seraglio of the Day, and see what became of *Ludovico* after this cruel Separation.

The *Corsair* finding him unfit for any Labour, made use of him to teach his Children Musick, in which he was perfectly well skill'd. This Service would not have been very painful, if it had not been for the Remembrance of *Honorio*, and the Thoughts of the Brutalities she was exposed to: These were always in his Head Night and Day, and he imagin'd she had by this time kill'd herself, rather than submit to so gross a Violation. But while he

was thus tormenting himself for one Woman, he gave equal Uneasiness to another. His Master's Wife saw him often from her Window, and fell violently in Love with him — The *African* Ladies are utter Strangers to Delicacy and Refinement. She made no Scruple to acquaint him with her Desires, and sent her favourite Slave to introduce him by Night into her Chamber. *Ludovico* would fain have been excus'd, being asham'd to commit such an Infidelity to his dear *Honorio*; but the Slave inform'd him, if he hop'd to live an Hour, he must comply with her Lady's Inclinations; for that, in *Afric*, Refusals of that kind were always reveng'd with Sword or Poison. No Constancy could be strong enough to resist so terrible a Menace; he therefore went up to the Rendezvous at the time appointed, where he found a Mistress infinitely more complying than his fantastical *Italian*. But in the midst of their Endearments they heard the *Corfsair* at the Door of his Wife's Apartment: Upon the Alarm of his coming, the frightened Lover made the best of his Way out of the Window, which not being very high, he had the good Fortune to get off unhurt. The *Corfsair* did not see him, but by the Confusion his Wife was in, he suspected that somebody had been with her. His Jealousy directed him to *Ludovico*, and tho' he had no other Proof than bare Suspicion, he was determin'd to punish him severely, and at the same time secure himself for the future. He therefore gave Orders to his Eunuchs, to put him in the same Condition with themselves, which inhuman Command was perform'd with a *Turkish* Rigour, far more desperate and compleat, than any such thing had been ever practis'd in *Italy*. But the Change this Operation wrought upon him, so improv'd his Voice, that he became the finest Singer in all *Afric*. His Reputation was so great, that the Dey of *Tunis* sent to beg him of his Master, and prefer'd him to a Place in his own Seraglio. He had now free Access to his *Honorio*, and an Opportunity of contriving her Escape: To that End, he secretly hir'd a Ship to be ready to carry them off, and did not doubt but he should find her very willing to accompany his Flight. It was not long before he saw

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her,

her, and you may imagine the Excess of her Joy, at so strange and agreeable a Surprize.

Can it be possible, cry'd she, can it be possible that I see you in this Place? O my dear *Ludovico*, I shall expire in the Pleasure of your Embraces! But by what Magick could you get in, and deceive the Vigilance of my Tyrant and his Guards?

My Habit will inform you, answer'd he in a softer Tone of Voice than she had been us'd to; I am now happy in the Loss which I have sustain'd, since it furnishes me with the Means of your Delivery. Trust yourself to me, my dear *Honorio*, and I will take you out of the Power of this Barbarian, who has so little Regard to your Delicacy. You may now be happier with me than you was before, as I shall not trouble you with *those coarse Solicitations* which gave you so much Uneasiness. We will love with the Purity of Angels, and leave sensual Enjoyments to the Vulgar, who have not a Relish for higher Pleasure.

How! said *Honorio*, *are you really no Man?* No, replied he, but I have often heard you say, that your Love was only to my Mind. Alas! said she, I am sorry mine is alter'd: But since my being here I am turn'd *Mahometan*, and my Religion will not suffer me to run away with an *Unbeliever*. My new Husband has taught me certain Doctrines unknown to me before, in the Practice of which I am resolv'd to live and die. Return to your own Country, good Seignior *Eunuch*; but don't think of carrying me with you, for you have no need of a Wife in your present Circumstances. Adieu, I tell thee; my Conscience will not permit me to have a longer Conversation with such an *Infidel*.

Thus ended the Loves of *Ludovico* and *Honorio*.

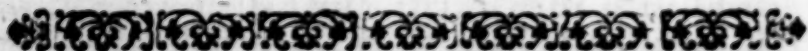
CXXVII.

The remarkable Death of two Lovers by Lightning, with their Epitaph.

JOHNN HEWETT was a well-set Man of about five and twenty; *Sarah Drew* might be rather call'd comely than beautiful, and was about the same Age. They had pass'd through the various Labours of the Year together, with the greatest Satisfaction; if she milk'd, 'twas his Morning and Evening Care to bring the Cows to her hand; it was but last Fair that he bought her a Present of Green Silk for her Straw Hat, and the Posie on her Silver Ring was of his chusing. Their Love was the Talk of the whole Neighbourhood; for Scandal never affirm'd, that they had any other Views than the lawful Possession of each other in Marriage. It was that very Morning that he had obtain'd the Consent of her Parents, and it was but till the next Week they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, in the Intervals of their Work, they were now talking of their Wedding-Cloaths, and *John* was suiting several sorts of Poppies and Field-Flowers to her Complexion, to chuse her a Knot for the Wedding Day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of *July*, between two and three in the Afternoon) the Clouds grew black, and such a Storm of Thunder and Lightening ensued, that all the Labourers made the best of their Way to what Shelter the Trees and Hedges afforded. Immediately there was heard so loud a Crack, as if Heaven and Earth had split asunder. Every one was now solicitous for the Safety of his Neighbour; and call'd to one another throughout the Field: No Answer being return'd to those who call'd to our Lovers, they stept to the Place where they lay; they perceiv'd the Barley all in a Smoak, and then spy'd this faithful Pair: *John* with one Arm about *Sarah's* Neck, and the other held over her, as to screen her from the Lightening. They were struck dead, and stiffen'd in this tender Posture. *Sarah's* Left-Eye Brow was

sing'd, and there appear'd a Black Spot in her Breast : Her Lover was all over black, but not the least Signs of Life found in either. Attended by their melancholy Companions, they were conveyed to the Town, and the next Day were interr'd in *Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard*. My Lord *Harcourt* has caused a Stone to be plac'd over them, with the following Epitaph, written by Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Gay*.

“ When Eastern Lovers feed the Funeral Fire,
 “ On the same Pile the faithful Pair expire ;
 “ Here pitying Heav'n that Virtue mutual found,
 “ And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
 “ Hearts so sincere, th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
 “ Sent his own Light'ning, and the Victims seiz'd.



CXXVIII.

*The Story of AGUIRE's Punishment, and
 Passion of Revenge.*

L ICENCIADO ESQUIVEL, Governor of the City of *Potosci*, commanded 200 Men to march out of that Garrison towards the Kingdom of *Tucman*, with strict Orders to use no *Indians* in carrying their Baggage, and plac'd himself at a convenient Station, without the Gates, to observe how his Orders were put in Execution ; he found they were wholly neglected, and that *Indians* were laden with the Baggage of the *Spaniards*, but thought fit to let them march by, till the last Rank of all came up, out of which he seized one Man, called *Aguire*, who had two *Indians* laden with his Goods : Within few Days after he was taken in Arrest, he was sentenc'd to receive 200 Stripes. *Aguire* represented by his Friends, that he was the Brother of a Gentleman, who had in this Country an Estate, with Vassalage of *Indians*, and hop'd his Birth would exempt him from a Punishment of such Indignity.

dignity. *Licenciado* persisted in the kind of Punishment he had already pronounced; upon which *Aguire* petition'd, that it might be alter'd to one that he should not survive; and, though a Gentleman, and from that Quality not liable to suffer so ignominious a Death, humbly besought his Excellency that he might be hang'd. But tho' *Licenciado* appear'd all his Life, before he came into Power, a Person of an easy and tractable Disposition, he was so chang'd by his Office, that these Applications from the unfortunate *Aguire* did but the more gratify his Insolence; and, during the very time of their Mediation for the Prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding with a haughty Tone, that his Orders should be executed that very Instant. This, as it is usual on such Occasions, made the whole Town flock together; but the principal Inhabitants abhorring the Severity of *Licenciado*, and pitying a Gentleman in the Condition of *Aguire*, went in a Body, and besought the Governor to suspend, if not remit the Punishment. Their Importunities prevail'd on him to defer the Execution for eight Days; but when they came to the Prison with his Warrant, they found *Aguire* already brought forth, stripp'd, and mounted on an Ass, which is the Posture wherein the basest Criminals are whipp'd in that City. His Friends cry'd out, Take him off, take him off, and proclaimed their Order of suspending his Punishment; but the Youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight Days, rejected the Favour, and said, " All my Endeavours have been to keep myself from mounting
 " this Beast, and from the Shame of being seen naked;
 " but since Things are come thus far, let the Sentence
 " proceed, which will be less than the Fears and Apprehensions I shall have in the eight Days ensuing; besides, I shall not need to give a farther Trouble to
 " my Friends for Intercession on my Behalf, which is as
 " likely to be ineffectual as what hath already pass'd." After he had said this; the Ass was whipp'd forward, and *Aguire* ran the Gantlet according to the Sentence. The calm manner with which he resign'd himself, when he found his Disgrace must be, and the Scorn of dally-

ing with it under a Suspension of a few Days, which Mercy was but another Form of the Governor's Cruelty, made it visible, that he took Comfort in some secret Resolution to revenge the Affront.

After this Indignity, *Aguire* could not be persuaded (though the Inhabitants of *Potocsi* often importuned him from the Spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military Undertaking, but excus'd himself with a modest Sadness in his Countenance, saying, ' That after such a Shame as his was, Death must be his only Remedy and Consolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible.

Under this Melancholy he remain'd in *Peru*, until the time in which the Office of *Esquevel* expir'd, after which, like a desperate Man, he pursued and followed him, watching an Opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the Shame of the late Affront. *Esquevel* being inform'd of this desperate Resolution by his Friends, endeavoured to avoid his Enemy, and took a Journey of three or four hundred Leagues from him, supposing that *Aguire* would not pursue him at such a Distance; but *Esquevel's* Flight did but increase *Aguire's* Speed in following. The first Journey which *Esquevel* took was to the City of *Los Reyes*, being three hundred and twenty Leagues distant; but in less than fifteen Days *Aguire* was there with him: Whereupon *Esquevel* took another Flight, as far as to the City of *Quito*, being 400 Leagues distant from the City of *Los Reyes*, but in a little more than 20 Days, *Aguire* was again with him; which being intimated to *Esquevel*, he took another Leap as far as *Coxco*, which is 500 Leagues from *Quito*; but in a few Days after he arrived there, came also *Aguire*, travelling all the Way on Foot, without Shoes or Stockings, saying, ' That it became not the Condition of a whipp'd Rascal to travel on Horseback, or appear among Men.' In this manner did *Aguire* haunt and pursue *Esquevel* for three Years and four Months; who being now tir'd with so many long and tedious Journies, resolv'd to fix his Abode at *Coxco*, where he believed that *Aguire* would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for Fear of
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the Judge who govern'd that City, who was a severe Man, impartial and inflexible in all his Proceedings ; and accordingly took a Lodging in the Middle of the Street of the great Church, where he liv'd with great Care and Caution, wearing a Coat of Mail under his upper Coat, and went always arm'd with his Sword and Dagger, which are Weapons not agreeable to his Profession. However *Aguire* followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from Place to Place, Day after Day, he resolv'd to make the Attempt upon him in his own House, which he enter'd, and wander'd from Room to Room, till at last he came into his Study, where *Licenciado* lay on a Couch asleep. *Aguire* stabb'd him with his Dagger with great Tranquillity, and very leisurely wounded him in other Parts of the Body, which were not covered with his Coat of Mail. He went out of the House in Safety ; but as his Resentment was satisfied, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable Temper of the Governor of the Place. Under this Apprehension he had not Composure enough to fly to a Sanctuary, which was near the Place where he committed the Fact ; but ran into the Street, frantick and distracted, proclaiming himself a Criminal, by crying, *Hide me, hide me.*

The wretched Fate and poor Behaviour of *Licenciado*, in flying his Country to avoid the same Person whom he had before treated with so much Insolence, and the high Resentment of a Man so inconsiderable as *Aguire*, when much injur'd, are good Admonitions to little Spirits in exalted Stations, to take care how they treat brave Men in low Condition.

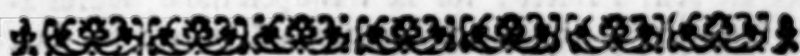
CXXIX.

The Story of Don ALONZO's Jealousy, and the fatal Effects of it.

DON ALONZO, a *Spanish* Nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous Wife, with whom he had liv'd for some Years in great Tranquillity. The Gentleman however was not free from the Faults usually imputed to his Nation; he was proud, suspicious, and impetuous. He kept a *Moor* in his House, whom, on a Complaint from his Lady, he had punish'd for a small Offence with the utmost Severity. The Slave vow'd Revenge, and communicated his Resolution to one of the Lady's Women, with whom he liv'd in a criminal Way. This Creature also hated her Mistress, for she fear'd she was observ'd by her; she therefore undertook to make *Alonzo* jealous, by insinuating that the Gardener was often admitted to her Lady in private, and promising to make him an Eye-witness of it. At a proper Time agreed on between her and the *Moor*, she sent a Message to the Gardener, that his Lady having some hasty Orders to give him, would have him come that Moment to her in her Chamber. In the mean time she had plac'd *Alonzo* privately in an outer Room, that he might observe who pass'd that Way. It was not long before he saw the Gardener appear. *Alonzo* had not Patience, but following him into the Apartment, struck him at one Blow with a Dagger to the Heart; then dragging his Lady by the Hair, he instantly kill'd her.

Here he paus'd, looking on the dead Bodies with all the Agitations of a Dæmon of Revenge; when the Wench who had occasion'd these Terrors, distracted with Remorse, threw herself at his Feet, and in a Voice of Lamentation, without a Sense of the Consequence, repeated all her Guilt. *Alonzo* was overwhelm'd with all the violent Passions at one Instant, and utter'd the broken Voices and Motions of each of them for a Moment,
till

till at last he recollected himself to end his Agony of Love, Anger, Disdain, Revenge and Remorse, by murdering the Maid, the Moor, and himself.



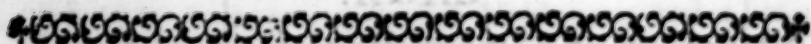
CXXX.

A true Story of Monsieur BELVILLE, a French Gentleman.

Monsieur *Belville*, a Gentleman of the Province of *Languedoc* in *France*, spar'd not to pass this Reflection on the Duke of *Luyne*, even in the King's Presence. Being at *Bourdeaux*, while the King celebrated his Nuptials with the *Infanta of Spain*, in a most magnificent manner; one Day coming to Court in his *Mourning Coach*, (his Father being newly dead) he was reprehended by Monsieur *Cadinet*, younger Brother to the Duke of *Luyne*, for appearing at Court on such an extraordinary time of Joy with a Mourning Coach: 'O, Sir, says *Belville*, the Bravery of your Brother's Coach may excuse the Meanness of mine, since he borrowed all the Gold I had to equip himself for this magnificent Season.' The Occasion of these Words was as follows:

Monsieur *Belville* being a Gentleman of a noble Family, and one whose eminent Virtues and Services might have entitl'd him to some suitable Dignity, but being low in his Fortune, was not regarded or taken Notice of, till he address'd himself to the Duke of *Luyne*; who, upon the Receipt of one thousand five hundred Crowns, promised to make him Cavalier of the *Order of the Holy Ghost*, a Dignity next to that of the Peers of the Realm, and which is a fair Step to it. But, instead of performing his Promise, after he had got his Money, he, by underhand Practices, procur'd him to be banish'd the Court, neither did he come near it till this Marriage aforesaid was taken in hand; at which time his Father dying at

Bourdeaux, and being there also buried, he, by the Mediation of some Friends, procured a Repeal of his Banishment, that he might have an Opportunity of making the King sensible of the Duke's Injustice. But it took not the desir'd Effect ; for he was upon those Words aforementioned immediately imprison'd, where he soon after died of Grief.



CXXXI.

A pleasant Story of a Man who had lost his Ass.

A Certain Countryman having lost his Ass, came to the Cryer, desiring him to give Notice of it at the Church-door, which he did for three Days together. But no News being heard of the Animal, the Owner urg'd the Cryer to continue his former Proclamations, with the Reward of a fat Pig to the Finder. The Cryer being an arch Wag, and tir'd with the Fellow's Importunity, one Feast-Day, when the Ceremonies of public Worship ended, and People flock'd amain out of the Church, he made this following Proclamation: " If
 " there be any Man here amongst you, who will come
 " forth, and solemnly profess he never was in Love, he
 " shall have a fat Pig." An ungain loobily Fellow, who was standing listening on his Staff, baul'd out, *That he could safely take his Oath, he was the Person who had never been in Love.* Whereupon the Cryer taking him by the Sleeve presents him to the Countryman, saying, Here, Friend, I have found your *Ass*, the *Pig* is mine.

CXXXII.

A Story of the Behaviour of two Husbands on the same Occasion.

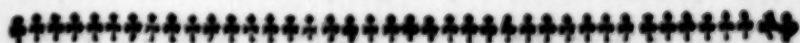
ABOUT thirty Years ago, a Packet-Boat that had several Passengers in it was cast away upon a Rock, and in so great Danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could, tho' only those who could swim well had a bare Probability of doing it. Among the Passengers there were two Women of Fashion, who seeing themselves in so disconsolable a Condition, begg'd of their Husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his Wife, than to forsake her; the other, tho' he was mov'd with the utmost Compassion for his Wife, told her, that for the Good of their Children it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great Piece of good Luck, next to a Miracle, when one of our good Men had taken the last and long Farewel in order to save himself, and the other held in his Arms the Person that was dearer to him than Life, the Ship was preserv'd. It is with a secret Sorrow and Vexation of Mind that I must tell the Sequel of the Story, and let my Reader know, that this faithful Pair, who were ready to have died in each other's Arms, about three Years after their Escape, upon some trifling Disgust, grew to a Coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a Degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other Couple liv'd together in an uninterrupted Friendship and Felicity; and what was remarkable, the Husband whom the Shipwreck had like to have separated from his Wife, died a few Months after her, not being able to survive the Loss of her.

CXXXIII.

True and false Courage exemplified, in a pleasant Story.

IT happened one day, that a noisy young Officer, bred in *France*, came to the Ordinary at the *Black Horse* in *Holbourn*, where the Person that usually presided at the Table, was a rough old-fashion'd Gentleman, who, according to the Customs of those Times, had been the Major and Preacher of a Regiment. The young Officer was venting some new-fangled Notions, and speaking, in the Gayety of his Humour, against the Dispensations of Providence. The Major at first only desired him to speak more respectfully of one, for whom all the Company had an Honour; but finding him run on in his Extravagance, began to reprimand him in a more serious Manner. Young Man, said he, do not abuse your Benefactor whilst you are eating his Bread. Consider whose Air you breathe, whose Presence you are in, and who it is that gave you the Power of that very Speech which you make use of to his Dishonour. The young Fellow, who thought to turn Matters into a Jest, asked him if he was going to preach? But at the same time desir'd him to take care what he said when he spoke to a Man of Honour. A Man of Honour! says the Major: Thou art an Infidel and a Blasphemer, and I shall use thee as such. In short, the Quarrel ran so high, that the young Officer challenged the Major. Upon their coming into the Garden, the old Fellow advised his Antagonist to consider the Place into which one Pass might drive him; but finding him grow upon him to a degree of Scurrility, as believing the Advice proceeded from Fear: Sirrah, says he, if a Thunderbolt does not strike thee dead before I come at thee, I shall not fail to chastise thee for thy Profaneness to thy Maker, and thy Sauciness to his Servant. Upon this he drew his Sword, and cried out with a loud Voice, *The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon*; which so terrified his Antagonist, that he was immediately

ately disarmed and thrown upon his Knees. In this Posture he begg'd his Life ; but the Major refus'd to grant it, before he had asked Pardon for his Offence in a short extemporary Prayer, which the old Gentleman dictated to him upon the spot, and which his Profelyte repeated after him in the Presence of the whole Ordinary, that were now gather'd about him in the Garden.



CXXXIV.

The Story of ANTIOCHUS.

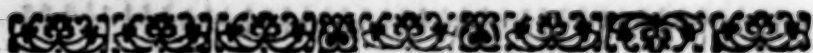
ANTIOCHUS, a Prince of great Hopes, fell passionately in Love with the young Queen *Stratonice*, who was his Mother-in-Law, and had bore a Son to the old King *Seleucus* his Father. The Prince finding it impossible to extinguish his Passion, fell sick, and refused all manner of Nourishment, being determined to put an end to that Life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the Physician, soon found that Love was his Distemper, and observing the Alteration in his Pulse and Countenance, whenever *Stratonice* made him a Visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young Mother-in-Law. Knowing the old King's Tenderness for his Son, when he one Morning enquir'd of his Health, he told him, that the Prince's Distemper was Love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the Person whom he loved. The King, surprized at this Account, desired to know how his Son's Passion could be incurable? Why, Sir, replied *Erasistratus*, because he is in Love with the Person I am married to.

The old King immediately conjured him by all his past Favours to save the Life of his Son and Successor. Sir, said *Erasistratus*, would your Majesty but fancy your self in my Place, you would see the Unreasonableness of what you desire. Heaven is my Witness, said *Seleucus*, I could resign even my *Stratonice* to save my *Antiochus*.

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At this the Tears ran down his Cheeks, which when the Physician saw, taking him by the Hand, Sir, says he, if these are your real Sentiments, the Prince's Life is out of Danger; it is *Stratonice* for whom he dies. *Seleucus* immediately gave Orders for solemnizing the Marriage; and the young Queen, to shew her Obedience, very generously exchanged the Father for the Son.



CXXXV.

The Story of MULY MOLOCH Emperor of Morocco.

WHEN Don *Sebastian*, King of *Portugal*, had invaded the Territories of *Muly Moluch*, Emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his Crown upon the Head of his Nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a Distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the Reception of so formidable an Enemy. He was indeed so far spent with Sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole Day, when the last decisive Battle was given; but knowing the fatal Consequences that would happen to his Children and People, in case he should die before he put an end to that War, he commanded his principal Officers, that if he died during the Engagement, they should conceal his Death from the Army, and that they should ride up to the Litter in which his Corpse was carried, under Pretence of receiving Orders from him as usual. Before the Battle begun, he was carried through all the Ranks of his Army in an open Litter, as they stood drawn up in Array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in Defence of their Religion and Country. Finding afterwards the Battle to go against him, though he was very near his last Agonies, he threw himself out of his Litter, rallied his Army, and led them on to the Charge; which afterwards ended in a compleat Victory on the side of the
Moor.

Moors. He had no sooner brought his Men to the Engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his Litter, where laying his Finger on his Mouth, to enjoin Secrecy to his Officers, who stood about him, he died a few Moments after in that Posture.

CXXXVI.

A comical Story of the Adventure of an English Sailor in the City of Constantinople.

A Certain fond *Mahometan*, all posses'd with *European* Dreams of Love and Beauty, would neither marry Wife, nor take a Concubine, that was not Mistress of a tender Nature, and, as he thought, accomplished in those bright Perfections, which in spite of Fate would make him happy. But oh ! how vainly does deluded Man depend on Beauty as a Means of Bliss, when every frail Misfortune of deficient Nature robs him of his Hope ! It is a Blessing ever subject to a thousand accidental Shocks of Ruin ; and even in its longest and uninterrupted Course of Sunshine, is but the transient Shadow of a momentary Satisfaction. The *Turk* of whom I am about to speak, was long an Enemy to every Thought that led him to a Scene of Matrimony ; but he was caught at last ; and I have ever found, that those who most inveighed against it, have been soonest tempted to its Yoke, and often most gaul'd by it. It was a witty Observation of an old *Greek* Poet, in the following Epigram :

The Man is curs'd, who takes a She
As Partner of his Bed :
This all Men know as well as me ;
Yet, who forbears to wed ?

This *Turkish* Nobleman (for Fortune had enlarged his Circumstances to a great and lofty Pitch of Splendor) kept

kept a very large *Haram*, or Chamber for his Women : He possess'd, I think, of Wives and Concubines no less a Number than a quarter of a Hundred ; and so fondly doated on their amorous Conversation, that he knew no Pleasure greater than the Enjoyment of their Company ; would pass whole Days in their Apartment, and choose some one among them every Night to carry to his Bed, and favour with the Duty of his kind Embraces.

However, whether Nature had not qualified him for the Women's Favourite, or whether every Lady thought her Turn too long in coming round, is not known ; but this is certain, that the whole Society were extremely melancholy, and would pensively retire to a large Window, which look'd out into a Garden on the Backside of their Apartment, and by throwing up the Lattice, let in Air, which fann'd, not cool'd the Warmth of their Desires. Their Lord, it seems, was very covetous ; and finding Eunuchs somewhat chargeable, maintain'd but one, and that an old and lazy Fellow, who would always go to Bed before the Ladies, and by that means give them favourable Opportunities to open the above-named Window and look out in the Garden, or divert themselves with any Entertainment they thought fit to pass the Night in.

'Twas late one Evening, and the Family secure in their Repose, when a brisk *English* Sailor, who had lost his Company, in coming not an Hour before, from drinking at a little Hovel, where a *Greek* sold Wine, had rambled up and down from Street to Street, till he arriv'd in a small narrow Lane, one Wall whereof belonged to the above-named Garden. He was walking hastily along, not knowing whereabouts he was, when he was startled at the sudden Noise of Womens Voices ; and desirous to behold what sort of Creatures the Females were in *Turkey**, he was led by Wine and Curiosity together to ascend a sort of wooden Scaffold, which he found there rais'd against the Wall, and had been built in order to repair some Breaches made by Time.

The

* The Women are kept up very close in *Turkey*, and seldom permitted to go abroad ; and when they are, they are always veil'd.

The Art of his Profession had instructed him to climb, by which means he with Ease got up so high, that hanging by his Hands and Feet, he overlook'd the Ridge of the Wall, and could perceive distinctly, by the Favour of the Moon shine, several Ladies almost in their Shifts, and sporting wantonly together in a Window, on the other Side the Garden. He was wonderfully pleased to see a Sight he had been long a Stranger to ; and not being able to express himself in *Turkish*, was resolv'd to shew his Breeding in plain *English*, and call'd out aloud, ' Ha ! my dear Rogues, have I caught you, faith ? egad ' I wish I was among you.'

Nothing could have been a greater Surprize to the discovered Ladies, than to hear a Voice, at once appearing to be a Man's, and a Stranger to their Language or Acquaintance ; but it was increas'd, if possible, when they beheld a Head, Chin high, looking over the Wall, with short thick Hair, and Hat of *English* Fashion. The Fright at first oblig'd them to shriek, and drove them from the Window for about five Minutes ; but perceiving none had overheard them in the House, they gathered Courage, and returned again, believing Providence had sent a Man to gratify their Wishes.

The Sailor had by this time got astride upon the Wall, and was beginning an old Ballad in that merry Posture, not remembring he had chang'd his *Wapping* Residence for a short Continuance in a *Turkish* City. But the Ladies gather'd in a Knot about the Window, and, by the cautionary Motion of their Fingers, hush'd him to Silence, and began to beckon him with smiling Looks, and all the tempting Invitations of an amorous Deportment.

Encourag'd by their unexpected kind Behaviour, the adventurous Tarr forsook his Station, and leaping from the Wall into the Garden, expressed his Satisfaction in their beautiful Appearances, by all the awkward Bows and apish Cringes his marine Accomplishments had made Master of. He came at last and stood directly under them, explaining by the Motions of his Head and Eyes, and other Signs, that he was sorry such an unaccessive
Height

Height prevented him from reaching them. They talk'd a while by Signs and Motions, but perceiving they could reap but little Pleasure from so remote a Conversation, the obliged Ladies, loth to lose so rare an Opportunity, began to make successful Use of those amorous inventive Qualities, which Nature constantly bestows on Woman in her amorous Exigencies ; and certain of the Company continued at the Window smiling in a sort of wanton Dalliance with the raptur'd Sailor, while others ran and tied as many of their Sheets together as would reach to the Ground ; which having done they came again, and making fast the hither End to certain Hooks within the Chamber, threw the other down to him, and kindly beckoned to him to make a proper Use of their inviting Favours.

He was not backward in performing their Desires, but never thinking on the Consequences, made a Shift to reach the Window by the Help of their Contrivance ; they received him joyfully, and had begun to stare upon the Strangeness of his Habit, when he interrupted them, by roughly kissing all the Company ; imagining, that since he always us'd his *English* Mistress in that familiar Manner, it was the Fashion so to do in every foreign Place he came to. The *Turkish* Husbands never kiss their Women but in Bed, and consequently this Behaviour of our merry *Briton* wonderfully diverted them ; they laugh'd exceedingly, and gathered round him ; every one ask'd some particular Question, but he could not understand one Word they said ; and finding more than he expected in the Chamber, look'd about him with great Amazement ; but began at last to catch them in his Arms, embracing them by Turns with so much Zeal and Rapture, that it was hard to tell which Party knew most Pleasure ; *He*, in meeting such engaging, beautiful, willing Creatures ; or the *Ladies*, in their accidental Satisfaction of admitting to their Arms a Lover of so brisk and airy a Deportment, and a Man so full of Mirth and Vigour.

The Room wherein they lay was long and broad, with Beds all laid in order along each Side, and each desirous
first

first to offer him a Part of her's; they rais'd a sort of civil War among them, till it was resolv'd that all should draw a Lot a-piece, and stand to the Decision. This then at last they agreed to, and with Scissars cut a Crimson Ribbon in twenty-five Pieces, each a little longer than the former; these they made the *Sailor* hold, and drew their Lots in order. She who had the longest was that very Night to have him for her Bedfellow, and so proportionably she who had unfortunately drawn the shortest Lot, was doom'd to be the farthest distant from his wish'd Embraces.

Thus had they form'd almost a Month's Task for the poor *Sailor*, who never us'd to think on Time to come, and therefore went contented to Bed with his fair first-night Mistress. We will not doubt of the Satisfaction which he met with, but proceed to tell the Reader, that an Hour before the Break of Day, that Lady who was next to be his Partner, came and wak'd him from a pleasing Slumber, lest he should unluckily, by oversleeping his Security, be found as soon as Morning broke by the *Equib*, who was always us'd to walk his Rounds about that Time; and this was the concluded Order they were all to take, for their assur'd Security. I scarce believe our amorous *Tarpanlin*, when the cool Reflection of his waking Senses represented his Condition, found himself so pleasant as the Night before; but he had gone too far to think of going back, till he had done the Duty they expected from him, and therefore wisely thought it best to seem transported with his present, past, and future Happiness. In short, they led him to a very high and spacious Press, or rather Wardrobe, for it was the Place wherein they us'd to hang their Cloaths; in this Repository he was forc'd to stand or lie all Day; and had the Door by Chance been open, he had yet perhaps continued undiscovered, hid all over by the Cloaths about him.

The Master of the House would often come and pass some Hours every Day amongst his Women, so that all Day long the *Sailor* was confin'd to keep his Station, yet wanted little else but Liberty, for he had Meat and
Drink

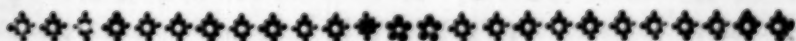
Drink far more than he required, which the good humour'd Ladies ordered to be set aside, pretending they would eat it at another Time, and taking some Opportunity, when all was safe, they carried it directly to their pounded Amoroso.

They pass'd about ten Days and Nights without the smallest Fear or Danger of Discovery, when an unlucky Accident fell out and ruin'd all: It happened that the Lady to whose Turn it was to claim the Sailor for her Bedfellow, was taken by the *Turk*, her Lord and Master, to the unexpected Favour of his own Enjoyment, so that she, whose Lot came next, was sooner than she thought of Mistress of her long-hop'd-for Happiness; but when the next Turn came, the Lady who the Night before had lawfully possessed her Husband's Bed, renewed her Title to the baulk'd Enjoyment of the Sailor's Person; which she who next expected it, denied with Fervour, urging, that she having lost her Turn, should stay till last of all, before she could in Justice lay a second Claim to what she aim'd at.

Words were multiplied to noisy Disputations, and from thence they fell to downright Blows about the Matter; till the House, alarm'd by the Disturbance, wak'd the *Eunuch*, who came running to the Chamber to demand the Cause of their so sudden Disagreement; and the first Body he took particular Notice of, was the poor Sailor, who was got amongst the thickest of the Fray, to interpose the best of his Endeavours for appeasing their tumultuous Violence. The *Eunuch*, all amaz'd to see a Man so strangely dress'd among the Ladies, came and caught him roughly by the Shoulder; who, surpriz'd as much to find himself discovered, struck the old and feeble *Eunuch* such a Blow upon the Head, as beat him to the Ground; and running to the Window, never staid to look for Sheets, which if he had he would have missed, but venturing his Neck to save his Liberty, leap'd nimbly down, and lighting on the soft and yielding Mould, received no Hurt; and made a Shift to clamber up a Gate which open'd to the Lane; and after half an Hour's rambling up and down, came out upon the Port where
lay

lay an *English* Vessel half unladen, close upon the Key? He got on board, and overjoyed at his Escape, went next Morning to the Vessel he belong'd to, which departed two Days after, bound for *England*.

He brought off ten or twelve considerable Diamonds, of a greater Value than the Profits of a hundred of his Voyages could possibly amount to, every Lady gratefully bestowing one the Night she bedded him. Had he but staid to have gone through the Family, he had grown rich by their successive Bounties ; however, he had very good Reason to be contented. What renders this Adventure the more diverting is, that when the *Eunuch* rose and look'd about him, the ingenious Ladies join'd to tell him an amazing Story, how the Man he saw came in and frighted them ; which passing for a Truth, they sav'd their Reputations, and perhaps their Lives ; while it was commonly reported round the City, that the Devil of an Infidel had enter'd the *Haram* of such a Nobleman ; nor was it known which way he had got in, or how he found means to get away again.



CXXXVII.

The Story of another ANTIOCHUS.

AS *Antiochus*, one of the antient Princes of the *East*, went out a hunting, he chanc'd to be benighted, and to lose his Followers. After a tedious wandering over Heaths and Forests, he came at last to a little Cottage, where the poor People were at Supper; they entertain'd him very chearfully, as a Traveller who had lost his Way. The chief Subject of their Discourse happen'd to roll upon the King and his Minister.—As for the King himself, they accus'd him of *no Vices*.—They spoke of him with much Duty; and agreed that he meant well, and was desirous of his Subjects Happiness: But he was not, they said, so absolutely the Monarch of his Minister, as of his People: Submitting his own Sense of

of Affairs, and the Authority of his Determinations, to Men of less Virtue and Understanding than himself; and giving way to Ease and Indolence, while he devolv'd the Power of his Office on Wretches whose Hearts were too narrow, and their Passions too violent, to deserve any Government at all, much less that of a Kingdom.

The King said little to all this; but laid it up for his Use and Benefit: And in the Morning, when his Guards, and the great Men of his Court, having followed the Track of his Horse, were come to him at the Cottage, he receiv'd them with this Declaration. — “ You are
“ mistaken, if you suppose I have been all Night out of
“ my Way. No; I have sat in Council with an As-
“ sembly of the only honest and faithful Advisers I
“ have found since I became your Sovereign: Nor did
“ I ever hear a Word of the true Condition of my Af-
“ fairs, before I learn'd it in this Cottage.”



CXXXVII.

The Story of Saladin, and Nasir Eddin.

SAALADIN, the Soldan of Egypt, tho' he had Dominions enough of his own, was always ready, when Occasion offer'd, to make free with other People's. — At his Return from the Siege of *Monopol* in Syria, he seiz'd into his Hands the whole Lordship of *Emessa*, in prejudice to the Right of *Nasir Eddin*, the young Prince who claim'd it. And this he did upon Pretence that the late Father of the Youth had forfeited it, by giving Countenance to Confederacies against the Soldan's Interest.

Saladin however ordered, that proper Care should be taken of the injur'd Prince's Education, and being afterwards desirous to observe what Progress he made in his Studies, he was brought one Day before the Soldan; who ask'd him, In what Part of the *Alcoran* he was reading?

ing? I'm come, replied the young Prince (to the Surprise of all who heard him) to that Verse which informs me,
 ' That he who devours the Estates of *Orphans*, is not a
 ' *King*, but a *Tyrant*.'

The Soldan was much startled at the Turn and Spirit of this Repartee; but after some Pause and Recollection, return'd this generous Answer.—He who speaks with this Resolution, cannot fail of acting with as much Courage: Therefore I restore you to your Father's Possessions, lest I should be taught to stand in Fear of that Virtue which I only reverence.

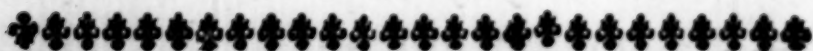


CXXXVIII.

The Story of PASTORELLA.

PASTORELLA was a gay young Lady, who never us'd to sit still a Moment. She was under the Care of her Aunt, who had so good a Sense of the Frailty of Woman, and the Falshood of Man, that she resolv'd on all manner of Methods to keep *Pastorella*, if possible, in Safety, against herself and all her Admirers. At the same time the good Lady knew by long Experience, that a gay Inclination, curb'd too rashly, would but run to the greater Excesses for that Restraint: Therefore intended to watch her, and take some Opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own Interests, without the Anguish of an Admonition. You are to know then, that Miss, with all her Flirting and Ogling, had also naturally a strong Inclination in her, and was the greatest Eyes-dropper breathing. *Parisatis* (for so her prudent Aunt was call'd) observ'd this Humour, and retires one Day to her Closet, into which she knew *Pastorella* would peep, and listen to know how she was employed. It happened accordingly, and the young Lady saw her good Governante on her Knees. And, after a mental Behaviour, break into these Words: "As for the dear Child

“ committed to my Care, let her Sobriety of Carriage,
 “ and Severity of Behaviour, be such as may make that
 “ noble Lord who is taken with her Beauty, turn his
 “ Designs to such as are honourable.” Here *Parifatis*
 heard her Niece nestle closer to the Key-hole : She then
 goes on : “ Make her the joyful Mother of a numerous
 “ and wealthy Offspring ; and let her Carriage be such,
 “ as may make this noble Youth expect the Blessings of a
 “ happy Marriage, from the Singularity of her Life,
 “ in this loose and censorious Age.” Miss having heard
 enough, sneaks off for Fear of Discovery, and immediately
 at her Glass alters the Sitting of her Head ; then
 pulls up her Tucker, and in a Word became a sincere
 Convert to every Thing that is commendable in a fine
 young Lady ; and two or three such Matches as her Aunt
 feign’d in her Devotions, were soon after actually in her
 Choice.



CXXXIX.

The History of TOM WILDAIR.

TOM WILDAIR was a Student of the *Inner Temple*,
 and had spent his Time, since he left the University
 for that Place, in the common Diversions of Men of
 Fashion ; that is to say, in Whoring, Drinking and
 Gaming. The two former Vices he had from his Father ;
 but was led into the last by the Conversation of a
 Partizan of the *Myrmidons*, who had Chambers near
 him. His Allowance from his Father was a very plentiful
 one for a Man of Sense, but as scanty for a modern
 fine Gentleman. His frequent Losses had reduc’d him
 to so necessitous a Condition, that his Lodgings were
 always haunted by impatient Creditors, and all his Thoughts
 employed in contriving low Methods to support himself
 in a Way of Life from which he knew not how to retreat,
 and in which he wanted Means to proceed. There is
 never

never wanting some good-natur'd Person to send a *Mrs* an Account of what he has no mind to hear; therefore many Epistles were conveyed to the Father of this Extravagant, to inform him of the Company, the Pleasures, the Distresses and Entertainments, in which his Son pass'd his Time. The old Fellow receiv'd these Advices with all the Pain of a Parent, but frequently consulted his Pillow to know how to behave himself on such important Occasions, as the Welfare of his Son, and the Safety of his Fortune. After many Agitations of Mind, he reflected, that Necessity was the usual Snare which made Men fall into Meannells; and that a liberal Fortune generally made a liberal and honest Mind; he resolv'd therefore to save him from his Ruin, by giving him Opportunities of knowing what it is to be at Ease, and inclin'd to him the following Order upon *Sir Tristram Cash*.

" SIR,

" Pray pay to Mr. *Tho. Wildair*, or Order, the Sum

" of one thousand Pounds, and place it to the Ac-

" count of, your's,

" HUMPHREY WILDAIR.

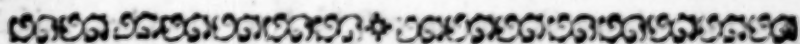
Tom was so astonish'd at the Receipt of this Order, that tho' he knew it to be his Father's Hand, and that he had always large Sums at *Sir Tristram's*; yet a thousand Pounds was a Trust of which his Conduct had always made him appear so little capable, that he kept his Note by him, till he wrote to his Father the following Letter.

" Honoured Father,

" I Have receiv'd an Order under your Hand for a
 " thousand Pounds, in Words at length, and I think
 " I could swear it is your Hand. I have look'd it over
 " twenty thousand times. There is in plain Letters,
 " T, H, O, U, S, A, N, D; and after it the Letters,
 " P, O, U, N, D, S. I have it still by me, and shall,
 " I believe, continue reading it till I hear from you."

The old Gentleman took no manner of Notice of the Receipt of this Letter ; but sent him another Order for three thousand Pounds more. His Amazement on this Letter was unspeakable. He immediately double-lock'd his Door, and sat down carefully to reading and comparing both his Orders. After he had read them till he was half mad, he walk'd fix or seven Turns in his Chamber, then opens his Door, then locks it again, and to examine thoroughly this Matter, he locks his Door again, puts his Table and Chairs against it ; then goes into his Closet, and locking himself in, read his Notes over again about nineteen times, which did but increase his Astonishment. Soon after, he began to recollect many Stories he had formerly heard of Persons who had been possessed with Imaginations and Appearances which had no Foundation in Nature, but had been taken with a sudden Madness in the midst of a seeming clear and untainted Reason. This made him very gravely conclude he was out of his Wits ; and with a Design to compose himself, he immediately betakes him to his Night-cap, with a Resolution to sleep himself into his former Poverty and Senses. To Bed therefore he goes at Noon-Day, but soon rose again, and resolv'd to visit Sir *Tristram* upon this Occasion. He did so, and din'd with the Knight, expecting he would mention some Advice from his Father about paying him Money ; but no such Thing being said, " Look ye, Sir *Tristram*, (said he) you are to know, " that an Affair has happen'd, which"—" Look ye (says " Sir *Tristram*) I know, Mr. *Wildair*, you are going to " desire me to advance ; but the late Call of the Bank, " where I have not yet made my last Payments, has " oblig'd me—*Tom* interrupted him by shewing him the Bill for a thousand Pounds. When he had look'd at it for a convenient Time, and as often survey'd *Tom's* Looks and Countenance ; look you, Mr. *Wildair*, a thousand Pounds—Before he could proceed, he shew'd him the Order for three thousand more.—Sir *Tristram* examin'd the Orders at the Light, and finding at the Writing the Name, there was a certain Stroke in one Letter, which the Father and he had agreed should be

to such Directions as he desired might be more immediately honour'd, he forthwith pays the Money. The Possession of four thousand Pounds gave my young Gentleman a new Train of Thoughts : He began to reflect upon his Birth, the great Expectations he was born to, and the unsuitable Ways he had long pursued. Instead of that unthinking Creature he was before, he is now provident, generous, and discreet. The Father and Son had an exact and regular Correspondence, with mutual and unreserv'd Confidence in each other. The Son looks upon his Father as the best Tenant he could have in the Country, and the Father finds his Son the most safe Banker he could have in the City.



CXL.

The extravagant Reward of a certain Turkish Emperor to his Horse.

THE Horse of a certain *Turkish* Emperor, having brought him safe out of a Field of Battle, and from the Pursuit of a victorious Enemy ; he, as a Reward for his good and faithful Services, built him a Stable of Marble, shod him with Gold, fed him in an Ivory Manger, and made him a Rack of Silver. He annexed to the Stable several Fields and Meadows, Lakes and running Streams. At the same time he provided for him a Seraglio of Mares, the most beautiful that could be found in the whole *Ottoman* Empire. To these were added a suitable Train of Domesticks, consisting of Grooms, Farriers, Rubbers, &c. accommodated with Liveries and Pensions. In short, nothing was omitted that could contribute to the Ease and Happiness of his Life, who had preserved the Emperor's.

CXLI.

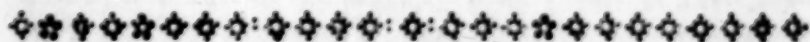
The Story of SCIPIO the Roman.

SCIPIO, at four and twenty Years of Age, had obtain'd a great Victory ; and a Multitude of Prisoners of each Sex, and all Conditions, fell into his Possession : Among others, an agreeable Virgin in her early Bloom and Beauty. He had too sensible a Spirit to see the most lovely of all Objects without being mov'd with Passion : Besides which, there was no Obligation of Honour or Virtue to restrain his Desires towards one, who was his by the Fortune of War. But a noble Indignation, and a sudden Sorrow, which appeared in her Countenance, when a Conqueror cast his Eyes upon her, rais'd his Curiosity to know her Story. He was inform'd, that she was a Lady of the highest Condition in that Country, and contracted to *Indibilis*, a Man of Merit and Quality. The generous *Roman* soon plac'd himself in the Condition of that unhappy Man, who was to lose so charming a Bride ; and tho' a Youth, a Batchelor, a Lover, and a Conqueror, immediately resolv'd to resign all the Invitations of his Passion, and the Rights of his Power, to restore her to her destin'd Husband. With this Purpose he commanded her Parents and Relations as well as her Husband to attend him at an appointed Time. When they met, and were waiting for the General, my Author frames to himself the different Concern of an unhappy Father, a despairing Lover, and a tender Mother, in the several Persons who were so related to the Captive. But for Fear of injuring the delicate Circumstances with an old Translation, I shall proceed to tell you, that *Scipio* appears to them, and leads in his Prisoner into their Presence. The *Romans* (as noble as they were) seem'd to allow themselves a little too much Triumph over the Conquer'd ; therefore, as *Scipio* approach'd, they all threw themselves on their Knees, except the Lover of the Lady : But *Scipio* observing in him a manly Sullenness, was the
more

more inclin'd to favour him, and spoke to him in these Words:

“ It is not the manner of the *Romans* to use all the Power they justly may: We fight not to ravage Countries, or break through the Ties of Humanity. I am acquainted with your Worth, and your Interest in this Lady: Fortune has made me your Master; but I desire to be your Friend. This is your Wife; take her, and may the Gods bless you with her. But far be it from *Scipio* to purchase a loose and momentary Pleasure at the Rate of making an honest Man unhappy.”

Indibilis's Heart was too full to make him any Answer, but he threw himself at the Feet of the General, and wept aloud. The captive Lady fell into the same Posture, and they both remain'd so, till the Father burst into the following Words: “ O divine *Scipio*! The Gods have given you more than ordinary Virtue. O glorious Leader! Oh wond'rous Youth! does not that obliged Virgin give you, while she prays to the Gods for your Prosperity, and thinks you sent down from them, Raptures, above all the Transports which you could have reaped from the Possession of her injur'd Person?” The temperate *Scipio* answer'd him without much Emotion, and saying, *Father, be a Friend to Rome, retir'd.* An immense Sum was offer'd as her Ransom; but he sent it to her Husband, and smiling, said, This is a Trifle after what I have given him already; but let *Indibilis* know, that Chastity at my Age is a much more difficult Virtue to practise than Generosity.



CXLII.

The History of CÆLIA.

CÆLIA was in the 20th Year of her Age, and owed a strict, but chearful Education to the Care of an Aunt, to whom she was recommended by her dying Father,

ther, whose Decease was hasten'd by an inconsolable Affliction for the Loss of her Mother. *Cælia* was adorn'd with as much Beauty and Grace as the most celebrated of her Sex possess; but her domestick Life, moderate Fortune, and religious Education, gave her but little Opportunity, and less Inclination, to be admir'd in publick Assemblies. Her Abode was at a convenient Distance from the Cathedral of *St. Paul's*, where her Aunt and she chose to reside for the Advantage of that rapturous Way of Devotion, which gives Extacy to the Pleasures of Innocence, and, in some measure, is the immediate Possession of those heavenly Enjoyments for which they are addressed.

As you may trace the usual Thoughts of Men in their Countenances, there appeared in the Face of *Cælia* a Cheerfulness, the constant Companion of unaffected Virtue, and a Gladness, which was inseparable from true Piety. Her very Look and Motion spoke the peaceful, mild, resigning, num'rous Inhabitant, that animated her beauteous Body. Her Air discover'd her Body a mere Machine of her Mind, and not that her Thoughts were employed in studying Graces and Attractions for her Person. Such was *Cælia* when she was first discover'd by *Palamede* at her usual Place of Worship. *Palamede* was a young Man of two and twenty, well fashion'd, learned, genteel and discreet, the Son and Heir of a Gentleman of a very great Estate, and himself possessed of a very plentiful one by the Gift of an Uncle. He became enamour'd of *Cælia*: and after having learn'd her Habitation, had Address enough to communicate his Passion and Circumstances with such an Air of good Sense and Integrity, as soon obtain'd Permission to visit and profess his Inclinations towards her. *Palamede's* present Fortune and future Expectations were no way prejudicial to his Addresses; but after the Lovers had pass'd some time in the agreeable Entertainments of a successful Courtship, *Cælia* one Day took occasion to interrupt *Palamede* in the midst of a very pleasing Discourse of the Happiness he promised himself in so accomplish'd a Companion, and assuming a serious Air, told him, there was another Heart

Heart to be won before he gain'd her's, which was that of his Father. *Palamede* seem'd much disturb'd at the Overture, and lamented to her, that his Father was one of those too provident Parents, who only place their Thoughts upon bringing Riches into their Families by Marriages, and are wholly insensible of all other Considerations. But the Strictness of *Celia's* Rules of Life made her insist upon this Demand; and the Son, at a proper Hour, communicated to his Father the Circumstances of his Love, and the Merit of the Object. The next Day the Father made her a Visit. The Beauty of her Person, the Fame of her Virtue, and a certain irresistible Charm in her whole Behaviour on so tender and delicate an Occasion, wrought so much upon him, in Spite of all Prepossessions, that he hastened the Marriage with an Impatience equal to that of his Son. Their Nuptials were celebrated with a Privacy suitable to the Character and Modesty of *Celia*; and from that Day, and several Years after, they liv'd together with all the Joy and Happiness which attend Minds entirely united, till a fatal Accident overthrew it all. It should have been intimated, that *Palamede* was a Student of the *Temple*, and usually retir'd thither early in the Morning, *Celia* still sleeping.

It happen'd on a certain Day that she followed him thither, to communicate to him something she had omitted in her redundant Fondness to speak of the Evening before. When she came to his Apartment, the Servant there told her, she was coming with a Letter to her. While *Celia* in an inner Room was reading an Apology from her Husband, that he had been suddenly taken by some of his Acquaintance to dine at *Brentford*, but that he should return in the Evening; a Country Girl, decently clad, ask'd, if these were not the Chambers of Mr. *Palamede*? She was answered they were, but that he was not in Town. The Stranger ask'd, when he was expected at home? The Servant replied, she would go in and ask his Wife. The young Woman repeated the Word *Wife*, and fainted. This Accident rais'd no less Curiosity than Amazement in *Celia*, who caus'd her to be remov'd into the inner Room. Upon proper Appli-

tations to revive her, the unhappy young Creature return'd to herself, and said to *Cælia* with an earnest and beseeching Tone, Are you really Mr. *Palamede's* Wife? *Cælia* replies, I hope I do not look like any other in the Condition you see me: The Stranger answers, No; Madam, he is my Husband. At the same Instant she threw a Bundle of Letters into *Cælia's* Lap, which confirm'd the Truth of what she asserted. Their mutual Innocence and Sorrow made them look at each other as Partners in Distress, rather than Rivals in Love. The Superiority of *Cælia's* Understanding and Genius, gave her an Authority to examine into this Adventure, as if she had been offended against, and the other the Delinquent. The Stranger spoke in the following manner:

“ Madam, if it shall please you, Mr. *Palamede* having
 “ an Uncle of a plentiful Estate near *Winchester*, was
 “ bred at the School there, to gain the more his Good-
 “ will by being in his Sight. His Uncle died, and left
 “ him the Estate, which my Husband now has. When he
 “ was a mere Youth, he set his Affections on me; but
 “ when he could not gain his Ends he married me, mak-
 “ ing me and my Mother, who is a Farmer's Widow,
 “ swear we would never tell it upon any Account what-
 “ soever, for that it would not look well for him to mar-
 “ ry such a one as me; besides, that his Father would
 “ cut him off of the Estate. I was glad to have him in
 “ an honest Way, and he now and then came and staid a
 “ Night and away at our House. But very lately he
 “ came down to us, with a fine young Gentleman, his
 “ Friend, who staid behind there with us, pretending to
 “ like the Place for the Summer; but ever since Mr. *Pa-*
 “ *lamede* went away he has attempted to abuse me; and
 “ I ran hither to acquaint him with it, and avoid the
 “ wicked Intentions of his false Friend.”

Cælia had no more room for Doubt, but left her Rival in the same Agonies she felt herself. *Palamede* returns in the Evening, and finding his Wife at his Chambers, learn'd all that had passed, and hastened to *Cælia's* Lodgings. It is much easier to imagine than express the Sentiments of either the Criminal or the Injur'd at this Encounter.

them up, it was agreed upon by both, that Monsieur *Vaubrun* remain'd indebted nine hundred Zequins to *Mustapha Zari*. There was no Contention in the Case ; Monsieur very readily gave him five Bggs seal'd, and desir'd him to tell the Money. " No, replied *Mustapha*, we have dealt together thus long, and I have found you an honest Man ; God forbid that I should mistrust my Friend at our last parting."

This was done the Day before Monsieur *de Vaubrun* was to take his Leave of *Constantinople* ; for he had hir'd Horses to travel by Land to *Smyrna*, his Business so requiring. Therefore both Parties being well satisfied, they bid adieu to each other, wishing mutual Happiness. The next Day Monsieur *de Vaubrun* took Horses for *Smyrna*, having dispatched all his Affairs.

It so happen'd, that as soon as he was gone, *Mustapha* had Occasion to pay one thousand five hundred Zequins to a Merchant of *Holland* : Wherefore having newly received these five Bags from his Partner, he, with them, made up the Sum due to the *Dutchman* ; saying withal, that he had not told the Money in these five Bags, in regard he took them on the Credit of a very worthy and honest Man, who had been his Partner. But the jealous Christian would not shew so much Generosity ; for he presently broke up the Seals in the Presence of *Mustapha* ; and having told over the Money, said it was all right, and was very fairly putting it up again. But *Mustapha*, who had a quick Eye, and being well vers'd in telling of Money, perceived there was a great Overplus. Wherefore he bid the *Dutchman* hold his Hand, till he had told the Bags over himself, for he suspected there was some Mistake. The *Dutchman* durst not deny a *True Believer* (as the *Turks* call themselves) this Privilege under the *Grand Seignior's* Protection, whatever he would have done in his own Country. So when *Mustapha* had run over the Money, he found eleven hundred and fifty Zequins in Bags by themselves, and gave the rest to the *Hollander*. In a word, having dispatch'd the Payment, he sent an Express away immediately, with the two hundred and fifty Zequins to Monsieur *de Vaubrun*,

brun, who he knew was to tarry some Days at a Town on the Road, about twenty Leagues from *Constantinople*, commanding the Courier to deliver him this Message in Writing.

" My Friend, God forbid that I should detain any thing beyond my Right, or deal with thee as a certain *Dutchman* would have done by me : For thou knowest I took the Money on thy Credit, without telling it ; but being to pay it away to a *Dutch Merchant*, he not having the same Faith, would tell it ; and finding these two hundred and fifty Zequins over and above the Sum supposed to be in the Bags, yet would have smuggled them in his *Dutch Conscience*, had I not discern'd his Fraud, and prevented him. I send them to thee as thy Right, supposing it was some Mistake. God prohibits all Injustice."

CXLIV.

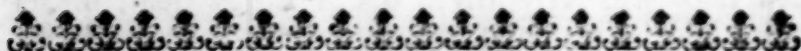
The Story of the Swiss and German Governor.

IN former times, *Switzerland* was a Province of the German Empire, or at least reputed so : And there were certain *Perfects* or *Governors* set over them by the Emperor, one succeeding another. Some of these, for their Insolence, were driven out of the Nation ; others were kill'd by reason of their tyrannous and cruel Practices. Among the rest, one of these *Governors* being disgusted at a certain *Swiss*, commanded him to be yok'd with Oxen that drew *Bardens* in a Cart. But when neither by fair nor foul Means he could force him to this vile Condescension, he commanded his Eyes to be put out : Which was done accordingly. This was murmur'd at ; but being the first Essay of his cruel Disposition, they wink'd at it.

A while after, the same Governor commanded a Woman in her Husband's Absence to prepare a hot Bath for him ;

him; which when the chaste Matron refus'd to perform till her Husband came home, he struck her dead with an Ax. This also, tho' heightening the Choler of the *Swiss*, was pass'd by in Meditation of future Revenge.

At last he grew so foolishly proud and imperious, that walking one Day in the Streets of the City, he struck his Cane in the Ground, and plac'd his Turbant or Bonnet thereon, commanding all that pass'd by to give Honour to it. Which when a certain honest *Swiss* refus'd to do, he commanded him to strike off an Apple from his Son's Head with a Shot from his Bow. The good Father for a long time refus'd thus to hazard his Son's Life. But being overcome by the Tyrant's importunate Menaces, he rather ventur'd to trust to Providence the Life of his Son, than to sacrifice both that and his own to the implacable Malice of a *Barbarian*. So he shot, and hit the Apple off without touching his Son's Head. The Governor seeing this, and taking notice, that he brought two Arrows with him, ask'd him the Reason of it. To whom the *Swiss* answer'd, " If I had shot amiss, and hurt my " Son with the first Arrow, I was resolv'd to have " pierc'd thy Heart with the second." Upon this, all the People gave a Shout, and running together, seiz'd upon the Governor, and tore him to Pieces. Neither would they ever afterwards endure or admit any Man into their Cities, from the Emperor, unless he came in quality of an Ambassador.



CXLV.

The Story of an American Slave.

ALL the Works of Art, such as *Watches*, *Dials*, *Clocks*, *Looking-Glasses*, &c. appear'd at first to the ignorant World as the Effects of Magick: Especially the simple Natives of *America* shew'd little more Wit than *Apes* or *Cats*, which look behind the Glass, to find the
Figure

Figure of themselves, that they saw in it. This is prettily exemplified in the Story of a poor *Peruvian* Slave in *America*, who being sent by his *Spanish* Master with a Basket of choice Fruit, and a Letter to his Friend; the silly *Ignoramus* being faint by reason of the excessive Heat, his Journey being also tedious, from the Town of *Lima* to a Village near *Potosi*, eat up the Fruit by the Way to allay his hungry Thirst. However, not having so good a Stomach to the Letter, he deliver'd it safe to the Person to whom it was address'd, never once dreaming that an insensible Piece of Paper could tell Tales. But that discovering his Crime, when he came home, his Master order'd him to the *Basinado*, to make him sensible of it. Then he was sent again on the same Errand with Oranges and a Letter, and meeting with the same Temptation, he knew not what to do. At last, he hid the Letter under a Heap of Sand; wisely concluding, that if it saw him not, it could never betray his Fact. However, to secure it from all means of peeping, he spread his Mantle over the Place, and then fell soundly to his Banquet, thinking he should now have no Accuser. In fine, he ate up all the Oranges, and was worse bang'd for his Pains than the time before.

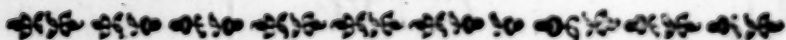


CXLVI.

The Story of the Sultan MAHMAUD and his VISIER.

THE Sultan *Mahmaud*, by his perpetual Wars abroad and his Tyranny at home, had fill'd his Dominions with Ruin and Desolation, and half unpeopl'd the *Persian* Empire. The *Visier* to this great Sultan pretended to have learn'd of a certain *Dervise* the Language of Birds, so that there was not a Bird that could open his Mouth, but the *Visier* knew what it was he said. As he was one Evening with the Emperor, in their Return from hunting,

hunting, they saw a couple of Owls upon a Tree that grew near an old Wall out of a Heap of Rubbish. "I would fain know, says the Sultan, what those two Owls are saying to one another; listen to their Discourse, and give me an Account of it." The *Vizier* approach'd the Tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two Owls. Upon his Return to the Sultan, 'Sir, says he, I have heard part of their Conversation, but I dare not tell you what it is.' The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an Answer, but forc'd him to repeat Word for Word every Thing the Owls had said. 'You must know then, said the *Vizier*, that one of these Owls has a Son, and the other a Daughter, between whom they are now upon a Treaty of Marriage. The Father of the Son said to the Father of the Daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I consent to this Marriage, provided you will settle upon your Daughter fifty ruin'd Villages for her Portion. To which the Father of the Daughter replied, instead of fifty, I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long Life to Sultan *Mahmaud*, whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruin'd Villages.' The Sultan was so touch'd with this Fable of his *Vizier's*, that he rebuilt the Towns and Villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consider'd the Good of his People.

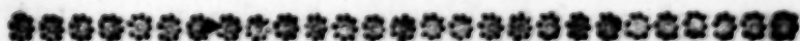


CXLVII.

A Story of two Captains, and of Mr. LOCKE.

A Certain Gentleman having a very good Opinion of the Gentlemen of the Army, invited ten or twelve of them to sup with him; and at the same time invited two or three Friends, who were very severe against the Manners and Morals of Gentlemen of that Profession. It happen'd one of them brought two Captains of his Regiment newly come into the Army, who at first Onset engag'd

engag'd the Company with lewd Healths and suitable Discourse. You may easily imagine the Confusion of the Entertainer, who finding some of his Friends very uneasy, desir'd to tell them a Story of a great Man, one Mr. *Locke*, who being invited to dine with the then Lords *Halifax*, *Anglesey* and *Shaftsbury*, immediately after Dinner, instead of Conversation, the Cards were called for, where the good or bad Success produc'd the usual Passions of Gaming. Mr. *Locke* retiring to a Window, and writing, my Lord *Anglesey* desired to know what he was writing: 'Why, my Lords, answer'd he, I could not sleep last Night for the Pleasure and Improvement I expected from the Conversation of the greatest Men of the Age.' This so sensibly stung them, that they gladly compounded to throw their Cards in the Fire, if he would his Paper; and so a Conversation ensued fit for such Persons. This Story press'd so hard upon the young Captains, together with the Concurrence of their superior Officers, that they left the Company in Confusion.



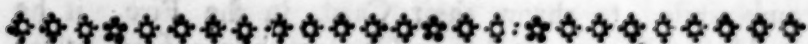
CXLVIII.

The Story of ARASPAS.

CYRUS the Great having taken a most beautiful Lady nam'd *Panthea*, the Wife of *Abradatus*, committed her to the Custody of *Araspas*, a young *Persian* Nobleman, who had a little before maintain'd in Discourse, that a Man truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful Passion. The young Gentleman had not long been in Possession of his fair Captive, when a Complaint was made to *Cyrus*, that he not only solicited the Lady *Panthea* to receive him in the Room of her absent Husband, but that finding his Intreaties had no Effect, he was preparing to make Use of Force. *Cyrus*, who lov'd the young Man, immediately sent for him, and in a gentle manner representing to him his Fault, and putting him in mind of his former Assertion, the unhappy Youth,

Youth, confounded with a quick Sense of his Guilt and Shame, burst out into a Flood of Tears, and spoke as follows :

“ Oh, *Cyrus*, I am convinc’d that I have two Souls. Love has taught me this Piece of Philosophy. If I had but one Soul, it could not at the same time pant after Virtue and Vice, wish and abhor the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two Souls : When the good Soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous Actions ; but when the bad Soul predominates, I am forced to do Evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good Soul, encouraged by your Presence, has got the better of my bad.”



CXLIX.

The Story of ISADAS.

THE City of *Sparta* being unexpectedly attacked by a powerful Army of *Thebans*, was in very great Danger of falling into the Hands of their Enemies. The Citizens suddenly gathering themselves into a Body, fought with a Resolution equal to the Necessity of their Affairs, yet no one so remarkably distinguished himself on this Occasion, to the Amazement of both Armies, as *Isadas*, the Son of *Phæbidas*, who was at that time in the Bloom of his Youth, and very remarkable for the Comeliness of his Person. He was coming out of the Bath when the Alarm was given, so that he had not time to put on his Cloaths, much less his Armour ; however, transported with a Desire to serve his Country in so great an Exigency, snatching up a Spear in one Hand, and a Sword in the other, he flung himself into the thickest Ranks of his Enemies. Nothing could withstand his Fury : In what Part soever he fought, he put the Enemies to Flight without receiving a single Wound. Whether, says *Plutarch*, he was the particular Care of some God, who rewarded his Valour that Day with an extraordinary Protection,

Protection, or that his Enemies, struck with the Unusualness of his Dress, and Beauty of his Shape, supposed him something more than Man, I shall not determine.

The Gallantry of this Action was judged so great by the *Spartans*, that the *Ephori*, or chief Magistrates, decreed he should be presented with a Garland; but as soon as they had done so, fined him a thousand Drachmas for going out to the Battle unarmed.



A Short



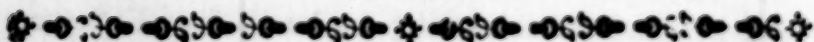
A

Short E P I T O M E of the H I S T O R Y
of the Four Principal *Monarchies*
which have made such a Noise
in the World :

VIZ.

The ASSYRIAN, } { MACEDONIAN,
PERSIAN, } { and ROMAN.

In which our Readers need not fear the Fa-
tigue of a tedious continued History ; our
Design being only to cull out such Passages
as are most diverting and worthy of their
Perusal .



*An epitomical History of the ASSYRIAN and
PERSIAN Empires.*

TO begin then with the *Affyrian* Empire, which was
the first of the four : This Nation was for a great
while contented with its own Bounds, without seeking to
encroach on the Territories of others. And *Ninus* was
the first of the *Affyrian* Kings who enlarged his Domini-
ons by Conquest : He subdued the greatest Part of *Asia*,
and rais'd *Affyria* to the Title of an Empire.

After

After his Death, *Semiramis* his Wife took upon her the Government, counterfeiting the Person of *Ninias* his Son, who was yet but a Child. She wore the Habit of a Man, and, being like her Son, pass'd for him as the lawful Successor, unsuspected. This Virago enlarged the Conquests of her Husband, and spread her Empire from *India* to *Ethiopia*; and, to lay the Foundation of an immortal Fame, she built *Babylon*.

To her succeeded *Ninias* her Son, of whom nothing is remarkable but his Effeminacy. For neglecting the Affairs of War, he spent all his time among his Concubines. And the same Stain is fasten'd on his Successors, even to *Sardanapalus*; in whose Death the *Assyrian* Monarchy suffer'd an Interruption, being canton'd out into petty Royalties by the Governors of Provinces; among whom, those who assumed the Crown of *Babylon* were of most Note, in regard they first recover'd the broken Empire to its old Grandeur and Unity.

By a Succession therefore of many Kings, in reference to whose Actions History is silent, the Monarchy descended to *Merodac Baladan*; in whose Days happen'd that wonderful Retrogradation of the Sun, mention'd by *Hebrew* Writers and others, which occasion'd those famous Controversies among the Philosophers and Astronomers of that Age, mention'd in the *Persian* Chronicles. For they observing that not only the Sun, but the whole Planetary System and all the fixed Stars went back at the same time, or at least seem'd to do so, began to revive that curious Question about the Motion of the Earth, which the *Chaldeans* and *Gymnosophists* of *India* had started before, when the Sun and Moon stood still at the burning of *Ida*. And it was concluded by some of them, that the Motion of the Earth being granted, its standing still or going back at these extraordinary Times, would solve all the Astronomical Appearances better, and in a more natural Way, than by supposing such a prodigious Stop to the whole Celestial Frame at one time, or that the everlasting Spheres should be roll'd back at the other.

This

This Dispute was the Occasion of that famous Conflux of the Eastern Sages to *Babylon*, mentioned in the *Persian* Poets and Historians. For *Baladan* being very inquisitive after Knowledge, and particularly desirous to be inform'd in the Grounds of this preternatural Appearance, sent Messengers into *India*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and all Kingdoms where Learning flourished; inviting the Astrologers, Priests, Magicians, Prophets, and all that had the Character of wise Men, to come to his Court of *Babylon*, where they were magnificently entertain'd; and when they had fully satisfied all the King's Demands, he sent them away laden with Gifts and Presents, every Man to his own Country.

Arkianus succeeded *Baladan* in the Kingdom of *Babylon*, in whose time *Ecbatan* was built. To him succeeded *Belitbus*, *Aphronadius*, *Rigibilus*, *Messismordacus*; after whom the Kingdom was again translated to the *Affyrians*, in the Reign of *Escharbaddon* the *Affyrian* Monarch. *Chalcedon*, that lies over-against the Imperial City, was built by the *Thracians* in the 25th *Olympiad*, and the 3329th Year of the World.

To *Escharbaddon* succeeded *Seasdachinus*, *Chyladanus*, *Nabopolassar*; in the Reign of which last, *Necho* King of *Egypt* attempted to cut a Canal from the Nile to the Red Sea, wherein he employed an hundred and twenty thousand *Egyptians*; but discouraged by the slow Progress they made, and the vast Expences he was at, he gave it over.

This *Nabopolassar* once more rais'd the Kingdom of *Babylon* to an universal Monarchy; for before his Time it had been for several Years in the Hands of the *Affyrians*; but he subdued all *Syria*, *Phœnicia*, *Judea* and *Egypt*, and expelled the *Scythians* out of *Egypt*.

To him succeeded *Nebuchadnezzar*, who dreamed of the four universal Monarchies, that were to succeed one another. In his Reign was born the grand *Cyrus*, who rais'd the *Persian* Monarchy. Of him it is recorded, that one Night he dream'd the Sun stood at his Feet, which when *Cyrus* thrice attempted to lay hold on, the Sun as often disappear'd; which the *Magi* interpreted as

a sure

a sure Sign that he should reign thirty Years; which came to pass accordingly.

During this Reign, there was a notable Duel fought between *Pittacus* one of the seven Wise Men of *Greece*, and *Phrynon* the most renowned Combatant of those Days; for he always won the Prize at the *Olympick* Games. He was General of the *Athenians*, and being puffed up with his constant Successes, he defied any Man to a single Combat. *Pittacus*, the Sage, accepted the Challenge; and when they were hotly engaged in the Field, he suddenly threw a silken Net over *Phrynon's* Head, and having thus entangled him, thrust him thro' with his Lance. This was that great *Nebuchadnezzar*, who having besieged and taken *Jerusalem*, burnt it down to the Ground, razed the Walls, and carried away all the *Jews* with their Riches into Captivity to *Babylon*. Afterwards having conquered all the neighbouring Nations, he new built *Babylon*, and enclosed it with three Walls. He also built those pendulous Gardens renowned throughout the whole Earth, and made those brazen Gates, which were reckoned among the Wonders of the World. But at length, being puffed up with the Thought of his Magnificent Works, he was metamorphosed into a Satyr or Sylvan, and dwelt seven Years in the Deserts of *Arabia*, being a Companion of the Brutes. 'Tis said also, that *Parrael*, the Angel of the Woods, when the Term of seven Years was expired, interceded with God for *Nebuchadnezzar*, who thereupon turn'd him into a Man again, and restor'd him to his Empire. He died peaceably in the 3442d Year of the World, and the 43d of his Reign.

To him succeeded *Evil-Merodach*, *Neriglissor*, *Labor-sarched*, and *Labyntus*, in whose Time there was War between the *Babylonians* and *Persians*, when *Cyrus*, after many victorious Campaigns, at last laid Siege to *Babylon*, took the City, and translated the Empire to the *Persians*; and having subdued all the West of *Asia*, even to the *Red Sea*, he died at Seventy Years of Age; commanding his Servants not to embalm his Body, nor use any costly Pomp at his Funeral, but burying him decently like a Man,

Man, should cause this Epitaph to be writ on his Tomb:

O MORTALS, I AM CYRUS,
WHO LAID THE FOUNDATION OF THE
PERSIAN MONARCHY,
AND WAS EMPEROR OF ALL ASIA:
THEREFORE
ENVY ME NOT THE GRAVE.

To him succeeded *Cambyfes* his eldest Son, who marching with his Army into *Egypt*, and laying Siege to *Pelufium*, caused a great Number of Cows, Apes, Birds, and other Animals to be placed in the Front of his Army, knowing that the *Egyptians* worshipped such for Gods, and consequently would forbear to shoot their Arrows that Way: By which Stratagem he took the City, and afterwards conquer'd all *Egypt*, carrying away Thousands of the *Egyptians*, with Foreigners residing there, into Captivity, among whom was *Pythagoras* the Philosopher.

After this, *Cambyfes* sent Spies under the Notion of Ambassadors to the King of *Ethiopia*, with rich Presents. But the King suspecting what was their Business, took a Bow in his Hand, and bent it as though he should shoot; and giving it to the Spies, he bid them carry it to their Master, and tell him, "That when he and his *Persians* had learned to bend Bows of that Strength, he might think of invading *Ethiopia*, and not before; for that the *Ethiopians* were Giants in Vigour." And when the Spies returned to *Cambyfes*, there was no Man found among his Soldiers, that was able to bend that Bow. Yet he march'd directly towards *Ethiopia* with a great Army, Part of which was overwhelmed in the Sands of the Deserts, to the Number of fifty Thousand; and the rest being reduced, for want of Provisions, to a Necessity of eating one another, he return'd in a great Rage to *Memphis*, where he slew *Apis* the God of the *Egyptians*, and caused his Priests to be massacred. He also slew his own Brother, and killed his Wife because she mourned
for

for him. He shot *Prexarpes* through with an Arrow; and commanded twelve *Persian* Nobles to be buried alive. He set fire to the Temples, blasphemed the Gods, and at last kill'd himself by an Accident with his own Sword.

After his Death, the *Magi* crown'd one of their own Order, and set him on the Throne of *Persia*, giving out that he was *Smerdis* the younger Son of *Cyrus*, who had been murder'd by the Command of his Brother *Cambyses*. And it was easy to carry on the Fraud, in regard the *Persian* Kings rarely suffered themselves to be seen. One *Ostian*, a *Persian* Prince, first discovered the Cheat by means of his Daughter, a Concubine of the King's; for she, by his Instruction, found out that the King had no Ears; which was a convincing Argument that he was one of the *Magi*, whose Ears *Cambyses* had commanded to be cut off.

This *Ostian* drawing six other Princes into a Conspiracy, they rush'd into the Palace and killed all the *Magi*, and then singled out of their own Number one *Darius*, the Son of *Hystaspes*, to succeed in the Throne. This was not done by Election, but by Lot; for they agreed to meet all together, one Morning, before the Palace Gates on Horseback, and that he whose Horse first neigh'd after the Sun was up, should be King. This fell to *Darius's* Share, by the Stratagem of his Squire or Master of the Horse. Then the other Princes crowned him, and made him swear by the Sun and the Fire, that he would never put them to Death, or deny them his Presence.

But *Darius* finding himself curbed by these Princes, was resolv'd to rid himself of such dangerous Companions: Wherefore he caus'd a Stove to be built on purpose for a Banqueting-House, and so artificially contriv'd, that the Fire-place being under the Banqueting-Chamber, should in so many Hours burn asunder the Pillars which supported the said Chamber, and cause the Floor to fall down into the Fire. Then he invited these Princes to a Feast, which he held in his Banquet House; and was merry with them till the Signal was given him to depart:

depart: at which time he left them in the midst of their Mirth; and within a while after he was gone, the Floor of the Chamber fell down with all that were in it, into the Fire underneath, where the Princes were soon consumed to Ashes.

After this, *Darius* managed all the Affairs of his Empire without Controul. He ruled over all the Provinces of *Asia* from *India* to *Ethiopia*, containing above an hundred Kingdoms; he extended his Conquests to the Provinces of *Greece*; and setting forth a prodigious Fleet, he sailed into the *Mediterranean* and *Archipelago*: He conquer'd the Islands in the *Aegean* Sea, reduced *Chalcedon* and all the Cities along the *Hellepont* and *Propontis*. At length, having reigned prosperously thirty-six Years, he died, and left *Xerxes* his Son to succeed him in the Throne.

As soon as *Xerxes* was settled in the Throne, he led an Army into *Egypt*, and suppressed the Insurrections in that Country. Then he fitted out a Fleet of 4200 Ships, on board of which were above 500,000 Men. He had a Land-Army also, consisting of 2,500,000 Soldiers, of several Nations. With this vast Multitude he march'd against the *Grecians*; and to facilitate the Voyage of his Fleet, he caus'd one Part of his Army to dig a Passage through Mount *Atbos*, whereby the Sea was let in, and the Ships might sail two abreast; whilst another part of the Soldiers were employed in building a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellepont*. No sooner was this done, but there arose a vehement Tempest, which so discomposed those narrow Seas, that, between the Winds and Waves, the Boats which made this Bridge were all dispers'd, broken, and cast away.

This so incens'd *Xerxes*, that he commanded the Sea to be scourged with Whips, and a Chain to be thrown into it, as a Mark of its future Subjection. He also beheaded those who built the Bridge, and caus'd others to make a new one. Here one of *Xerxes's* Eunuchs, and a particular Favourite of the King, sent for a *Grecian* of the Isle of *Chios*, who had formerly deprived him of the Evidences of his Virility: And the old Man
coming

coming with his Sons to wait on this great Courtier, the Eunuch caused him first to castrate his own Sons, and afterwards forced them to do the same by their Father, in Revenge of their own Loss and Disgrace. From hence *Xerxes* march'd with his Army by the Place where once stood the famous Town of *Troy*, went in Pilgrimage to the Tomb of King *Priamus*, where he sacrificed ten He-catombs of Oxen to the Ghosts of the antient Heroes, and to the Divinity of the River *Scamander*, which his Soldiers drank dry, and yet half of them had not quenched their Thirst. After this he came to the *Helle-spont*, where taking a Survey of all his Land and Sea-Forces, which cover'd the *Helle-spont*, and all the neighbouring Shores; and contemplating the Shortness of Man's Life, and that of so innumerable a Multitude not one should be alive at an hundred Years End, he wept bitterly. Then having sacrificed to the Sun for the good Success of his Expedition, he caus'd all his Army to pass over the *Helle-spont* by his Bridge of Boats; after which, they drank their Way through another River, which had not Water enough to satisfy half his Men and Cattle; for his Army encreased all the Way by the Accession of Soldiers out of every Nation through which he passed. Yet *Leonidas* King of *Sparta*, with a small Body of 4000 *Lacedemonians*, gave Battle to the whole Army of *Xerxes*. And in a Sea-Fight at *Salamis*, the *Persians* lost 500 Ships, with a considerable Part of their Army; which, with other Disasters, as Sickness, Famine, &c. so terrified this great Monarch, that he posted back again, as fast as he could by the Way of the *Helle-spont*, which he cross'd in a poor Fisher's Boat all alone, leaving *Mar-donius* to pursue the Wars in *Greece*. But an ill Fate attended their Arms; for at *Platea* the *Greeks* set upon them under *Pausanias* their General, and routed the whole Army, killing above 200,000 of them on the spot, and burning their Camp and Navy.

Xerxes hearing these ill Tidings, fled towards his own Country; and by the Way set fire to the Temples of the Gods at *Babylon* and other Parts of *Asia*, sparing none but
 O that

that magnificent One at *Ephesus*, which was renowned throughout the whole World.

About this time died *Pagapates*, the faithful Eunuch of *Darius*, who had pass'd seven whole Years mourning at the Tomb of his Master.

I must not omit the Treachery of *Pausanias* the *Lacedemonian* General, who held a private Correspondence with *Xerxes*: And having been twice accused of Treason, and as often acquitted, was the third time discover'd by a Boy, whom he kept as his Minion; and by the Sentence of the *Ephori* was starved to Death.

But to return to *Xerxes*. He was unfaithfully dealt with by the Captain of his Guards; who, by the Assistance of *Spamitres* the King's Chamberlain, and seven other Conspirators, killed him in Bed with his eldest Son *Darius*, and crown'd *Artaxerxes* in his stead.

To him fled *Themistocles* the *Athenian*, who was suspected a Partner in the Treason of *Pausanias*. The King received him into his Favour, and made him Governor of a Province, adding the Gift of five great Cities to furnish him with Money for the Expences of his Table and Wardrobe. And this the King did, not as a Reward or Encouragement of Treason, (from which he knew *Themistocles* was free, being falsely accused by the *Athenians*;) but he heaped those Honours on him, as a Debt to the Merits of that once-illustrious Enemy, now become a Friend, and seeking Shelter in the *Persian* Kingdom from the barbarous Ingratitude of his own Countrymen; who, for all his eminent Services to *Greece*, could think of no better Acknowledgment, than to put to Death as a Traitor the bravest and wisest Captain of that Age.

Not long after this, the *Persians* lost 200 Ships in a Sea-Fight with the *Grecians*, and were routed at Land by a Stratagem of *Cimon* the *Grecian* General, who after the Naval Victory, put his Men on board the *Persian* Vessels which he had taken, and apparelling them in the Garments of the *Persian* Captives, landed them near the Enemy's Camp in *Pamphilia*; who taking them for Friends, suffer'd them to enter their Trenches without

Jealousy,

Jealousy, and so were all slaughter'd, except a few who escaped by the Swiftneſs of their Horſes.

About this time *Pericles* was made Prince of *Athens*; and *Themistocles* being made General of the *Persian* Army, and ſent againſt the *Grecians*, rather than fight againſt his Country, or betray the Cauſe of his new Maſter, became a volunteer Victim to his own Integrity and Honour: For ſacrificing a Bull in his March, he drank off a Bowl of the Blood, and fell down dead at the Altar.

The next War the *Persians* were engaged in was with *Egypt*, where in a Battle near *Memphis* they loſt 100,000 Men. But ſending freſh Recruits, they dried up the River *Nile*, where the *Athenian* Fleet, confederate with the *Egyptian*, lay at Anchor; which ſo amazed the *Egyptians*, that they made their Peace with them; and the *Athenians* ſet their own Ships on fire, in Number 200, and returned home in Diſgrace, when they had been ſix Years in *Egypt*. After this a Peace was concluded between the *Persians* and *Grecians*. And in the fifth Year of the eighth *Olympiad*, which ſoon follow'd, there was an univerſal Peace throughout the World, which continued till the firſt Year of the 87th *Olympiad*, at which time began the *Peloponneſian* War. In the fourth Year of the 88th *Olympiad*, *Artaxerxes* died, and his Son *Xerxes* was inveſted with the Crown. But at a Year's End, being overcome with Wine, and falling aſleep in a Place where no Guard was kept, his Brother *Sucardianus*, with the Help of an Eunuch, murder'd him, and took the Government on himſelf. He alſo was ſoon after diſpatched by his Brother *Darius*.

I over-run whole *Olympiads* without mentioning any thing, ſaving the Tranſactions which made moſt Noiſe in thoſe Times. But I am unwilling to ſlip the Reign of any King, tho' I ſpeak but two Words of him, that ſo you may have a perfect Idea of their Succeſſion.

During the whole Series of *Darius's* Reign, Hiſtory mentions nothing remarkable, but is taken up in relating the little Quarrels and Reconciliations of ſeveral Provinces of *Greece*, ſome private Treaties between the *Persians*

Governors of *Lesser Asia* and those of *Peloponnesus*, and the Overtures of Peace between the *Lacedemonians* and the *Persians*, the End of the *Peloponnesian War*, with such other Passages, as would be too tedious to be entertaining.

I will only rehearse a memorable Saying of *Darius* on his Death-bed to his eldest Son *Artaxerxes*, who was to succeed him in the Throne. The Prince being assured by the Royal Physicians, that his Father's End drew near, thus address'd *Darius*: " My Father, since it is
 " the Will of the Gods to take you from the Earth into
 " their own blessed Society, and that you have been
 " pleased, with the Consent of the Nobles, to declare
 " me your Successor in the Kingdom; tell me, I be-
 " seech you, by what Methods of Policy you have go-
 " vern'd this Empire these nineteen Years, that so I
 " may follow your Example." To whom the King re-
 plied, ' My Son, be assured, that if my Reign has been
 ' blessed with greater Success and Peace than those of my
 ' Predecessors, 'tis because in all things I have honour'd
 ' the immortal Gods, and done Justice to every Man.

As soon as *Artaxerxes* was possess'd of the Crown, he sent for his Brother *Cyrus*, and put him in Manacles of Gold, with Design to make him privately away; but at the Intercession of his Mother he releas'd him again, and restor'd him to his Government of *Lydia*.

About this time *Plato* the Philosopher, being very young, gave an early Specimen of a ripe Wit, in comforting *Antimachus* the Poet, who lost the Garland in a Contest with *Niceratus* at the *Lyсандrian Feast*. For when he beheld the Poet extreamly vexed at the Ignorance and Partiality of *Lyfander*, who knew not how to distinguish between his lofty Measures and the flat Rhimes of his Antagonist, *Plato* bid him be of good Courage; " For (said he) his Ignorance no more dimi-
 " nishes thy Knowledge, than a blind Man's mistaking
 " thee for another, would deprive thee of thy Sight.

When *Cyrus* was return'd to his Government, he plotted to depose his Brother; and to win *Lyfander* to his Party, he presented him with a Ship built all of Gold
 and

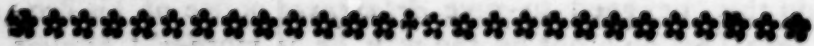
and Ivory. *Alcibiades* the famous *Athenian* Captain perceiving this, designed to give *Artaxerxes* notice of his Brother's Treason; but by the way he is murder'd himself by some Soldiers hired for that Purpose by *Lysander*; who yet durst not set upon him in the Day-time, when he was arm'd in his own Defence, but in the Night set his House on fire; and as he was escaping through the Flames and Smoke, they, lying in Ambush, shot him dead with Arrows.

However, *Artaxerxes* quickly became sensible of his Brother's Designs; and raising an Army of 900,000 Men, gave him Battle not far from *Babylon*. In the Fight he was wounded by *Cyrus*; but, after a hot Dispute, *Cyrus* was killed, and *Artaxerxes* got the Victory.

Parisatis, the Mother of *Cyrus*, to revenge the Death of her Son, caused those that wounded him to be killed with ling'ring Torments; and inviting Queen *Statira* the Wife of *Artaxerxes* to a Feast, she divided the Bird *Rhindafis* asunder with a Knife poison'd on one side, and gave the venom'd Part to *Statira*, eating the other herself; upon which the Queen died in horrible Anguish and Torture.

The famous Deeds of many Heroes are also recorded during the Reign of this *Artaxerxes*; as those of *Agessilaus*, King of the Spartans; *Iphicrates*, *Phannabazus*, *Tissaphernes*, *Tiribazus*, *Persians*, with *Conon* the *Athenian*. But fearing to intrench on your Patience, I content myself with only mentioning their Names, and so finish my Account with the Conclusion of *Artaxerxes*'s Life, who died of Grief for the Death of his Son *Arfames*, whom *Ochus* his Brother had caused to be murder'd out of Envy and Jealousy, because his Father doated on him.

If I have not answered your Expectation in this Account, blame not me, but the Historians from whom I have collected these Passages; or accuse the Men of that Age, that they did not perform greater Actions.



A short Epitome of the History of the MACEDONIAN Empire, with an Account of the Birth and Life of ALEXANDER the Great.

ALEXANDER was born in the 106th Olympiad, 398 Years after the building of *Rome*, and in the Year of the World 3628, on the sixth Day of the Moon *Loo*, or *Hecatombæon*, according to the Stile of the *Grecians*. The same Night was the Temple of *Diana* at *Epbesus* set on fire; and on the same Day two Eagles came and perched on the Top of his Father's House, where they sat all the Day; which was taken as an Omen of the double Empire he was to have over *Europe* and *Asia*.

Philip King of *Macedon*, and Husband to *Olympias*, was the reputed Father of *Alexander*, as she was his known Mother. But some Historians say, that a certain Magician called *Neæanebus*, by his Enchantments disguising himself in the Form of *Jupiter Ammon*, lay with *Olympias*, and begat *Alexander*. Others affirm, that *Olympias* herself confess'd to *Philip*, that *Alexander* was not his Son, but that she had conceived him of a prodigious great Serpent. Whence it came to pass, that *Philip* himself, a little before his Death, openly declared that *Alexander* was not his Son; and for the same Reason he divorced *Olympias*, as an Adulteress by her own Confession.

These Reports were so common at that Time, that *Alexander* afterwards hearing the Story of his supposed Serpentine Genealogy, and that other of *Neæanebus* in the Masquerade of a God; when he march'd through *Egypt*, took Advantage of the latter to impose upon the Credulity and Superstition of his Soldiers. For being to pass by the Temple of *Jupiter Ammon*, he made a Halt to visit the Oracle. But he had privately sent before some of his trusty Friends to acquaint the Priests with his Design, and to tell them what manner of Words and Address

Address they should use to him as he enter'd the Temple, in the Hearing of his Followers.

Having thus prepared those holy Cheats, he with much Ceremony and seeming Devotion made his Approaches to the Temple. As soon as he set his Foot within the Portico, the Seniors of the Priests met him in their Pontifical Robes, with Censers in their Hands, and thus saluted him: *All hail, Son of JUPITER AMMON.* Alexander being pleas'd at this, asked them farther, if all his Father's Murderers were punish'd; or if any of 'em yet surviv'd? To which it was answer'd, *O Son of the immortal Gods! thy Father cannot be murder'd or die.* As for King Philip, his Blood is sufficiently revenged on them that had a Hand in shedding it. Then he added another Question concerning his future Success: To which the Oracle replied, *The Victory shall be thine in all Battles: Thou shalt become Lord of all the East.* The same Mouth also gave in Charge to the Retinue of Alexander, *That they should adore him not as a King, but as a God.* Returning from thence, he built *Alexandria*, calling it after his own Name.

I have not observ'd a due Method in relating this Story so soon; whilst I was but representing the new-born Hero in his Cradle. But I did it to convince you, that the various Opinions concerning Alexander's Father, are not the Fictions of wanton Writers, but such as employed the Care and Diligence of Alexander himself to improve them to his own Interest, and his Mother's Honour; for it was accounted a glorious thing to be impregnant by a God.

To return therefore to the Infant-Prophet: He grew apace, and discover'd early Signs of a prodigious Wit and Courage. At the Age of fifteen Years, he was committed to the Care and Tutelage of *Aristotle*, under whom he studied the Sciences five Years; and then his Father Philip being murder'd, he succeeded in the Throne. The same Year also *Darius Codomannus* obtained the Empire of *Persia*: Against whom Alexander, with the common Consent of almost all *Greece*, prepared to go with a well-disciplin'd Army, that he might carry on the War

which his Father had begun. Only the *Lacedemonians*, *Thebans* and *Athenians* thwarted his Design, being corrupted by *Demosthenes* the Orator, who for that purpose had receiv'd vast Sums of Gold from *Darius*. But *Alexander* soon reduced these factious States and Kingdoms to their Duty; utterly destroying the City of *Thebes*, with the Slaughter of 90,000 of the Citizens, besides 30,000 Captives. This was executed in the second Year of the 109th Olympiad. He only spared the Host of *Philip* his Father, when he was left as a Pledge in that City, whose House was left untouch'd, as also that of *Pindar*'s Posterity.

From thence passing the *Hellefont*, he march'd into *Asia*, in the Year of the World 3650, and in the 3d Year of his Reign. He had in his Army 30,000 Foot, and 4500 Horse. As soon as he set Foot on the Ground of *Asia*, he made the Royal *Corban* and Vows for Victory. Then he darted a Javelin into the Earth in token of Defiance. After which, when he came to *Troy*, he perform'd certain holy Rites and Mysteries at the Tombs of different Heroes who fell in the *Trojan War*. When these Ceremonies were accomplish'd, he march'd directly against the *Persians*, who were in Number 600,000 fighting Men. I will not tire you with all the Particulars that happen'd in their March; suffice it to say, that *Alexander* with his Handful of *Macedonians*, after many Victories obtain'd of the *Persians*, at length quite routed the Army of *Darius*, and took Possession of that once formidable Empire.

But there are some remarkable Passages in this Expedition, which deserve to be remembered: As his wonderful Contenance and Humanity towards the Mother, Wife and Daughters of *Darius*; whom he entertain'd in his Camp after they fell into his Hands, rather as the Kindred of some beloved Friend, than of a professed Enemy. The Story also of his loosing the *Gordian Knot*, will not be unentertaining, nor unworthy of Knowledge.

It seems, in former Times, one *Gordius*, as he ploughed the Field, was surrounded with a Flight of Birds of all kinds. Being troubled at this, he left his Work, and
hasted

hasted to the next City, there to enquire of the *Augurs*, what the Meaning of this should be. As he enter'd the Gate of the City, he met a Virgin of incomparable Beauty, of whom he ask'd, where he might find the most skillful Sage, with whom he might consult about a Matter of some Importance? Then he told the inquisitive Damsel what happen'd to him in the Field. As soon as she heard this, being well vers'd in those mysterious and prophetick Sciences, she told him that he should be made a King. And to confirm him in the Belief of what she said, she promis'd to become his Wife, that so she might be Partner of his future Happiness. In a Word, they were married, and soon after there arose a Strife among the *Phrygians*, which was like to prove of dangerous Consequence: Therefore the People consulted the Oracle, What was to be done in this Case, to prevent the publick Desolation? It was answer'd, That the only Remedy for these Discords was to chuse them a King. And when they ask'd, What Person they should chuse to this Dignity? It was answer'd again, That they should elect that Man for their King, whom they first met with in a Waggon, as they went thence to the Temple of *Jupiter*. *Gordius* prov'd the Man, and they obey'd the Oracle, saluting him their Sovereign. *Gordius*, as a Memorial of this Event, set up his Wain in the Temple of *Jupiter*, consecrating it to the Royal Majesty.

After him his Son *Midas* reign'd, who fill'd *Phrygia* with religious Observations. Whence arose the common Oracle, *That whosoever should loose the Knot of the Thongs in the Waggon of Gordius, should obtain the Empire of all Asia.*

Alexander hearing this, and being spur'd on by Ambition, besieges *Gordia*, and having taken the City, makes haste to the Temple of *Jupiter*, where he understood the Waggon was laid up. As soon as he saw it, he try'd to find out the Ends of the Thongs, that so he might loose the Knots; but perceiving that it was impossible to come at them without using Violence, he interpreted the Oracle in the Sense of a Soldier, and cut the outermost Foldings of the Knot with his Sword. Upon which

all the Ends of the Thongs appeared, and so he easily perform'd the fatal Task.

Yet this heroic Prince, as he had great Virtues, so he had no less Vices. He was very cruel to his nearest Relations and Friends; killing *Curanus*, his Brother by a Step-mother, *Clytus* his old dear Friend; *Parmenio*, *Philotus*, *Amyntas*, *Attalus*, *Eurylocus*, *Pausanius*, and many other *Macedonian* Princes, some of which were of his own Blood. Add to this his barbarous Usage of *Calisthenes* the Philosopher, who was brought up with him under *Aristotle*. This poor unfortunate Man refusing to flatter the the King's Pride in calling him a God, so disgusted *Alexander*, that feigning himself very angry, he charg'd him with being accessary to the Plots and Conspiracies that were form'd against him, then he caus'd all his Limbs to be mangled and chopp'd after an inhuman Fashion; he commanded also his Ears, Nose and Lips to be cut off, which not only gave the poor Wretch infinite Torment, but also render'd him a most deform'd and miserable Spectacle to others. And, to compleat his Revenge, he caus'd him, in this doleful Plight, to be carried about to the Terror of others.

Then *Lyfimachus*, one of *Alexander's* Generals, and a Disciple of *Calisthenes*, taking Pity on so great a Sage, who suffer'd all this barbarous Usage, not for any real Crime that he had committed, but only for using that Freedom in his Words and Actions which becomes a Philosopher, gave him Poison, to rid him at once of so many horrid Calamities. But *Alexander* took this so heinously, that he commanded *Lyfimachus* to be thrown to a very fierce Lion. As soon as the furious Beast saw him, he roar'd and paw'd the Ground for Joy of such a Prey, and ran upon him with an impetuous Force. But *Lyfimachus* not losing his Courage, wrap'd his Hand in his Mantle, and thrust it down the Lion's Throat; where laying fast hold of his Tongue, he pull'd it out by the Roots, and left the Lion for dead. When this was told to the King, he admiring the invincible Virtue of the Man, not only forgave him this Offence, but had him in higher Esteem all his Life afterwards.

We must not omit that memorable Action of *Alexander*, when stomaching the Surrender of *Sidon* to his victorious Arms, in that it was delivered up to the People against the Will of *Strato* their King, the Conqueror pronouncing *Strato* unworthy of the Crown, bid *Hephestion* place him in the Throne whom the *Sidonians* should approve as *Strato*'s Successor. *Hephestion*, willing to prefer to that Dignity a noble young *Sidonian*, who was his Favourite, offer'd him the Crown; but the generous Youth refus'd the Honour, aliedging, that it was against the Laws of his Country, for any Man to reign who was not of the Royal Blood. *Hephestion*, admiring the Greatness of his Soul, said, "God increase your Virtues and Graces, illustrious Friend, who art the first that ever understood how much more magnanimous it is to despise than accept a Crown. Be it therefore in your Power to bestow the Kingdom on any Man of the Royal Blood whom you think fit for so great a Charge." Then he pitch'd upon one *Abdelonymus*, a poor Gardener in the Suburbs of *Sidon*, who was of the Race of the *Sidonian* Kings, but through extream Poverty was grown obscure, and forc'd to take up that Employment to get his Bread. *Hephestion* approv'd the Choice; and this noble Youth, with some of his Friends, immediately went with the Robes and Ensigns of Majesty to look out *Abdelonymus*, whom they found weeding his Garden in a very dirty squalid Condition. Saluting him therefore King in the Name of *Alexander the Great*, they wash'd and anointed him with precious Oils of the *Eas*, and having put on the Robes of sovereign Majesty, they conducted him to the Conqueror; who, among other Discourses, ask'd him, "How he was able so patiently to endure that extreme Poverty which had hitherto been his Lot?" to which he replied, "I wish I may endure the Burden of a Crown with the same Ease. These Hands serv'd the Necessities of Life, and my Wants were answerable to my Possessions, even none at all." *Alexander* perceiving by this the Greatness of his Spirit, gave him all the Royal Furniture of *Strato*, with much of the *Persian* Booty,

Booty, and added all the Countries round about *Sidon* to his Government.

Much about the same time, *Alexander* going to *Jerusalem*, was met by *Jaddus* the High Priest in his Pontifical Habit ; who falling at the Conqueror's Feet, to implore Mercy and Favour for his City and People, *Alexander* rais'd him up, and embracing him in his Arms, " bid him fear nothing, for that God had appear'd to " him in the same Figure and Form as the High Priest " made, exhorting him to carry on the *Persian* War, and " promising him certain Victory." After this, the High Priest conducted him into the City and Temple, where he sacrific'd and made *Corban*. He also gave the *Jews* many ample Privileges. There is one thing more in the Life of *Alexander*, which because it has something very singular in it, I will insert it here.

After the Conquest of *Persia*, as *Alexander* was marching forward, that he might extend his Empire through all the *East*, *Thalestris*, Queen of the *Amazons*, hearing of his Fame, took a Journey of twenty-five Days, thro' many populous Nations, attended only by three hundred Women, and came to his Camp, courting the Honour of his Bed. For she had conceiv'd an insatiable Desire of having a Child by him whom all the *East* proclaim'd the greatest Hero in the World. *Alexander* granted her Request ; and when she had enjoy'd his Company thirteen Days, she departed well satisfied into her own Country, promising, that if she brought forth a Male, she would send him to his Father, according to the manner of the *Amazons* ; but if a Female, she would keep it herself. From hence *Alexander* march'd against *Bessus*, who had murder'd *Darius*, and caus'd himself to be proclaim'd King of *Persia* by the Name of *Artaxerxes*. Having overcome him, and punish'd his Treasons, he proceeded and subdued all the Regions running along the Foot of Mount *Caucasus* ; in fine, he extended his Conquests to the utmost Borders of *India*, even to the *Oriental Sea*, where he took Shipping, and return'd to *Babylon*, partly by Sea, and partly by Land. An Astrologer of great Reputation met him by the way, and dissuaded him by
all

all the Arguments he could use from entering the City, assuring him that the Place would be fatal to his Person. But though *Alexander* made some Demur at first, and seem'd to credit the Words of the Sage; yet being overrul'd by the Council of *Anexarchus* the Philosopher, he enter'd *Babylon*, where he died; some say of Poison; others affirm, that he surfeited himself with too much Wine. This was in the 33d Year of his Life, and 12th of his Reign.

There was a deep and melancholy silence throughout *Babylon*, when once it was known, *that the Conqueror of the World was dead*. Every one was possessed of various Thoughts and Cares, according to their different Affections and Interests: The *Macedonians* inwardly rejoiced, as if they were now rid of some great and formidable Enemy, cursing his Severity and restless Temper, which had expos'd them to so many Toils and Perils of War. Besides, the Princes flatter'd themselves with a Prospect of enjoying every one his Share in so vast an Empire; and the private Soldiers had their Eyes intently fix'd on the immense Treasures of Gold which *Alexander* left behind him, and which they hop'd to share among themselves. For there were at that time 50,000 Talents in Bank, and 300,000 coming in yearly by way of Tribute and Custom.

On the other Side, the conquer'd Nations would not at first give Credit to the Report of those who carried the News of *Alexander's* Fate; for they thought he must needs be immortal, whom they had always found invincible. But when Couriers upon Couriers had removed their Incredulity, bringing fresh Expresses from *Babylon*, they mourn'd for him, not with bare outward Ceremonies, as for an Enemy that had subdued them, but with real Sorrow, as for a Father, that had protected and cherish'd them.

More especially the Grief of *Darius's* Mother was remarkable; who, tho' she had lost eighty of her Brethren, with their Father, all cruelly murder'd by *Ocbus*; tho' she had lost *Darius*, the only surviving of seven Sons, and was herself cast down from the Height of

Majesty, to the abject State of a Captive ; yet she bore all with an even Mind till *Alexander's* Death ; whose Indulgence alone, whilst living, had supported her under so many grievous Calamities. But as soon as he had forsaken the Earth, she grew weary of tarrying any longer on it also. Not that she esteem'd an Enemy above her Father, Brethren, or Son, but because she had experienc'd in him, whom she dreaded as an Enemy, the Goodness and Piety, the Modesty and Regard of all these Relations.

This great Monarch being dead, and not having appointed a Successor, there were almost as many Kings, as there were Governors of Provinces, and Leaders in the Army. Hence sprung innumerable Confusions, Wars, and Disorders in the Empire. There were Tumults and Insurrections in *Greece*, especially at *Athens*, where the Citizens, under the Conduct of *Leasthenes* their Captain, invited the rest of the *Grecians* to assert their Liberty, by taking Arms. Nor were there less Stirs in *Asia* and *Egypt*. Every where Mens Minds were unsettled, and desirous of Novelty. *Ptolomy* had *Egypt* for his Share of the cantoniz'd Empire. There he establish'd himself and Posterity by the Name of *Kings*. *Seleucus* took Possession of *Babylon* and *Syria*, with the same Title. *Cassander* reign'd over *Macedon* and *Greece*. *Antigonus* govern'd *Asia*, and *Lysimachus* *Thrace*. But *Antigonus* soon lost his Empire, being overcome and kill'd in a Battle by *Ptolomy* and his Comrades : So did the rest, either in their own Persons, or in their Posterity, yielding to the prevailing Fortune of their Enemies, till at length these scattered Remains of the *Macedonian* Empire became Provinces of the *Romans*.

*A Short EPITOME of the Roman History,
from its Foundation to its Dissolution.*

THAT I may give you a clearer Idea of *Rome's* Original, it is necessary to step farther back in Antiquity, and cast our Eyes on the Ruins of *Troy*, set on fire by the *Greeks*, and laid in Ashes, after a ten Year's War, to revenge the Rape of *Helena*, Wife to *Menelaus*, whom *Paris*, the *Trojan* Prince, and Guest to *Menelaus*, carried away with him by Force. From the deplorable Flames of *Troy*, *Antenor* and *Aeneas* escap'd and got to Sea; the former being forc'd, by Stress of Weather, on that Part of *Italy* which is now under the Dominion of *Venice*, where he built *Padua*: The latter came with a Fleet of twenty-two Ships to *Latium*, now called *Campagna di Roma*, and *St. Peter's Patrimony*, being the Estate of the Church.

At that time *Latinus* the Son of *Faunus*, or, as some say, of *Hercules*, reign'd in *Latium*; before whom there had been but four Kings in that Country. Those were, *Janus*, *Saturnus*, *Picus*, and *Faunus*. Whilst *Janus* reign'd, *Saturn* being expell'd by his Son *Jupiter*, fled to *Italy*, where being hospitably receiv'd, he built a Castle, calling it after his own Name, *Saturnia*. At length he obtain'd the Kingdom of *Latium*, which he left to his Son *Picus*, and he to *Faunus*.

In his Time *Evander* sail'd out of *Arcadia*, and came to *Italy*, sixty Years before the Destruction of *Troy*. He built a Town call'd *Pallantium*, where afterwards *Rome* was built. Much about the same time the *Pelagians* went out of *Thessaly*, into *Epirus* and *Dodona* first; and then passing over into *Italy*, join'd themselves with the *Aboriginal Arcadians*, who were got thither before them. These united their Forces, and expell'd the *Sicilians* from the Country, who passing over to *Trinacria*, or the Island of *Three Capes*, gave it the Name of *Sicilia*, which it retains to this Day. When *Evander* had been five Years

in *Italy*, *Hercules*, with a Company of *Greeks*, landing on the same Shore, was kindly entertained by him.

At length the Kingdom of *Latium* fell to *Latinus*, in whose Reign *Aeneas* came thither; and having enter'd into a League with *Latinus*, married his Daughter *Lavinia*; from whose Name he call'd a Town which he built in those Parts *Lavinium*. Then *Turnus*, King of the *Rutuli*, (being angry that *Latinus* had given his Daughter to a Stranger, rather than to him who was a Native, and to whom she was before betrothed) invaded his Country. But the *Rutuli* were overcome in Battle, and both *Turnus* and *Latinus* lost their Lives; so that the Kingdom fell to *Aeneas*, but he enjoyed it not long; for the *Rutuli*, at three Years End, came against him under the Conduct of *Mezentius*, King of the *Tyrrhenians*, now call'd *Tuscans*. And *Aeneas* being kill'd in the Battle, his Son *Ascanius* took Possession of the Kingdom. He having made Peace with *Mezentius*, and quell'd the rest of his Enemies, built a City which he called *Long Alba*, the thirtieth Year from the building of *Lavinium*. In this City of *Long Alba*, there reigned after *Ascanius* fourteen Kings, even to the Time of *Romulus* and the Foundation of *Rome*. The fourteenth of these Kings was *Amulius*, who over-reached his Brother *Numitor*, to whom the Kingdom belonged by Right of Primogeniture. And to be secure of all things, he made *Silvia*, the only Daughter of *Numitor*, a *Vestal*, that he might have no Fear of *Numitor's* Posterity. Yet *Silvia* was got with Child by somebody, and brought forth Twins, who were called *Romulus* and *Remus*. These were expos'd to the wide World by the Command of King *Amulius*, and privately nourished by *Faustulus* till they came of Years. Then being inform'd of their Birth and Extraction, with the true State of things, they slew *Amulius*, and restored their Grandfather *Numitor* to the Kingdom: In the second Year of whose Reign *Romulus* built the City of *Rome*.

In the eighteenth Year of his Age *Romulus* was saluted King, when he had kill'd his Brother *Remus*, for leaping in Contempt over the Ditch he had made round the City.

City. Thus he consecrated the Fortifications of the City with his own Blood. But all this while *Romulus* had built but the Shadow of a City, since there were no Inhabitants to people and defend it. However, he quickly pitch'd upon a Method to supply this Defect. There was a Grove hard by, which he made a Sanctuary for all sorts of Persons in Distress, and who were willing to make their Fortunes upon Hazard. This was proclaimed in the neighbouring Regions; and an innumerable Multitude of Criminals, Debtors, and Malcontents flock'd thither from all Parts; besides Shepherds and other Persons, who only, through a natural Inconstancy, sought a Change of Life. So that there was a *Gallimaufry* of *Trojans* who came over with *Aeneas*, of *Arcadians* who followed *Evander*, and of several other Nations; besides the Natives of *Tuscany* and *Latium*. Out of these, as out of so many Elements, *Romulus* extracted the Body of a Commonwealth. But he consider'd withal, that this new Republic could not subsist beyond the Age and Lives of those who form'd it, they being without hopes of Posterity, as having no Women among them. To provide for this Inconveniency, they treated with the bordering People about Marriages; which being denied, they had recourse to Stratagem and Violence. They invited the *Sabines* and other Nations to come and see some Plays, which they promised to exhibit in honour of *Neptune*.

The Bait took; and Multitudes of both Sexes, especially the younger sort, throng'd hither to be Spectators of the *Roman* Novelties. When on a sudden, a certain Signal being given, the *Romans* leap'd from their Places, and rushing among the Strangers, every Man seiz'd the Female that best pleas'd him, or that first came to hand, and made her his Wife. This was the Cause of speedy Wars: For the neighbouring People, who had been thus robb'd of their Women, took up Arms to revenge the Injury. But they were routed, put to Flight, and one of their Towns laid waste. The *Romans* also took rich Spoils from them, which they consecrated to their Gods.

In the mean time, the City of *Rome* was delivered into the Hands of the *Sabines* by *Tarpeia* a Virgin ; who, as some say, was corrupted with Gold by *Tatius* the Captain of the *Sabines* ; whilst others affirm that she did it innocently, and with a Design to save the City instead of betraying it. For she ask'd, as a Reward of her suppos'd Treason, the Shields of the *Sabines* ; thinking that being thus in part disarm'd, they might easily be overcome by the *Romans*. But they, sensible of her Stratagem, promised what she demanded ; and perform'd it accordingly ; but in such a manner, as plainly discover'd their Revenge of an Injury, rather than Gratitude for a Kindness ; for they threw their Shields so thick upon her, that they press'd her to Death. Then entering the City Pell-mell, there commenc'd a furious Battle between the *Romans* and the *Sabines*. The Streets flow'd with Blood, till the Wives of the *Romans*, for whose Sake this War began, came tearing their Hair, and running between the two Armies, at length brought them to a Truce and Agreement. Then a solemn League was made between *Romulus* and *Tatius*. And what is more wonderful, the *Sabines* leaving their native Seats, came with all their Wealth to live in *Rome* ; communicating part of their Riches to their Sons-in-law, by way of Dowry. The Forces of the *Romans* being thus increas'd by the Accession of the *Sabines*, *Romulus* applied himself to the publick Administration with all Care and Policy. He appointed the Youth to be always in Arms on Horseback, that they might be constantly upon their Guard, and ready equipped against the Surprizes of War ; that the chief Council of the Commonwealth should consist of the Seniors, who were call'd *Fathers* for their Authority, and *Senators* for their Age.

Affairs being thus disposed, one Day when there was a full Senate, *Romulus* being present, was on a sudden taken from their Sight. Some think he was murder'd by Conspiracy, and cut into small pieces by the Senators : Others say he was poison'd ; but the general Report was, that he was deified. *Julius Proculus* was the Author of this ; who taking notice that there arose a violent

lent Tempest at the same Instant that *Romulus* disappear'd, and that the Sun was just then eclips'd, insinuated to the People, that *Romulus* was become a God. Nay, he took an Oath, that he saw him in a much more august Form than whilst he was a Mortal, and that *Romulus* commanded them to adore him for a God, affirming, that he was call'd *Quirinus* in Heaven; and assuring them that *Rome* should conquer the whole Earth.

Numa Pompilius succeeded *Romulus*, being invited to the Kingdom by the *Romans*, who had a Veneration for him on the bare Fame of his Sanctity and Religion. He taught them holy Rites and Ceremonies, with whatsoever pertained to the Worship of the immortal Gods. He divided the Year into twelve months, and appointed the Holy-days. He ordained the Pontiffs, Augurs, Sallii, with other Ranks of Priests. He gave them the *Ancilia* and *Palladium*, which came down from Heaven; and he instituted the Vestal Fire. In a word, he persuaded them, that whatsoever he taught them he received from the Goddess *Aegeria*. And this wrought so efficaciously on the Minds of the rude and ignorant People, that they came at length to govern that Empire with Justice and Religion, which they got by Robbery and Oppression. *Numa Pompilius*, as if he had made the Kingdom hereditary only to Men of Virtue, was no sooner dead, but the People elected *Tullus Hostilius* for their King, in Consideration of his excellent Endowments and Merit.

He instructed the *Romans* in a more perfect military Discipline, and improv'd the Art of War. So that having trained up the Youth to a wonderful Promptness and Skill in Arms, he ventur'd to send a Defiance to the *Albans*, and invaded their Territories, tho' they were a stout People, and had lorded it a long time in *Italy*. But when many Battles had been fought between them, with equal Damage to both Sides; at length, to put an End to the War, and make the Losses of the Vanquished more compendious, they mutually agreed to decide the Victory, by a Combat of three Brothers on one Side
against

against as many of the other. Those on the *Roman* were called *Horatii*, the *Alban* Brothers *Curiatii*. The Fight was fair and dubious, and had an admirable Event; for all the three *Curiatii* were wounded, and two of the *Horatii* kill'd; so that it seem'd difficult to determine which had the Advantage; one sound and untouch'd *Roman*, or three faint and weaken'd *Albans*. However, the surviving *Horatii* not presuming too much on his own Strength against such an unequal Number of Enemies, added Policy to his Courage, and made use of this Stratagem.

He counterfeited a Flight, that so he might separate his Adversaries, and engage with them singly one after another, according as they overtook him. His Plot took, and he vanquish'd all three; but he sullied his Victory with the Blood of his Sister, whom at his Return he kill'd, because she met him not with Joy and Triumph, but with Grief and Tears for the Loss of her Husband, who was one of the three *Alban* Brethren. He was call'd in question for the bloody Fact, but his Merit superseded his Crime; and the Fact, which at another time would have cost him his Head, now serv'd but to augment his Glory.

Not long after this, there broke out a War between the *Romans* and the *Fidentes*, a People of *Latium* or *Tuscany*. The *Albans*, according to their late League, were obliged to aid the *Romans* in their Wars; wherefore they sent auxiliary Forces, under the Command of *Metius Suffetius*. But this Captain prov'd treacherous; for just as the two Armies were going to enter Battle, he withdrew his *Albans* to the Top of a Hill, where they stood *Neuters*, to behold the Fortune of the Fight, that so they might join the strongest Party. Which when *Tullus* perceived, he politickly cried out with a loud Voice, in the Hearing of both Armies, *That Metius had done this by his Command*. Then the *Romans* took Courage, and their Enemies being struck with Terror, were soon routed and overcome. After which the *Roman* King caus'd the Traitor *Metius Suffetius* to be tied with Cords to two Chariots, and torn in Pieces by wild Horses. He also
ruin'd

ruin'd and quite demolish'd *Alba*, not looking on that City now as the Parent, but the Rival of *Rome*. However, he first transported to *Rome* all the Riches of *Alba*, with the Inhabitants, that so the City might not seem to perish, but only to remove its Situation, and be incorporated with *Rome*.

Ancus Martius succeeded *Tullus Hostilius*, being the Grandchild of *Numa* by his Daughter. He inherited his Qualities also as well as his Blood. He compass'd the City with Walls, and join'd the Banks of *Tyber*, which ran through the Middle of it, with a Bridge. He likewise built the Port of *Ostia*, just by the Mouth of the River, where it flows into the Sea; planting there a Colony of *Romans*, as if he had then presag'd what afterwards came to pass, that the Merchandizes of the World should be brought in thither, as into the maritime Storehouse of the City destin'd to conquer all things.

To him succeeded *Tarquinius*, afterwards surnamed *Priscus*. He was of foreign Extraction, yet obtain'd the Sovereignty by Elegance and Wit. For being the Son of *Lucumo* a *Corinthian*, who abandon'd his Country and fled into *Tuscany*, where he was made King; this *Tarquinius*, polishing his *Greek* Nature with *Italian* Arts, insinuated so far with the *Romans*, that they chose him for their King. He augmented the Number of Senators, and added 300 Soldiers to the Troops that were already established; which was all he durst do, in regard *Attius Navius*, an *Augur*, in high Request among the *Romans*, had forbid any greater Number to be added. These *Augurs* were a sort of Diviners, who foretold things to come from the Chirping, Flying, Feeding, and other Actions of Birds. *Tarquinius* one Day ask'd this *Attius Navius*, "Whether the Thing could possibly be done which he then thought upon?" The *Augur*, consulting his Art, said, *It might be done*. Then said the King, "I was considering whether I could cut this Whetstone with a Razor." *Yes you may*, replied *Attius*. And the King did it. From that Time the College of *Augurs*, first founded by *Romulus*, was held in sacred Esteem by the *Romans*. I should have call'd them the *Triumvirate*
of

of *Augurs*; for there were but three at first out of every Tribe. But *Servius Tullius*, the next King, added a fourth. They were all Nobles. But afterwards they were increased to nine; and last of all to fifteen, in the Dictatorship of *Sylla*.

To return to *Tarquinius*: He was no less prosperous in War than in Peace; for he subdued twelve Cities of the *Tuscans*, with the Territories belonging to them. He invented Robes, and Ensigns of State; the Ivory Seats of Chariots, wherein the Senators were carried to the Council; the Gold Rings, and magnificent Horse-Trappings, which were given to the *Roman* Knights as Badges of Honour: Also the Purple and Scarlet Robes; the Triumphal Chariot of Gold; the painted *Phrygian* Robe, worn by a victorious General, when he celebrated a Triumph; with many other Ornaments and publick Decorations, to set forth the Majesty and Grandeur of the *Roman* State. *Tarquinius* being mortally wounded, his Wife *Tanaquil* persuaded the People, that all was well with him; that his Wounds were not dangerous; that he was only laid in a Slumber; and that in a little Time they should see him well again: In the mean while, she said, it was his Will and Pleasure that they should obey *Servius Tullius*, a Favourite of her's, who would administer Justice, and govern the People justly, during the King's Illness.

This *Servius Tullius* was the Son of a Prince of *Latium*, who being kill'd in a Battle with the *Romans*, his Wife was carried Captive to *Rome*; and being presented to Queen *Tanaquil*, liv'd free from Servitude under her Protection, and being with Child, was deliver'd to *Servius Tullius* in *Tanaquil's* Palace. The Queen took a singular Fancy to the noble Infant, and gave him Royal Education, presaging from a Flame which she saw environing his Head, that he would be a famous Man in time. It was for this Reason that she persuaded the People to receive him as the King's Substitute, or Deputy for a while, not doubting, but that after they had tasted the Sweetness of his Government, and the Death of *Tarquinius* should be known, they would easily submit to him as *Tarquinius's* Successor. Her Stratagem had its desir'd

Effect; for *Servius Tullius* improv'd his Time so well in pleasing the People, that the Kingdom, which he obtain'd by Craft, was acknowledged by all as due to his Merit and Virtues. He first brought the People of *Rome* under an Assessment, whereby every Man's Estate was valued: He divided them into Classes, Wards and Colleges. And the Commonwealth was brought into such Order, by the exquisite Policy of this King, that the Difference of every Man's Patrimony, Dignity, Age, Trade, and Office, was register'd in publick Tables, which render'd the OEconomy of this great State as regular and easy, as that of a private Family or House.

The last of all the Kings was *Tarquinus*, surnamed the Proud, from the morose and disdainful Haughtiness of his Temper. He married the Daughter of *Servius Tullius*, in hopes of succeeding in the Kingdom. But he not having Patience to wait for the natural Death of his Father-in-law, hir'd Ruffians to murder him, and then seiz'd upon the Kingdom by Violence. Neither did he govern the State with less Wickedness and Cruelty than that by which he obtain'd it; for he denied Burial to his murder'd Father-in-law, saying, "That he deserv'd not
" better Usage than *Romulus*, who perish'd without a
" Sepulchre." He also slew the Chiefs of the Nobles whom he suspected to be in *Servius's* Interest. And his Wife *Tullia* was as bad as he: For as soon as she had saluted her Husband by the Title of King, she caus'd herself to be driven in a Chariot over the Carcass of her dead Father. Both of them exercis'd great Cruelty, and massacred many of the Senators. But the Pride of *Tarquin* was intolerable to all. Till at length, when he had spent enough of his Rage at home, he turn'd it against his foreign Enemies abroad, and took many strong Towns in *Latium*. However, notwithstanding all his Vices, he gave the World this Proof of his Piety, that out of the Spoils which he took from his Enemies, he rais'd Money, and finish'd therewith the Temple of *Jupiter* in the Capitol, which his Father *Tarquinus Priscus* had begun. The Story says, That as they were laying the Foundation of this Temple, they found the Head of a Man; which

they interpreted as a good Omen, that *Rome* should be the Seat of a vast Empire, and Mistress of the whole Earth, as it afterwards came to pass.

The People of *Rome* bore with the Pride of *Tarquin*, but would not bear with the Lust and Tyranny of his Sons; one of which ravished *Lucretia*, a Woman of admirable Beauty and Virtue. The chaste Matron expiated the Disgrace by stabbing herself; and as she breath'd her last, she charg'd *Brutus* and *Collatinus*, two Princes, to revenge her Cause. Wherefore they stirr'd up the People to assert their Liberty, and abrogate the kingly Government, which was as readily done, as mention'd. And here was an End put to the Tyranny of their Kings.

The People of *Rome* having abolish'd the Government of Kings, transferr'd the Sovereignty on *Brutus* and *Collatinus*, the Champions of their Liberty, altering both their Right and Title. For they call'd them Consuls, not Kings; and ordain'd that their Power should last but a Year; which being expired, new ones were elected in their Stead. And the Reason why they had two, was, that if one prov'd guilty of evil Administration, Injustice, or Tyranny, the other, having equal Power, might curb him, and rectify the publick Affairs. They were also call'd Consuls, to put them in mind that they were to do nothing arbitrarily, but in all things of Importance to consult their fellow Citizens. So great was the Joy of the *Romans*, upon this Recovery of their Freedom, that they could scarce believe it was true. But as it usually falls out in any surprizing Happiness, all seem'd as a Dream. And so inveterate was their Aversion for Kings, that they expell'd *Collatinus* from the City, only because he was Nephew to *Tarquin the Proud*; whose Name he also bore. *Valerius Publicola* was substituted in his Stead; a Man singularly devoted to the publick Good. He own'd himself the Creature of the People, and gave Power of appealing from him to them. And lest he might offend them by the lofty building of his House; which also standing on a Rock, seem'd as strong as a Castle; he pull'd down the upper Stories, and made it level with ordinary Houses. *Brutus's* Collegue was no less studious
than

than he, to gain the Favour of the Citizens, even with the Destruction and Slaughter of his own Children. For when he perceiv'd his Sons conspiring to restore the abrogated Monarchy, he brought them forth into the *Forum* or Market-Place; and having caus'd them to be scourg'd with Rods, he beheaded them: Thus demonstrating, that as a Parent of the People, he adopted them in the Room of his perfidious Children.

The *Romans* being from this time made perfectly free, first took Arms in Defence of their new-gotten Liberty, against the neighbouring King, next for the Bounds of their Dominions, then for their Confederates, and last of all, for Glory and Empire: Being on every Side invaded and molested by the adjacent People. For they had no Territories within the Walls of their City; so that they were no sooner out of the Gates, but they were exposed to the *Tuscans* and *Latins*, between whom the City was seated, as it were in the Middle. Therefore resolving to enlarge their Territories, they took one City and Province after another, till at length they became Masters of all *Italy*. Their first Expedition was against *Porfenna* King of the *Tuscans*, who took the Field with a great Army, having the *Tarquins* along with him, whom he undertook to re-establish in the Throne of their Fathers. He made fierce and resolute Advances, possessing himself of the Hill of *Janiculum*, and the Avenues of the City; where he besieged them close, and press'd them with Famine. Yet the *Romans* sustain'd all with admirable Bravery: And their stout Resistance had this Effect, that at length *Porfenna*, when he had almost vanquish'd them, made a League of Peace. He was chiefly mov'd to this by those Prodigies and Miracles of *Roman* Fortitude, *Horatius Cocles*, *Mutius Scaevola*, and *Clelia*. The first of which, when he was not able to keep off the unequal Throng of his Enemies, every where crowding on him, at length broke down the Bridge, and swam cross the *Tyber* with his Weapons in hand; the second attempting to kill *Porfenna* in his own Camp, when by Mistake he had, instead of the King, stabb'd his Visier or Secretary, and for that Fact was seiz'd, he thrust his Right-hand,

that was guilty of the Error, into the Fire, saying with a menacing Voice, "Think not thyself the safer, O King, because thou hast escap'd my Hand, since there yet remain 300 *Romans*, who have all sworn to make the same Attempt." *Porfenna* trembled and was astonish'd at the Boldness of the Man; whilst *Mutius* stood still, undaunted with his Hand broiling in the Fire, as a Demonstration of his invincible Constancy, and of the Truth of what he affirm'd: Thus did those two famous Men behave themselves. And, as if a glorious Envy had fermented the Virtue of the Female Sex, a certain noble Virgin, call'd *Clelia*, who was given in Hostage to King *Porfenna*, escap'd her Guards by Night; and mounting a Horse which she found in the Way, swam over the *Tyber* on him. *Porfenna*, as if he was terrified at the Fortune and stupendous Resolution of the *Romans*, consented to a Peace. But the *Latins* would not let them rest so; for they also attempted to restore the *Tarquins*, not so much in Love to them, as out of Spite to the Inhabitants of *Rome*, being desirous to see that People at least subjugated at home, who lorded it so abroad. There was a bloody Fight between them; and the Fame goes, that two Gods, *Cassus* and *Pollux*, were present on white Horses, as Spectators of the Combat. Wherefore, after the *Romans* had gotten the Victory, they built a Temple to these warlike Deities, as a Stipend or Reward to their Champions. And thus far they fought for Liberty; which having been successfully asserted and established, they were involv'd in fresh Wars, about the Confines of their Dominions. It would be too tedious to rehearse the various Battles and Encounters between them and the neighbouring Nations, wherein at last they always got the Victory, and extended the Limits of their Dominions far and wide. Such also, and so prodigious, were the Actions, Exploits, and hardy Performances of this stout People, that when King *Pyrrhus* consider'd it, he broke forth into this Exclamation, "How easy were it, said he, to obtain the Empire of the World, were *Pyrrhus* King of the *Romans*, or the *Romans* Soldiers to *Pyrrhus*!"

Yet as fast as this victorious People enlarg'd their Territories abroad, so did their Seditions and Tumults increase at home; rais'd by the Ambition of some, and Discontent of others, till at length they had subdued all *Italy* to their Obedience: In which Enterprize they spent 500 Years before they brought it to Perfection. Then, like a Fire which devours all the Wood it meets in its Way, till its Fury be stop'd by the Intercourse of some River; so the *Romans* cease not to conquer to the very Shores of *Italy*. But when they consider'd *Sicily*, as a most rich and plentiful Island, only rent as it were by some injurious Stroke of Time, or Fate, or Chance, from their Continent; they resolv'd to unite these again by Arms and War, which could not be join'd together by Bridges, or Piers. And a very favourable Opportunity presented for this Purpose; whilst the confederate People of *Messina*, the chief Mart of that Island, complain'd of the Tyranny practis'd by the *Carthaginians*.

At that time *Rome* and *Carthage* were emulous of each other; both equally Rivals for *Sicily*, and the Empire of the World. Therefore under a Mask of helping their Friends and Allies, the *Romans* betook themselves to the Sea, but with real Design to enrich themselves with Booty, and adding this Island to their Empire; whilst the *Carthaginians* appear'd like open Enemies and Pirates, without any Disguise. These having lost their Fleets in various Conflicts, their Fate yielding to that of *Rome*, the *Romans* made *Sicily* a tributary Province, and then reduc'd *Sardinia* and *Corfica*. Thus having expell'd the *Carthaginians* out of all the Islands of the *Mediterranean* Sea, there remain'd nothing for them to conquer on that Side, but *Africk* itself. Where also they landed, and took above 300 Places of Strength in a short time, though they were stoutly oppos'd, not only by Men, but also by Monsters. For a stupendous great Serpent, a hundred and twenty Feet in length, annoy'd their Camp very much, near the River *Brigada*; as if this dreadful Beast had come into the World on purpose to be the Champion of its native Country, and defend or revenge oppress'd *Africk*. But *Regulus*, whose victorious Arms

neither Men, nor Monsters, nor Fate could hitherto resist; made no Stop till he came with his Army before the Walls of *Carthage* itself, the Root of all this War. Here Fortune began to fall off from him, and prov'd his Enemy; yet so as only to give Occasion for the *Roman* Virtue to appear more illustrious: For though by the good Conduct of *Nantippus*, the *Lacedemonian* General, thirty thousand *Romans* were kill'd in one Fight, and *Regulus* himself taken Prisoner; yet so great a Misfortune could not make him lose himself, or sink into any Passion beneath the Constancy of an invincible Hero. The *Carthaginians* sent him as their Ambassador to the Senate of *Rome*, to propose a Peace, and the Exchange of Captives. But he was of a contrary Sentiment, and dissuaded the Senators from hearkening to any such Overtures; chusing rather bravely to return to his former Captivity, there to be crucified, than be instrumental, in Word or Deed, to the least Dishonour or Disadvantage of his Country; so that, tho' vanquish'd, he yet seem'd to triumph o'er his Conquerors. And his lamented Fate had this Influence on the *Romans*, that it made them prosecute the War with more Fierceness and Ardour to revenge the Blood of *Regulus*, than in hopes of Conquest. So deep are the Impressions of Love which a good General, living or dead, makes in the Hearts of his Soldiers. Thus the War was renew'd again in *Sicily*, wherein the *Romans* came off Conquerors; and as an Evidence of the Greatness of their Victory, they shew'd an hundred and twenty Elephants taken from the Enemy in the Field. Which would have been a great Prey, had they been taken in hunting, but now serv'd only as a Trophy of a more expensive Conquest. This Victory was obtain'd in the Consulship of *Metellus*, which was follow'd by a terrible Overthrow at Sea, in that of *Appianus Claudius*: Where the *Romans* seem'd not so much overcome by their Enemies, as by the Profaneness of their General, or the Divine Vengeance. For he consulting the *Augurs* before he began the Engagement, Chickens were let out of their Coops to observe the wish'd

for

for Trepidation of the Corn they were to seed on. But the Oraculous Birds would not taste a Grain; the General, disgusted at the fatal Omen, commanded them to be drown'd in the sea, saying, with an impious Jest, *Since they will not eat, let them drink their fill.* On the same Place was the *Roman Navy* sunk and destroy'd.

There were many such Encounters as these between them, for the space of four and twenty Years and upwards; even to the Consulship of *Lutatius Catulus*; when the Enemy seem'd not to advance with a Fleet of Ships, well man'd and rigg'd, with all Necessaries, but all *Carthage* appear'd upon the Sea with the Woods and Forests round about it. This prov'd its Ruin: For they were too heavy for Service; whereas the *Roman Navy* was light and expeditious, like a removing Camp in the Sea. In a Word, they set upon the *Carthaginians* so furiously, and shatter'd their Vessels with such Speed, that all the Sea between *Sardinia* and *Sicily* was cover'd with the dismal Wrecks. And this Victory was so great, that they had no farther Thoughts of sailing to *Africk*, and razing the Walls of their Enemies; that being counted needless, since *Carthage* was now extinguish'd in the Sea.

After this War was finish'd, the *Romans* enjoy'd a short Rest, as it were to breathe themselves. And as a Demonstration of Peace, the Temple of *Janus* was shut up, it having been constantly open before from the Reign of *Numa Pompilius*. And this Distinction was the publick Emblem of Peace and War.

You will not have the Patience to read, neither is any thing very remarkable or entertaining in their Wars with the *Ligurians*, *Gauls*, *Illyrians*, *Macedonians*, *Syrians*, *Germans*, *Spaniards*; and, in fine, with the most potent Nations on Earth. It will be as irksome to be detain'd with a Rehearsal of their domestick Seditions and Changes of Government. Suffice it to say, that they grew worse by the increase of their Empire: And after they had subverted *Carthage*, *Corinth*, *Numantia*, and other famous Cities of *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*: After they

they had subdued *Gaul, Thrace, Cilicia, Capadocia, Armenia* and *Britain*, and many other rich and opulent Provinces abroad, they began to make Wars among themselves, their former Virtues turn'd into Vices, the Seditions, Conspiracies, and Emulations of the *Triumviri*, the *Tribunes*, of *Cataline, Marius, Sylla, Anthony, Pompey*, and a thousand other popular Commotions, help'd towards the Confusion of this Empire, which seem'd to be the Support of all things: And this vast Empire is now become but as a shatter'd Skeleton of ancient *Rome*.

F I N I S.



